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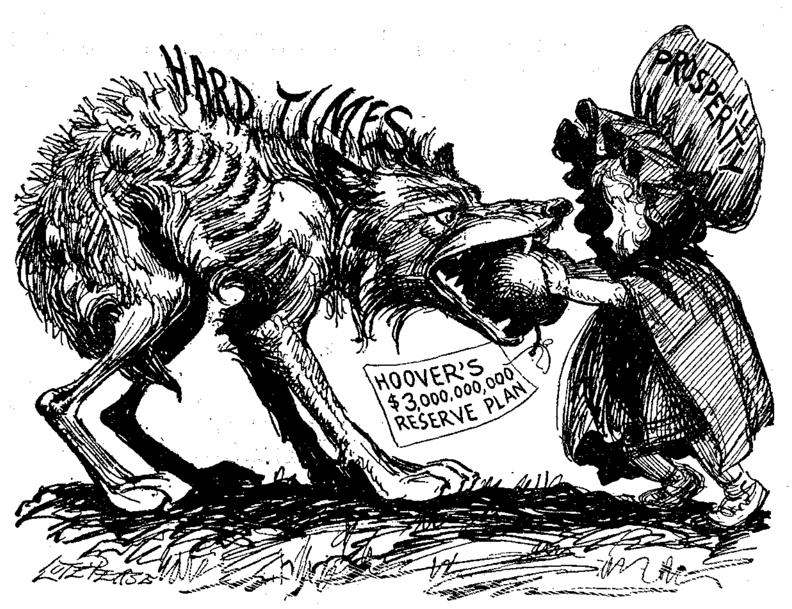
TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

HOOVER'S "PLAN TO KEEP THE DINNER-PAIL FULL"

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY—or a job for every worker—was more than once depicted by Mr. Hoover during his campaign as the great aim of the American economic system. Now his proposal to create a $3,000,000,000 reserve fund to be used for public construction work, so as to ward off unemployment in lean years, is hailed as a step toward that goal—altho there are many who predict that the plan will not progress far before it collides with formidable obstacles in its path. But whether it is put into effect or not, others remark, taken with his good-will tour of South America, it throws an interesting light on the probable character of Mr. Hoover's Administration. Economics will be its keynote, as economy has been the keynote of the Coolidge Administration, predicts Robert R. Updegraff in *The Magazine of Business;* and he further prophesies that "Mr. Hoover will get out and push, where President Coolidge has been content to sit at the wheel and steer."

This plan to "do in some measure for employment what the Federal Reserve system has done for finance" is received, to judge by the news and editorial columns of the press, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, sympathy, and skepticism. "The proposal is the most important announcement on wages made in a decade," declares William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, who characterizes it as "the first definite movement to systematize wages and employment." "It should usher in a new era for the workers of this country," says James O'Connell, President of the metal trades department of the Federation. And in a Consolidated Press dispatch from New Orleans, where the Federation has just held its convention, Chester M. Wright reports that "labor is jubilant, because leaders generally believe that the next President has found, in his own way, a remedy for unemployment which, at least in its philosophy and its ground work, is identical with that of labor." In commendatory editorials we find such phrases as "prosperity insurance," "prosperity reserve," "an economic gyroscope," "a plan to keep the dinner-pail always full," "a pact to outlaw depression, as the Kellogg pact would outlaw war," and "an essentially sound idea." In other editorials, however, it evokes such ironic or critical characterizations as "an effort to outlaw the law of supply and demand," "a chimerical idea tinged with Socialism," "at best a makeshift" and "paternalistic"; and even the enthusiastically friendly Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* fears that in trying to put his scheme into effect, Mr. Hoover will find "all the weight of political inertia against him." On the other hand, W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, predicts that "he is going to have a lot of support in Congress for his plan to keep the wage pot boiling."



SOMETHING TO CHEW ON

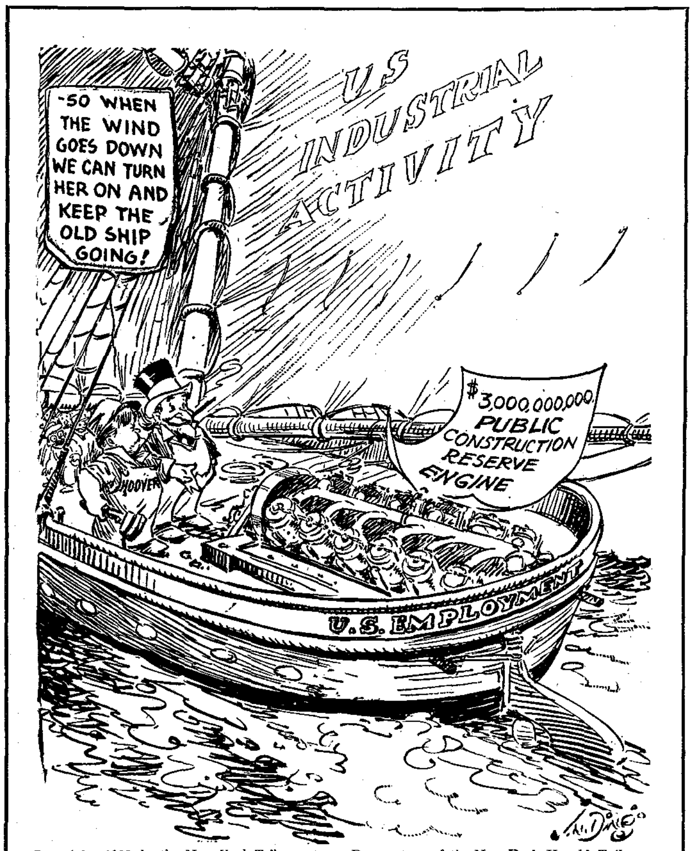
—Pease in the Newark *News*.

This Hoover plan for a gigantic nation-wide construction reserve to be held for use in times of unemployment and overproduction was announced to the public on November 21 by Gov. Ralph O. Brewster, of Maine, in an address to the Conference of Governors in New Orleans. On the same day Governor Brewster laid the proposal before the American Federation of Labor, then in convention in that city. While the principle involved is not new, having been discust for years by economists, including Mr. Hoover himself, and tried in a small way in various communities, the fact that a President-elect advocates its application upon such a sweeping scale gives it the effect of sensational novelty. As outlined by Governor Brewster at Mr. Hoover's request, the scheme calls for a new Federal fact-finding agency which, through new indices, would reveal the coming of unemployment, so that public moneys, appropriated by Congress and the States in advance, might be released for public works in time to prevent its arrival. To quote the Governor's address in part:

> "In Egypt people suffered when there was a famine. In America people suffer when there is a glut. What is called overproduction fills our storehouses, and factories close down. Men walk the streets and starve, not because there is too little, but because there seems to be too much.
>
> "The inability of men to find work at times has meant a decline

of $5,000,000,000 in the capacity of the American people to buy. No one wants this. Factories want work, laborers desire employment, merchants wish to clear their shelves. Meanwhile the vicious cycle is increased in its downward plunge by the lack of purchasing power of the ever-broadening groups who find themselves without opportunity for employment of any kind.

"With their pockets bare they enter upon a starvation existence that very greatly prolongs the period within which the surplus materials may be consumed and the wheels of industry again begin to whirl. With an annual expenditure of $7,000,000,000 upon construction, however, America is in a position to stabilize prosperity to a most remarkable extent. In some measure it is possible to do for unemployment what the Federal Reserve system has done for finance, and with equal advantage to the country as a whole.


U.S. INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY
-SO WHEN THE WIND GOES DOWN WE CAN TURN HER ON AND KEEP THE OLD SHIP GOING!
$3,000,000,000 PUBLIC CONSTRUCTION RESERVE ENGINE
HOOVER
U.S. EMPLOYMENT
Darling

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THE NEW ENGINEER IS ALREADY AT WORK

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

"No centralization of authority is proposed, but merely the creation of a condition by concerted action. Follow the flow of these billions to the contractor, the laborer, to the material men, to the factory, to the factory employees, to the merchants, to the farmer.

"Organization for prosperity is the next lesson that America may teach the nations of the world."

Asked by John J. Leary, Jr., a correspondent of the New York *World*, how Mr. Hoover proposes to make his plan effective, Governor Brewster replied:

"Through the development of competent fact-finding agencies that will substitute accuracy for guesswork as to the state and prospects of the nation's business, to the end that the Federal and State governments may be in a position to release funds for public works when it becomes evident that without such release depression and unemployment appear likely.

"With the facts in hand, the expenditure of comparatively few millions in useful work may easily head off a depression that would cost a billion.

"It will, of course, require legislation by Congress and by the several States. And the thing can not be made effective overnight or in a few months. It will be necessary for the Governors and legislators to make such recommendations and laws as they may deem necessary. It will be necessary to educate the public.

"Two States have programs in accord with that in contemplation. They are Pennsylvania and California."

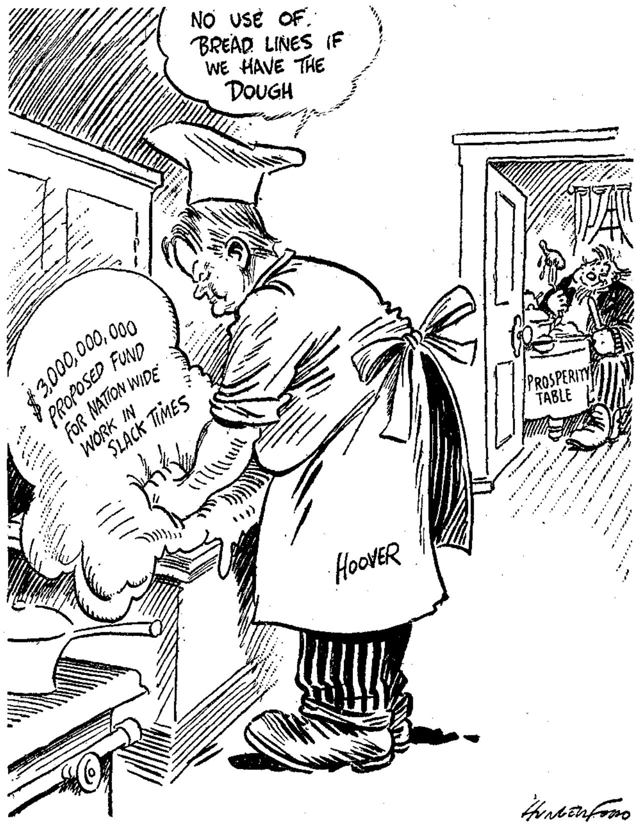
Since then a similar bill has been filed in the Massachusetts Legislature; and in a Washington dispatch to the Seattle *Times*, W. W. Jermane notes that Senator Jones, of Washington, now has a bill before the Senate, a bill to stabilize industry and employment.

"Here is evidence that our next President will not passively accept conditions long deplored, merely because they have long existed," notes the Chicago *Evening Post.* "The Hoover plan is a step in the right direction," says the St. Louis *Star.* "It is a logical development of modern economic thought," affirms the Philadelphia *Record*, which goes on to say:

"Until within recent years the universal belief was that prosperity and depression alternated in waves or cycles completely beyond human control. But that theory has been discarded. Industrial and business leaders now conceive of prosperity as something that can be regulated and stabilized.

"Perhaps the problem of flood-control engineering furnishes an analogy. In its natural state, a great river is subject to such fluctuations that it is alternately helpful and destructive; but by the construction of dams and hydroelectric plants it is possible not only to prevent devastating floods, but also to provide a continuous flow of power. And application of the same principle, it is urged, would spread prosperity evenly over the years, averting both inflation and depression.

"While the proposal is complex in detail, the principle is simple enough. Joseph made it work in the matter of Egypt's food supply several thousand years ago. Why shouldn't our highly organized society make it work now in industry?"


NO USE OF BREAD LINES IF WE HAVE THE DOUGH
$3,000,000,000 PROPOSED FUND FOR NATION WIDE WORK IN SLACK TIMES
HOOVER
PROSPERITY TABLE
Hungerford

THE FOOD ADMINISTRATOR

—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette.*

What Mr. Hoover proposes, explains the New York *Herald Tribune*, "is not that public money should be spent which otherwise would not have to be spent, but that such spending of public moneys as can be deferred or anticipated should be undertaken in periods of business contraction, rather than in periods of business expansion." And the Newark *Evening News* reminds us that "the trend of private industry in recent years

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Where is there a stone said to mark the center of the world? (p. 41).
2. Who wrote the German "Hymn of Hate"? (p. 19).
3. Have the thyroid glands anything to do with character? (p. 30).
4. Who wrote "Ulysses"? (p. 26).
5. What play made football a safer game? (p. 65).
6. What toilet article is used by European professional beggars to counterfeit epilepsy? (p. 16).
7. What is the Wailing Wall? (p. 29).
8. Who directs the Civic Repertory Theater in New York? (p. 27).
9. How many clay pigeons were used in shooting matches last year? (p. 62).
10. In what Oriental country have Western sports become popular during the past twenty years? (p. 17).
11. How will Mexico's proposed new labor code affect American investments there? (p. 12).
12. Who has been called the outstanding figure in the history of modern Palestine? (p. 34).
13. How is the Boston Art Museum supported? (p. 25).
14. What are the reasons for considering the general election as a referendum on Prohibition? (p. 28).
15. In what three European cities are there high schools which teach begging? (p. 16).
16. What is a "robot"? (p. 20).
17. Where, and by whom, is "the oldest and roughest ball game in America" played? (p. 56).
18. Who are said to be "the only godsends in an age of industrialization"? (p. 26).
19. What is "Eric"? (p. 20).
20. Who is said to be Germany's greatest military authority? (p. 18).
21. How many Sea Scouts went to the Arctic with Captain Borden? (p. 44).
22. What were Yale's gross receipts for the football season of 1927? (p. 54).
23. Do vending-machines promote or degrade the displaced salesman? (p. 22).
24. What two Japanese universities are noted as baseball rivals? (p. 17).
25. Who were the competitors in a football match played at Southampton during the British general strike? (p. 17).

has been toward a regulation of the flow of employment." To quote this Newark daily further:

"Private industry has tried to do away with seasonal employment and to reduce the turnover of labor. It has sought to find new employment for those who have been thrown out of their old employments by the increased use of machinery. Experienced by these efforts, it should be ready to take advantage of any benefit there may be in the Hoover program.

"Whether the plan is as practical as it is ideal can only be shown by its application. It seems as if it would necessitate vast machinery to coordinate the plans of Federal, State, and municipal authorities and to harmonize them with the activities of private industry, particularly that of the building trades. A danger may be scented that it will result in the establishment of another great bureaucracy with powers private industry may find oppressive.

"Carried to its logical conclusion, the program puts the Government into industry as a regulator of the flow of employment. To make the program thoroughly effective, almost arbitrary power would be needed."

This leads us to the comment of those papers which regard the scheme with skepticism or disapproval. "It is impractical, even if the forty-eight States could be prevailed upon to agree on anything at any time," declares the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. "At best it is a makeshift," the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* remarks. And it adds: "While it would offer relief, it would not touch the underlying causes of the slackening of industry and commerce. It is not a fundamental remedy, but merely a temporary relief device." Moreover, says this Missouri daily:

"The scheme is paternalistic in its nature. Its tendency would be to foster dependence upon the Government to supplement independent and individual activities. What would be the effect upon both industry and wage-earners if, whenever there was a slackening of independent effort, the Government came to the rescue with public funds and public work? How long would it be before the Government would be looked upon as the benevolent father of industry and industrial workers, to be called upon whenever the industrial system fell into distress?

"How heavy in the long run would the burden be upon the people who pay the taxes?"

"It is a chimerical idea, tinged with Socialism and full of things that would tend to weaken it in the hands of the very practical politicians who would be called upon to act under it," declares the New Haven *Register*. And in the Columbia *Record*, which refers to it ironically as "this highly pleasing plan for outlawing supply and demand," we read:

"While we are not from Missouri, we must be shown where the coal to keep this great fire blazing is coming from. From a Federal standpoint, it would seem there is ample demand for all the loose change resulting from taxes. The Prohibition kitty is always mewing for more; flood-control programs are always hungry; war debts are something else, or!

"State and municipal governments have about as much surplus cash as a graveyard rabbit, and individually speaking, about the only man we know who doesn't care whether school keeps or not is Henry Ford, and he finds it convenient to keep the lid on his strong box most of the time.

"Year in and year out, for the last quarter of a century, our cotton-growers have met annually and enthusiastically signed up to reduce acreage. The succeeding fall has always automatically shunted into the picture thousands of bootleg cotton-growers, and the annual supply of cotton thrown on the market broke all previous production records.

"We are poignantly pained to conclude that we can offer no constructive program whereby the poorhouse might be kicked out of the picture and everybody might be placed in a palace at the head of Easy Street by rule, but as yet no wizard has come along to perform that delightful miracle. Until he does, we can see no end of the road and no machine ready to assume the white man's burden as he struggles toward the stars."

While the Hoover plan "doubtless would help a little, it can hardly be regarded as a promising cure for the unemployment," thinks the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, which explains the faintness of its faith as follows:

"Thousands of coal-miners and textile workers have been idle lately. Trained only in certain sorts of labor, they would hardly be fitted for such work as the Government or the State might provide. Moreover, for the Government to provide work merely for the sake of providing it would hardly be a sound economic policy. It would be the principle of the dole, somewhat modified. Doles may be necessary in great emergencies, but they lead to trouble.

"Mr. Hoover's suggestion, of course, contemplates a step toward State Socialism, of which we heard so much in the course of the campaign. It involves the conscription of wealth in advance of the actual needs of government, in order to have it ready for distribution. However, we do not object to it on that account, if it will do any good to those who need help. The words State Socialism strike terror to the hearts of the conservatives and yet, when they see any advantage to themselves, they are ready enough to advocate another Federal bureau and another appropriation. If the burden of unemployment can be lightened by direct government action, we are for such action, but we do not bank very heavily on it.

"But it is gratifying to find the President-elect giving attention to this great and puzzling problem of enforced idleness."

THE STOCK-SPECULATING MANIA

IT IS A THREE-RING CIRCUS rather than a real stock-market down there at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, New York, editors throughout the country are now convinced. Such phrases as "speculative orgy," "speculation run wild," "gambling of the wildest description," "a spree in sky-rocketing stocks," are common. It seems perfectly obvious to the Boston *Herald* that "we are in the greatest of all speculative eras." Speculative America's acquisitive mania, says one financial news-writer, has swamped Wall Street's new high-speed ticker system, has shoved up prices for seats on the Exchange to $550,000, and has broken records for daily stock sales until nearly seven million shares were traded in one day, and more than thirty million during the week before Thanksgiving. The Dallas *News* says—and we find no one to dispute it—that "the big reason why the stock-market is boiling is because Main Street is trading in Wall Street." The public that is in this market is "no parochial group," observes the Newark *News:* "The Western, Southern, Northwest, and Pacific coast wire-houses are pouring their orders into New York." As the Boston *Post* describes this avalanche of buying:

> "People in all walks of life throughout the country are engaged in it. A tremendous number of women speculators are known to have their finger in the pie. Many persons of modest means are rushing in. Talk about the stock market is common everywhere. Street-car conversation is all about it. In the restaurant the topic of food is subordinated to the prospects of A. B. C. or X. Y. Z. Even on the sidewalks of every large city you catch fragments of the same kind of talk."

No speculative movement in history "ever occupied the attention of as large a proportion of a nation's people as the present one," writes Charles F. Speare for the Consolidated Press. And, says Mr. Harvey Anderson, of the same press association, "when large numbers of people get the speculation mania, it has to run its course, just like the dancing disease of the Middle Ages, which set whole nations gyrating at once." In this case, writes Herbert Kaufman in one of his editorials for the New York *Daily Mirror*, "Wall Street is a mirror of national confidence":

> "The prevailing bull market is just America's bet that she won't stop expanding, that big ideas aren't petering out, that ambition isn't tiring in the wing, that to-morrow is twitching with growth pains. Graph hounds, chart wavers and statistic quoters may shout their pens hoarse with contrary sentiment—financial Jeremiahs may rave of days of doom, but these minority reports are drowned by hurrahing ticker tape and the swish of skyrocketing securities.
>
> "We're gambling on continued prosperity, full employment and undiminished spending capacity—on freight loadings, automobile output, radio expansion—on aviation development, crop yields, beef prices—on mail-order sales and sound retailing."

"With election out of the way, with uncertainty at an end for four years, with the Republican Administration in the capable hands of Mr. Hoover for the coming four years," it seems to the Schenectady *Union-Star* that "there is every reason for the trading exuberance of which the stock-market is the barometer." "Dismissing for a moment the immediate course of prices and trading volume," *The Wall Street Journal* thinks "it must be recognized that there are many underlying reasons why the size of the market should be many times what it was a decade ago":

> "Hardly another like period in the history of the country has witnessed as great a movement of business from the individual and partnership form into corporate organization. In addition, there has been the familiar but still hardly appreciated expansion in the size of hundreds of thousands of relatively or formerly small undertakings, both through amalgamation and internal growth. Ten years ago the listing on the New York Stock Exchange of some hundreds of issues now there would have been rightly regarded as out of the question. The New York financial community, and indeed the country at large, is to-day familiar with the affairs of remote undertakings which were not known by name outside their own communities a few years back.
>
> "With all due allowance for the 'psychology' of the present market, and with no apologies for its probable temporary excesses which will in due course be checked, it must be recognized that the form of business organization which the country as a whole has chosen calls for large volume of stock transactions as a permanent thing. So far as speculation is concerned, it must also be recognized that stocks have largely taken the place of commodities, in which every crossroads storekeeper was almost necessarily a speculator less than a generation ago. The alternate hoarding of merchandise against an expected advance in prices and its forced liquidation in the face of declining values has largely passed out of business methods. To a certain extent the stock market has taken the place of that flywheel on the business machine."

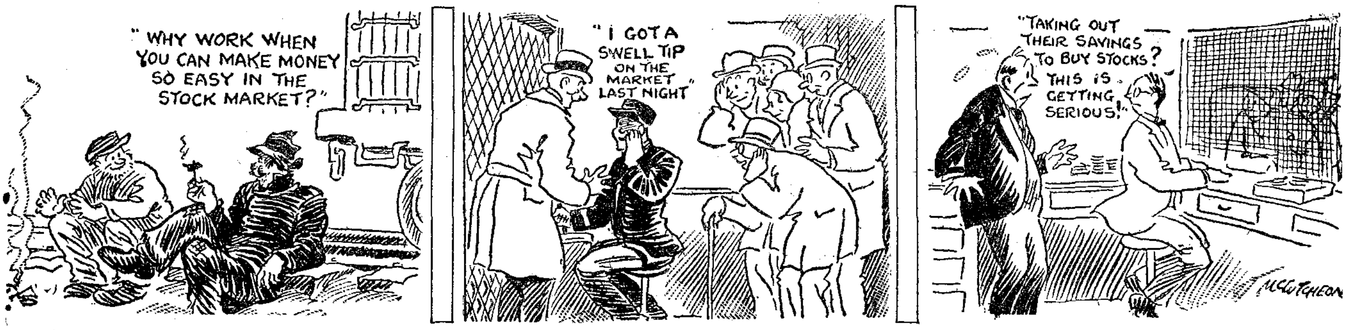
But with all the optimism there is a vast deal of worried editorial headshaking about the present speculative mania which has been driving prices of common stocks away above levels which financial authorities thought too high six months ago. The stock-market commentator of the New York *Times* is convinced that "the stock speculation has reached an exceedingly dangerous stage." A writer on the market page of the same New York newspaper thoughtfully reflects that "the motivating principle in this speculation seems similar in most respects to what governed the land boom in Florida—the payment of any price because some one else is going to pay more." Out in Colorado the Denver *Post* says "the stock-market is like a poker game. All the players can't be winners." And after all, says the Democratic Dallas *News*, "Mr. Hoover isn't Santa Claus," and "the millennium hasn't been patented by the Republicans." "In the emotions of the American people, and not in the business tide," declares the financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, lies the explanation for the advance in stock prices since election. And nothing could be surer, writes B. C. Forbes in his column on the New York *American's* financial page, than that this marking up of stock quotations "will some day end." And so, in the Middle West, the South Bend *Tribune* tells its readers: "One thing is certain; declines are coming and thousands of small speculators are going to lose." If history repeats itself in the world of speculation, predicts the Raleigh *News and Observer*, "many people will be ruined by the present fury, while a comparatively few will become rich." There can be no doubt, agrees the Washington *Post*, "that thousands of buyers of stocks are in for serious losses." The commercial bankers of New York and many investment bankers, according to H. Parker Willis of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, take the view that "conditions are in an extraordinarily overstrained situation and may break down at any moment." Editorially, *The Journal of Commerce* tries to think how this bull movement may come to an end: it may be from a change in credit policy started by the banks, the Federal Reserve System or Congress; it may start with banking or commercial failures; or it might be caused "by a growth on the part of the community of unwillingness to go on investing in securities which produce only 3 per cent. or so."

Who have been buying all these stocks? This answer is given in the columns of the New York *Times:*

> "First and most important, the general public is buying, the speculator who orders ten to 500 shares, attracted to the market by the rising prices. Brokers' wires have spread to every corner of the country during the last year or so. It is a crossroads town indeed which does not have its brokerage office. These orders, in the aggregate, have come in by the millions, mainly from persons who are buying stock with the expectation of selling them to some one else at a higher price, and not with the idea of keeping them permanently. The professional speculators, of course, are cutting a big figure in the market at present."

A new public has been back of this last post-election buying move, notes Charles F. Speare of the Consolidated Press:

> "The public that has the bit in its teeth to-day is bolder and operates with greater recklessness than that of last spring. It represents a different geographical area. For the first time the West rather than the East is in command of the market."


" WHY WORK WHEN YOU CAN MAKE MONEY SO EASY IN THE STOCK MARKET?"
" I GOT A SWELL TIP ON THE MARKET LAST NIGHT"
"TAKING OUT THEIR SAVINGS TO BUY STOCKS? THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS!"
McCUTCHEON

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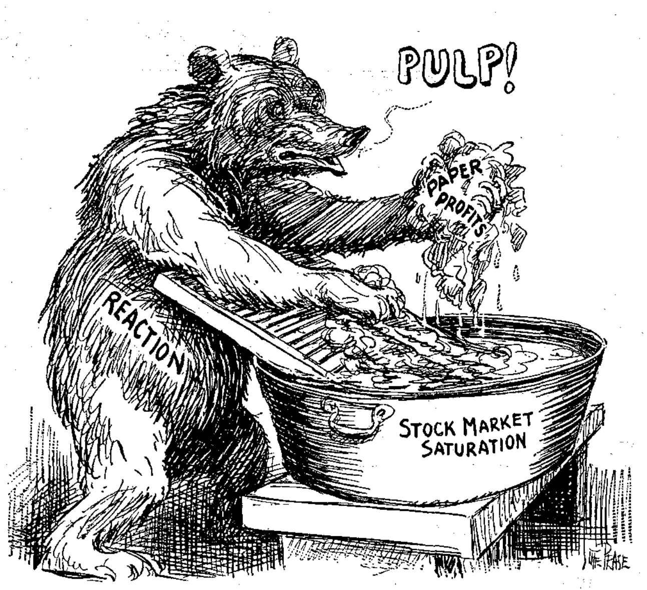
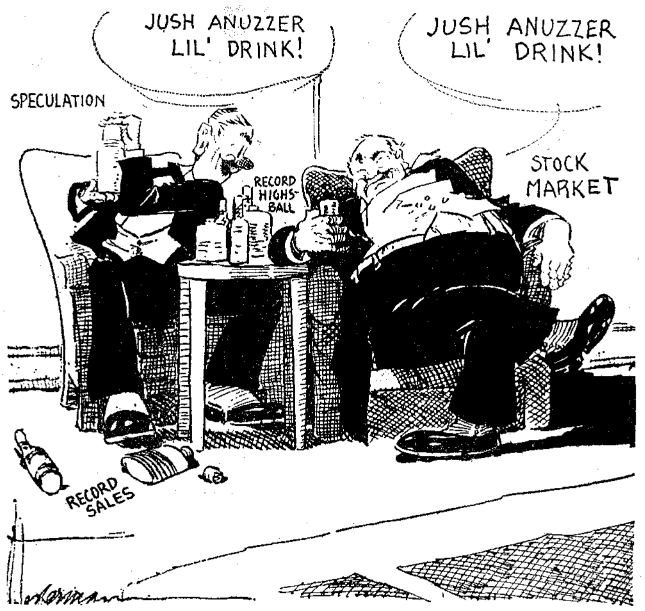
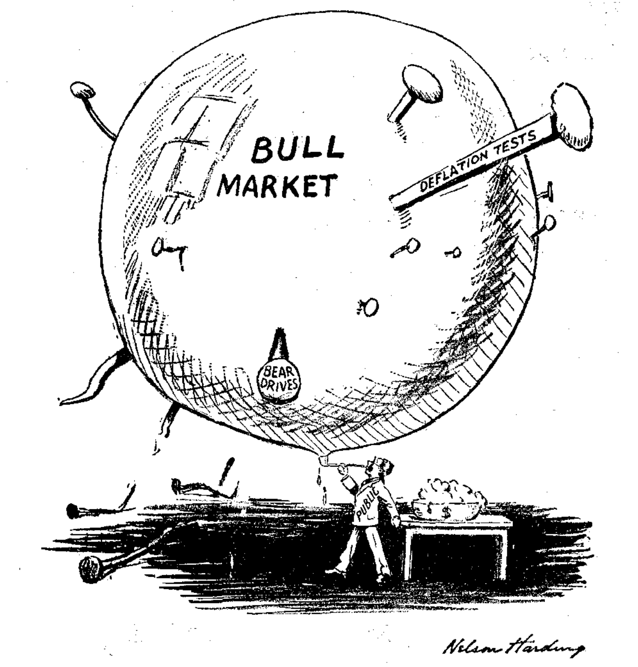
THE STOCK SPECULATION FRENZY—THE CHILD OF NATIONAL OPTIMISM
—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.


PULP!
PAPER PROFITS
REACTION
STOCK MARKET SATURATION
PEASE

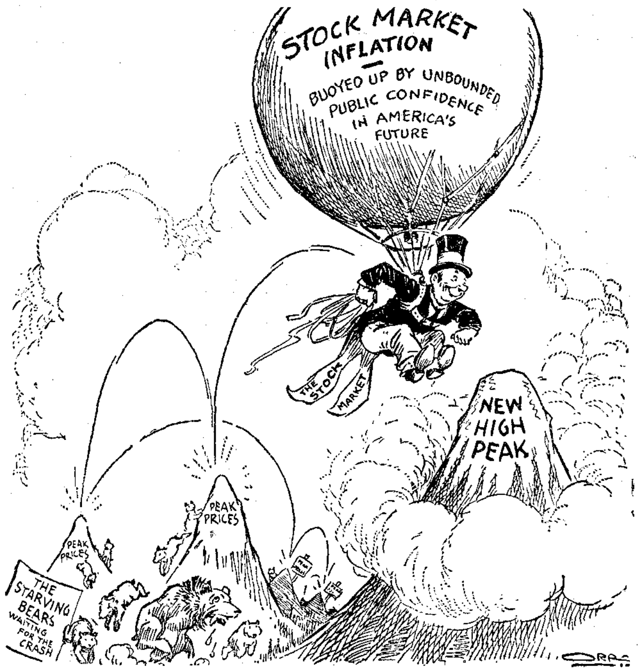
WHEN WASHDAY COMES
—Pease in the Newark *News*.


JUSH ANUZZER LIL' DRINK!
JUSH ANUZZER LIL' DRINK!
SPECULATION
STOCK MARKET
RECORD HIGHS BALL
RECORD SALES
Westerman

"JUSH ANUZZER LIL' DRINK"
—Westerman in the *Ohio State Journal*.


BULL MARKET
DEFLATION TESTS
BEAR DRIVES
PUBLIC
Nelson Harding

PHENOMENON!
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.


STOCK MARKET INFLATION
BUOYED UP BY UNBOUNDED PUBLIC CONFIDENCE IN AMERICA'S FUTURE
THE STOCK MARKET
NEW HIGH PEAK
PEAK PRICES
PEAK PRICES
THE STARVING BEARS WAITING FOR THE CRASH
ORR

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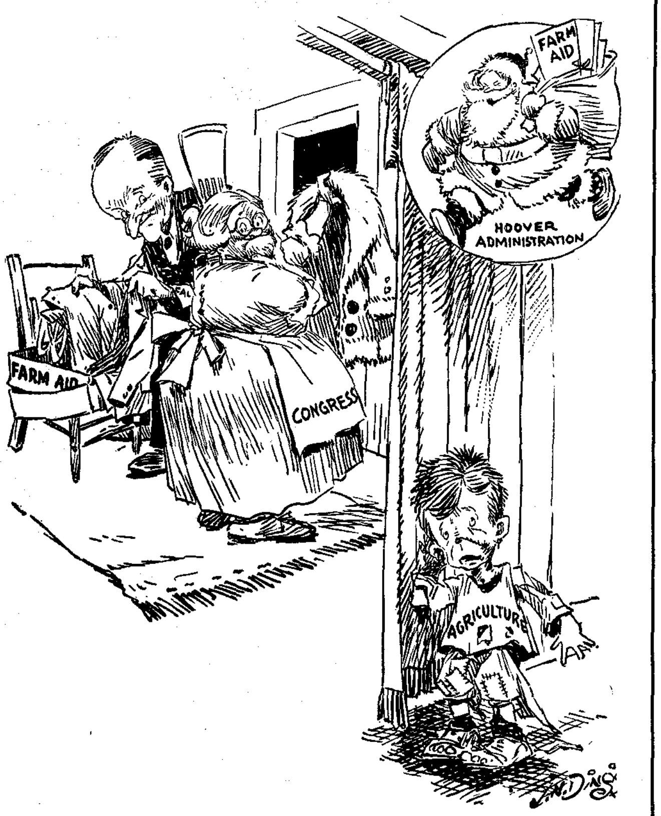
THE BALLOON JUMPER
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

A FEW SNAPSHOTS OF THE WALL STREET CIRCUS

THE ROW OVER FARM-RELIEF BEGINS

OF ALL THE QUESTIONS now before the short session of Congress, "a farm-relief measure is of the greatest importance, and will provide the most debate," believes the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. Yet a month after election, points out Ludwell Denny in the Washington *News*, the Republican party finds itself split over the question. Before the echo of campaign pledges has completely died away, leading Senators are debating whether farm legislation shall be provided by the present regular winter session of Congress or by the proposed extra session after the inauguration of President-elect Hoover, and when the newly elected Republican majorities in the Senate and House are seated. If the Kellogg anti-war treaty, cruiser construction, annual appropriations, farm-relief, and revision of the tariff are to be considered in the next three months, the farmer, predict not a few Washington correspondents, will come out at the little end of the horn. That is why Senator Borah, chief campaigner for Mr. Hoover, believes there should be an extra session of Congress, and that its primary task should be farm-relief. Senator Capper, publisher of a chain of farm papers, on the other hand, maintains that if something is going to be done for the farmer, it should be done now. This is also the position taken by Senator McNary, chairman of the Senate Agricultural Committee, who urges immediate action. Representative Tilson, majority leader in the House of Representatives, thinks that there should be an extra session, but that tariff revision should be its chief business. So it looks to W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, "as if Congress would be in session all next summer, revising the tariff, for this work always takes from four to six months of intensive effort."



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QUESTION: WHETHER TO GIVE IT TO HIM NOW OR WAIT AND LET SANTA CLAUS BRING IT

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

During the campaign, it will be recalled, Mr. Hoover said of farm-relief: "I hope it can be dealt with at the regular session. If, however, that can not be accomplished, I would, if elected, not allow the matter to drift and would, if necessary, call an extra session so as to secure early Congressional action." The President-elect apparently knows, from past experience, that a short session does well if it gets the annual appropriation bills through. Then there is the Boulder Dam bill, which has the right of way in the Senate as unfinished business, and which also must run the gantlet of the House. In fact, observes the Washington *Post:*

> "The short session will be crowded with business. Its enforced adjournment on March 4 invites filibustering. Making allowance for time wasted in unnecessary talk on Boulder Dam, naval increase, the Kellogg treaty, and other important topics, and giving the usual time to the holiday recess and routine legislation, it appears highly probable that an extra session will be necessary in order to enact farm-relief legislation.
>
> "The farm-relief problem involves the tariff. The opening of the tariff law to amendment in behalf of agriculture means that amendments will be demanded in behalf of other industries.
>
> "Inasmuch as the opening of a tariff-revision program at the forthcoming session would result in the shelving of other vitally important matters, possibly including the necessary strengthening of the Navy, and would still fail to complete tariff revision before March 4, it seems probable that Congress will decide that greater progress all around can be made by postponing farm-relief to an extra session than by thrusting it forward at the short session. If farm-relief is to be effective, it must be thorough and permanent. A jumble of farm-relief projects, indecisive debates on foreign questions, undigested supply bills, and a filibuster or two would make a poor record for the last session of the Seventieth Congress.
>
> "If a bill providing for farm-relief were now before Congress, having behind it reasonably consolidated public opinion, it might be prudent to attempt to pass it at the short session, in spite of the danger of clashing with other pressing matters. But there is no such bill, and no prospect of one."

Most of the Administration leaders, says Elliott L. Thurston, in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, want to escape the extra session. And President Coolidge naturally does not want to leave any loose ends for his successor to gather up on March 4. He feels, moreover, that a solution of the farm problem in the short session would be "the best thing for the prosperity of the country and the welfare of the farmers," says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*. At the same time, declares the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, "the President will not accept legislation which resembles in the slightest degree that which he vetoed twice. We may, then, prepare ourselves for an extra session."

Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, also is said to be aroused by reports that a compromise farm-relief bill will be hurried through at the present session. In this Progressive Senator's opinion, an extra session should be called next spring "to deal comprehensively with farm-relief and the tariff." National Grange executives, says O. M. Kile, in his Washington correspondence, "in common with most other farm leaders, feel that any bill put through the short session would be a poor compromise." Besides, believes the Washington *Star*, "in a measure, the new Congress should be more responsive to the situation than the old." Says this capital daily:

> "If this farm problem can not be considered and acted upon adequately in the short session of Congress, by all means a special session should be called. The farmers have waited long enough. The old bogy that a special session of Congress unsettles business has not been borne out by the facts."

According to Ashmun Brown, Washington correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, "the cry for immediate legislation—any sort, so long as it bears the farm-relief label—has abated, and the present demand is for intelligent treatment of the problem, looking far into the future, instead of merely dealing with the present."

On the other hand, maintains the Troy *Record*, "the need of agrarian legislation is immediate, and it should be met." "Tariff beneficiaries who want more protection can afford to bide their time until Congress can take up their appeals," asserts the Baltimore *Sun*. Besides, we are reminded by Senator McNary, "if a farm-relief bill is delayed until spring, any legislation that Congress may then pass will not go into effect until 1930, and that would be too late." Senator Norris, of Nebraska, and Senator Capper, of Kansas, also agree that action should be taken during the short session, and a special session avoided if possible. According to the Kansas Senator:

"There is a real need for farm legislation, and it has been recognized by the President-elect, Mr. Hoover. While he has indicated his intention to call a special session to deal with the farm problem, there is no need to wait until the new Administration takes office. Passage of farm-relief legislation at the short session of Congress will give an opportunity for the set-up of the necessary machinery to stabilize prices, and otherwise improve the farmers' economic and business position.

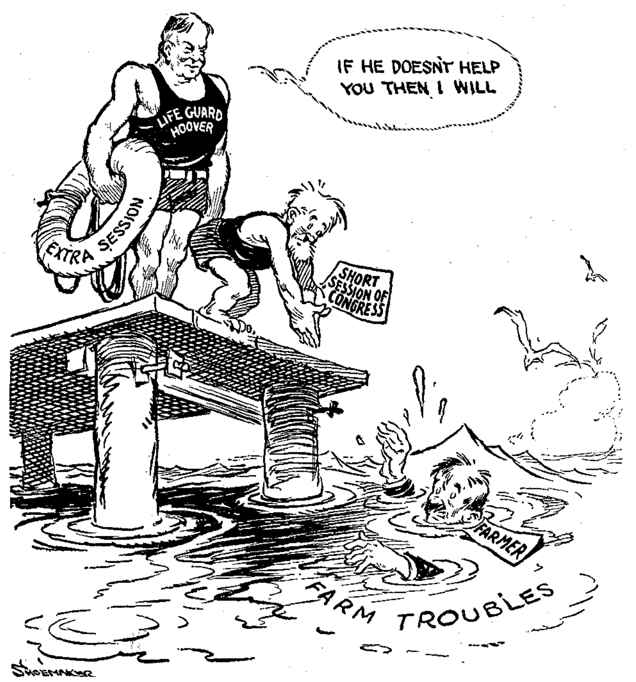
"Then the next regular session of Congress, a year from now, can make such amendments or changes as experience has proved necessary or advisable. To delay action beyond March 4 will simply result in forcing the farmers to go through another year of marketing their crops under adverse, uneconomic conditions."

In his address to the members of the National Grange last month, President Coolidge said, in part:

"One of the greatest handicaps of agriculture is temporary overproduction. The world is hungry to consume all that the farmer ever raises. His difficulty arises from attempting to sell at the wrong time or the wrong place. The most successful method of meeting this difficulty has been through cooperative associations.

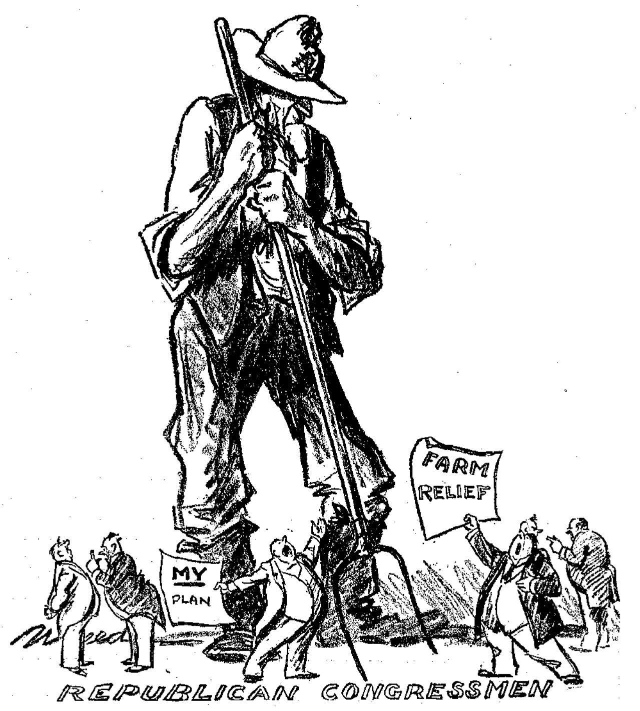
"This movement toward cooperative marketing is still in its infancy. It avoids any attempt at price-fixing or putting the Government into business. It rests on the sound merchandising principle of taking the product and disposing of it in the most advantageous way that shrewd and orderly marketing affords. Such further assistance as is necessary to render this effort more effective through getting up a board for its Administration, supplied with sufficient funds to demonstrate its soundness in its experimental stage, may well be provided by the Government."

In Canada, explains the Washington *Post*:



DOUBLE PROSPECTS OF HIS RESCUE

—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*.



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A PICTURE OF PATIENCE

—Weed in the New York *Evening World*.

"This plan of disposing of farm products by the farmers themselves is now operating with conspicuous success. It eliminates unnecessary handling, and reduces the spread between producer and consumer. Farmers get more for their wheat, while the consumer pays no more. Naturally, the middlemen now handling American farm staples will fight the proposal, but a determined stand by the friends of farm-relief can put the plan through Congress. It is an enormous undertaking, calling for the expenditure of hundreds of millions and the creation of a vast organization. It can succeed only with the united support of the farmers themselves. If they prove indifferent to the cooperative movement, it is quite possible that the plan would fail. But the farmers have many examples of success before their eyes."

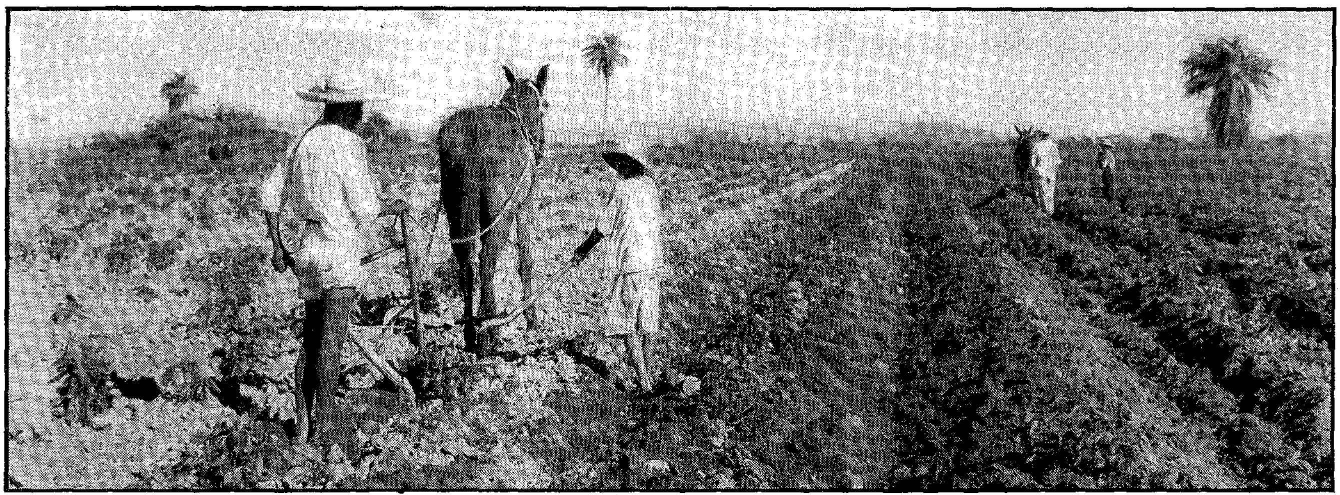
The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* also offers two ways in which the Government may aid the farmers:

"One is by such a policy of education, cooperation, and coordination as is already in effect. The central purpose of such a policy is to help the farmer to help himself.

"The other outstanding way in which the Government may promote the material welfare of the farmers is by the adoption of a legislative policy which increases the prices which the farmers receive for their products. Such a policy would necessarily contemplate a large expense to the Government. It would also increase prices to the consuming public.

"If we are to undertake any policy for directly or almost directly increasing the prices which the farmers receive for their products, the export debenture plan has much to recommend it. Under this plan, the producers of agricultural products of which there is an exportable surplus would obtain increased prices out of the duties paid on imported products. Thus they would be given what it has become fashionable to call 'the full benefit of the tariff.'

"The means of operation would be substantially as follows:—A governmental agency would determine that wheat, for example, is entitled to a bounty of one cent a bushel, because the exportable surplus of wheat is of such an amount as to depress the price one cent below what it would be if there were no exportable surplus. Anybody exporting wheat would thereafter receive from the customs officials debentures for an amount equal to one cent on each bushel exported. An exporter of 10,000 bushels would receive debentures for $100. These debentures would be legal tender for payment of customs duties. The exporter would sell his debentures to importers, to be used for paying the duties on imported goods. The bounty thus received from the Government by the wheat exporters would permit them to bid higher for wheat, and all wheat would rise in price."



Photograph by George Stone, from Ewing Galloway

A FEW OF THE BENEFICIARIES OF MEXICO'S PROPOSED LABOR CODE

Agricultural workers on the 4,500-acre estate of Capt. G. Allan Hancock, of Los Angeles, near Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico. Under the new labor code, which is expected to pass the national legislature with only slight changes, the working day of the farm-hand, as well as that of the factory worker, will be eight hours, and one day's rest in seven will be compulsory.

TAKING THE CURSE OUT OF IDLENESS

SWEET ARE THE USES OF LEISURE. In the world of industry it is the increasing leisure of the great masses of the people that gives them time to ride in all the automobiles and listen to all the radio sets, and go to see all the moving-pictures. So it seems to one business authority, at any rate. The question is put by the economist, Jeremiah W. Jenks, in the Washington *Star:* "What is the use that the workman is to make in the days to come of his leisure time?" Therein, says Dr. Jenks, "lies another of our great problems not yet solved"—

"He may use it to engage in sports. He may spend it in dissipation. Or he may find in it the real opportunity for the full development of himself, mentally and morally."

It is the business rather than the social aspect of leisure that interests *The Wall Street Journal*, which argues that the enormously increasing prosperity and spare time of those who work for a living in this country have combined to upset all the dire predictions of the old-fashioned economists. The first of these fallacies that comes to the editor's mind "is the conception of a definite saturation-point for automobiles." And then—

"When the startlingly rapid development of the motion-picture began to be visible, some ten years or more ago, sage observers did not hesitate to predict the downfall of the speaking theater. But the construction of new theaters to house old-time dramatic productions has almost kept pace, in New York at least, with that of movie palaces. A few years later it became obvious to the meanest intelligence that the radio in every home would vibrate with the death-knell of both plays and movies. To-day, radio sets are being bought in the millions a year while the movie-houses and the regular theaters, as a general thing, are filled nightly at about the highest prices their managers have ever had the hardihood to ask.

"It would be merely trite to say that prosperity is the answer. That was, of course, an essential condition for the creation of these colossal new industries of recreation and amusement, and remains the controlling condition of their continued expansion. But twenty or thirty years ago people would not have had the time to spare from their inescapable employments to use these new appurtenances of existence, even if they had had the ready money to take them on.

"Hardly secondary as a factor in giving the American scene these outstanding aspects has been the increasing leisure of those who work for a living. Moralists may differ over the correctness of our sense of values as revealed in the uses we make of the time which machinery gives us, but the manner of its employment is clear enough. It remains to ask, and to be answered, whether we are to have still more time available for selected uses in the future, and what we will choose to do with it."

A STARTLING LABOR CODE FOR MEXICO

THE RADICAL TREND in some of the new "planks" in Mexico's proposed labor platform "is certain to create some uneasiness in this country," thinks the New York *Evening World.* For American investments in Mexico run into the millions, and the bill which Mexico's new President is to urge upon the national legislature, notes the New Haven *Register*, "is revolutionary, rivaling anything so far tried by either Mussolini or Soviet Russia." American investments in Mexican oil-wells, railroads, and mines, says Jack Starr-Hunt, Mexico City correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, are bound to be affected by this rather radical legislation. And, according to political forecasts at the Mexican capital, the bill is almost certain to be enacted, with minor modifications. Ex-President Calles and Emilio Portes Gil, who succeeded to the Presidency on December 1, are both quite friendly to Mexican labor; and since the revolution, say Mexico City correspondents, the agriculturists and workingmen have gained the upper hand in Mexican politics. According to the dispatches of Arthur Constantine, Mexico City correspondent of the New York *World*, the new labor code, one of the most elaborate and idealistic ever evolved, contains most of the measures for protection of the workers which liberals in this and other countries have advocated for decades. In fact, it is an amazing document:

"The progressive character of the laws is indicated by provisions prohibiting child labor, requiring that women as well as minors over sixteen doing the same work as men must be paid the same wages; that minors must present certificates that they have completed primary school; and that women can not be employed at night, except as domestics.

"The strongly nationalistic character of the projected laws is disclosed by a dictum that 75 per cent. of all employees must be Mexicans; that every able-bodied citizen in the country must work at some gainful occupation at least one month each year; and that all managers, superintendents, doctors, and foremen must be able to speak and understand Spanish, the official language of Mexico.

"The projected laws require that women must be paid their wages three months before and one month after childbirth.

"Night school is prescribed for minors who have not completed primary school.

"Contractors for labor outside Mexico must post a bond covering repatriation of laborers. They must also pay the travel and food costs of these laborers.

"Economic councils will be set up in all industries employing more than twenty men. Wages will go on during strikes, provided the workmen justify them. Eight hours will be established as the legal working day, and one day's rest in seven will be compulsory.

"The Central Labor Council will be charged with study of labor conditions, including the cost of living. Wages shall be adjusted every three months in accordance with living costs.

"There shall be established a national insurance institution to which all industries [as well as the workers themselves] will be required to contribute for the establishment of a workmen's insurance fund.

"Employees discharged except for injury to a plant, may collect three months' wages. A month's notice of closure of a plant for bad business, or other reasons deemed sufficient, shall be given subject to approval by the National Labor Council.

"The right of workmen to organize is recognized as well as their right to strike. A syndicate is empowered to make contracts with employers, but these contracts can not endure for more than three years nor less than one. Contracts are mutually binding on employee and employers.

"Public-service employees may not declare a strike except on ten days' notice. If the finding of the board of conciliation and arbitration is against the strikers, their contract may be annulled if the employer wishes. If the decision is against the employer, he must pay wages for the duration of the strike.

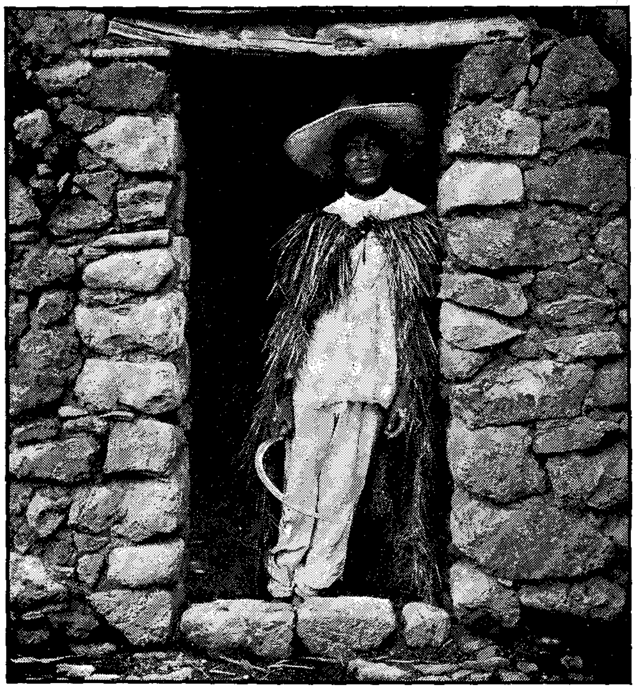
"Plants may suspend without violating their contracts when excess production makes further operation unprofitable or for lack of raw materials; or when there are acts of nature, such as epidemics, earthquakes, or fires.

"The projected laws, if passed, will give Mexico uniform labor legislation throughout twenty-eight States and three Territories. They will set up a system of labor courts and conciliation and arbitration boards, as well as a National Labor Council."

The magnitude of the Portes Gil program, to the Washington *News* and other Scripps-Howard newspapers, "is staggering." Moreover, "its successful application would tax the ingenuity of governments much more stable and efficient than that of Mexico." Furthermore, notes the Philadelphia *Bulletin:*

"To the American idea of individual initiative and agreement between men and management, the Gil proposal will seem arbitrary. The compulsory learning of a trade or profession, to be practised for the general behalf in event of any national emergency, seems strangely akin to compulsory military service.

"In the United States, labor courts have not achieved distinguished popularity, and are not likely to. To put every employer under obligation to give thirty days' notice of closing his plant, and require him to obtain court permit to close, would bring protest from men as well as management, should it be attempted in this country."


Underwood & Underwood photograph

A SUGAR-CANE CUTTER FROM THE LOWLANDS

Under the proposed labor reform, his wages will be adjusted every three months in accordance with the cost of living.

Photo by George Stone, from Ewing Galloway

SORTING EGG-PLANT FOR AMERICAN CONSUMPTION

Mexico's projected labor laws, if passed, will provide for an economic council on the Mexican ranch of Captain Hancock, where this photograph was taken, since it employs more than twenty men.

The Hartford *Times* can not recall a parallel for the broad proposals of Mexico's new President "anywhere in the world." "Revolutionary" and "Socialistic" are two mild adjectives used by this paper, published in a New England manufacturing center. For example, it asks:

"What would we in the conservative United States think of a national law that every able-bodied citizen in the country must engage in gainful occupation at least one month in each year? What would we think of a law which compels one day's rest in seven for every worker in the land? Which demands compulsory arbitration in every industrial dispute, and in case of a strike found rightful on labor's part, will secure to the workers their back wages? Which sets up an elaborate system of arbitration courts for the whole country, and weaves together a system of economic councils in every factory where more than twenty hands are employed? Which institutes compulsory insurance against sickness or accident, for the funds of which all industries must contribute? Which nationally forbids labor for all children under twelve? Which makes obligatory for all annual vacations with pay? Which abolishes gambling-places in labor centers?

"There is much uneconomical and unworkable in this immense labor-reform act of President Gil; much that many would consider dangerously Socialistic; much, perhaps, fantastic and foolish. But the great point is that the revolutionary development in Mexico is entitled to the sympathetic observation of the world."

There is also the possibility that the proposed labor reforms are not as radical as they appear on first sight. In his Washington correspondence to the Boston *Transcript,* Oliver McKee, Jr., informs us that—

"In the main, they merely carry out the provisions of the Constitution. These reforms have already been carried out in many of the Provinces of Mexico.

"One of the chief purposes of the labor program is to keep Mexican labor at home. During recent years thousands, if not tens of thousands, of Mexican peons have crossed the border and obtained employment in the United States. The reforms will make Mexico a much more attractive place for workers than in the past."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

The battle-ship *Maryland* is now carrying more big guns than ever before.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

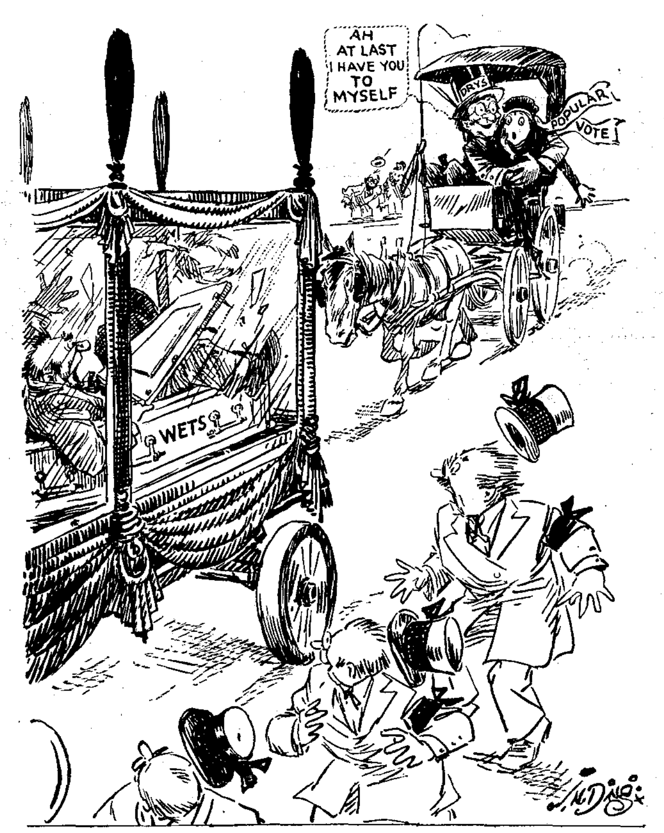
Digest should now take a poll on the next Democratic nominee, if any.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Politics makes strange bedfellows, but too often it is the voters that go to sleep.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The farmers that need the most relief are the ones who have moved to town.—*The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

The world is so full of a number of things—it's hard to keep up payments on all of them.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

According to a scientist the next war will be fought by wireless. What we heard on our set the other evening made us think it had started.—*Punch.*



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THE LATE LAMENTED INSISTS HE ISN'T DEAD YET

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

The astounding thing about it is how many innocent men handled this G. O. P. oil money.—*Dallas News.*

Wonder what the big captains of industry do when they are not predicting "continued prosperity"?—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

Herr Stresemann has renewed his suggestion that the watch on the Rhine needs a new movement.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Now there's another reason to be elected President. This distinction makes it possible to go fishing on a battle-ship.—*Miami Herald.*

The Cabinet of Jugoslavia forbids high-school girls to rouge their lips. That ought to improve the rouge business in that country.—*Jackson News.*

The most cautious man of our acquaintance is thinking of taking a little ocean voyage if he can find a ship that hasn't been government-inspected.—*Ohio State Journal.*

It is expected that by improved devices it will soon be possible to send perfect photographs from New York to London by wireless. Some of those we have seen in the experimental stage seem to have had a very bad crossing.—*Punch.*

Us Democrats have got to raise $1,600,000. Couldn't we trade Massachusetts and Rhode Island back in and get a discount?—*Dallas News.*

The automobile has brought former distant places closer and closer together, including our house and the poorhouse.—*The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

Cuba is buying heavily of American tires. These represent the sort of revolutions Uncle Sam is glad to encourage among his smaller brothers of the south.—*Chicago Daily News.*

It is predicted that the best Democratic minds will hold a conference in Washington after Congress meets. The important topic for discussion will be how long a donkey can go without solid food.—*The New Yorker.*

If the Republicans want to be nice about it they will speed up that prosperity thing and give the Democrats a chance to pay off their million and some odd dollars campaign debt without having to hock the office furniture.—*Macon Telegraph.*

The turkey gets his revenge on man when he is turned into hash.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

In a household budget the mathematical problem is to make V equal X.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"Money Floods Wall Street."—Head-line. But so far no S O S has been sent out.—*St. Louis Star.*

Furthermore, South America is plumb full of postmasterships that Herbert doesn't have to worry about.—*Dallas News.*

Just to make it appropriate, a soccer trophy was handed to the winners the other day in Europe by Gene Tunney.—*Savannah News.*

According to an official of the College of Arms fewer persons now bother to trace their ancestry. This is probably due to the increasing difficulty of hushing it up afterwards.—*Punch.*

A German scientist converts wood into food. Now "board and rooms" can be taken literally.—*South Bend Tribune.*

We often wonder what Colonel Lindbergh thinks of a good-will tour requiring a 32,600-ton battle-ship.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Mr. Hoover's experience as food administrator may stand him in good stead when the pie is to be served.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Ujhelyi, Ohio State Star, Is Pronounced Fit.—Head-line. Well, we felt sure there must be some way to pronounce him.—*Nashville Banner.*

"These days," says a lecturer on cosmetics, "beauty is not always skin deep." No, and not always knee high.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

After Mr. Hoover gets back from South America we want to make a good-will tour to Chicago—if we can borrow that battle-ship.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

If your young hopeful uses bad words, don't wash his mouth with soap and whip him up-stairs to bed. Chances are he will grow up to be a successful playwright.—*Macon Telegraph.*

If Mr. Finnegan, of off-again-on-again-gone-again fame is still sticking around, he might be the very man to do France's Cabinet overhauling.—*Macon Telegraph.*

The quality of the Canadian wheat crop is lower, a government report reveals. It may be that the quality is trying to get down to the price.—*Topeka State Journal.*

It seems that the Constitution makes it imperative to have a Presidential election every four years in order to vindicate the Literary Digest's straw vote.—*New Orleans States.*

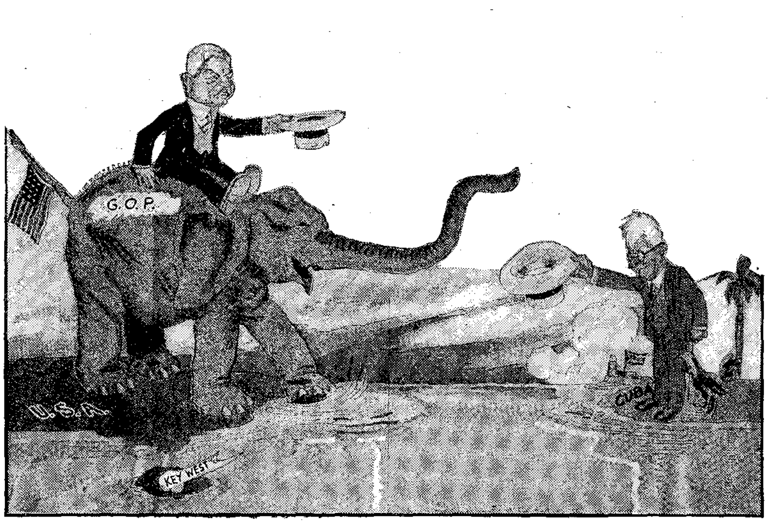
We have been reading the comments of the British press on the President's Armistice Day speech, and when Calvin goes on his good-will tour of Europe, we guess he'd better take the whole fleet.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The best President Coolidge could do on Armistice Day was to call for more and bigger cruisers. Happily for international peace, the law of presidential succession will spare the world his friendly thoughts on the Fourth of July.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

HOW LATIN AMERICA WELCOMES MR. HOOVER

EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS may be put to Mr. Hoover during his Latin-American course of visits, it is said, and the prediction is made that the most embarrassing question of all will be on the subject of Uncle Sam's high tariff wall of exclusion. On the other hand, with native Latin-American courtesy, editorial comments in the press hail Mr. Hoover's coming as a marked display of good-will, altho a certain skepticism is revealed as to what practical benefits Latin America will derive from the pilgrimage of the President-elect of the United States. Perhaps the least friendly editorial reception is tendered by journals in Cuba, such as *Carteles*, *La Semana*, *La Independencia*, and *La Politica Comica*, which latter observes:


G.O.P.
U.S.A.
KEY WEST
CUBA

A CUBAN SLAM

Mr. Hoover: "Good morning, sir."

Cuba: "As a proof of your friendliness, I suppose you will end the Platt Amendment and reduce the duties on sugar."

Mr. Hoover: "I do not understand Spanish very well—I'm sorry."

—*La Politica Comica* (Havana).

> "The trip will as is usual witness handshaking, banquets, and amiable phrases with nothing of positive benefit for the Latin-American nations practically strangled by United States imperialism. If Mr. Hoover wants to conquer the immediate sympathy of Latin America, he should at once announce a change in the policy of his country, declaring that the Monroe Doctrine does not mean that the American continent is only for the United States, that Haiti will be evacuated, that Nicaragua shall be freed from foreign yoke, that Cuba will see the quick abrogation of the Platt Amendment, that our commercial treaties will cease being one-sided affairs, that our countries will be free to manage their own affairs as they deem fit, and that the United States is a real friend in fact, and not a conqueror.
>
> "The American continent is anxious to see the President-elect doing something, instead of pronouncing grandiloquent and meaningless speeches. In a word, he should keep in mind that Latin America has never forgotten nor forgiven what has been done to Colombia, Panama, Santo Domingo, Haiti, Nicaragua, and Mexico by previous United States Administrations. If he should do that, Mr. Hoover would really deserve the heartfelt gratitude of Latin America."

But the countries at the southern end of the South American continent would appear to be more interested in the economic meaning of Mr. Hoover's visit than in the political, and *La Razon* of Argentina expresses the opinion that it may result in a change in the policy of isolation hitherto followed under Republican party control, and it adds that it may also acquaint him with the hardships imposed on Latin America through the present tariff barriers of the United States. Another Argentine newspaper, *La Nacion*, altho noting the unofficial character of Mr. Hoover's journey, is hopeful that it will help to iron out the trade arguments that have marred relations between Argentina and the United States during the past few years. A purely personal criticism of Mr. Hoover is voiced by the Buenos Aires *El Diario*, which charges that the exclusion of correspondents of Spanish-American newspapers from the entourage of the President-elect was a serious error. Allusion is also made to a statement attributed to Mr. Hoover in which it is alleged he declared himself in favor of making loans to Spanish-American countries only when the loans are to be applied to public works. As quoted in an Associated Press dispatch from Buenos Aires, *El Diario* said further:

> "This doctrine implies a concealed tutorship and the inference that these countries should attend to the development of the production of those raw materials that are needed in the United States.
>
> "However, we should not feel offended at these declarations, because Mr. Hoover will have a splendid opportunity now to modify his judgment when he has seen the civilization we have in the South, a civilization which is utterly distinct from the somewhat Babylonic civilization of the North American Union."

In Brazil, *O Jornal do Comercio* of Rio de Janeiro has this to say:

> "His coming will of course be very agreeable. He will have occasion to learn of the complexity of the coffee question, which so greatly interests him from the North American view-point, as demonstrated in the election campaign. We believe the direct observation of certain realities will have a great influence on so positive a spirit as Mr. Hoover's."

Another Brazil newspaper, *O Jornal de Rio*, sees a possible "liberalization" of the State Department, which would work wonders for a real rapprochement with Latin America, and it continues:

> "The Republican party has always been accused of lack of comprehension of the spirit of fraternity and equality which should exist in international interchange on these continents. Modifying the attitude of the United States toward Latin America and molding it with the same spirit of liberalism that seems to be moving the State Department in its relations with the rest of the world was one of the great Democratic issues in the Presidential campaign.
>
> "The prospective visit of Mr. Hoover is a sign that his Administration will have a view-point more compatible with harmony among the peoples of the Americas."

Brazil's Foreign Minister, Octavio Mangabeira, is quoted in a statement issued to the Associated Press at Rio de Janeiro as follows:

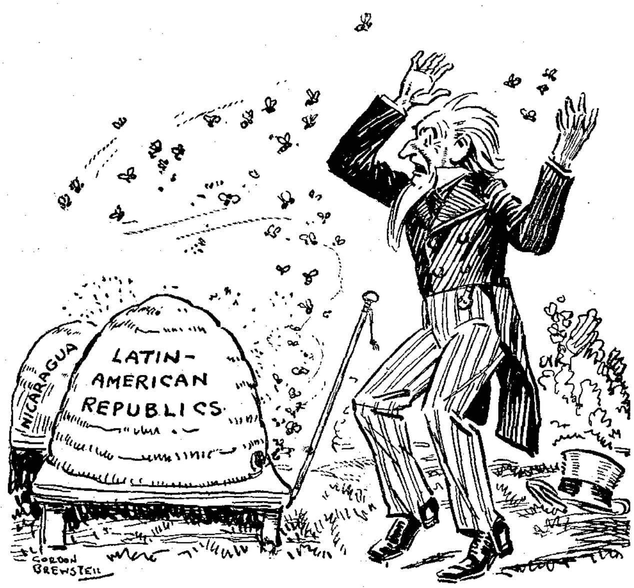
> "The visit of President-elect Hoover to Latin America is one of those great events which are apparently very simple, but may have, nevertheless, incalculable effects. Brazil, which rejoices in the great splendor of the United States of America and sincerely

wishes to see them upheld by the esteem of all American nations, believes that this trip will be a decided forward step on the road to mutual concord and confidence, two things which will make for the greatness and glory of the American continents and the general service of humanity.

"Those will be days of national rejoicing when the Brazilian nation, giving expression to the sentiments of affection which bind it to the glorious sister nation of the north, will have the honor of welcoming to its homes the victorious envoy of the most superb democracy of the world."

On our return northward we find the Guatemala *Nuestro Diario* speaking its mind in this wise:

"It will be well-nigh impossible for Mr. Hoover to acquire more knowledge than he already possesses in a barnstorming trip like the one undertaken. The real motive for his coming south must be found in the domestic situation of his country. A President-elect is always harassed by office-seekers, and a rest, after the bitterness of the Presidential campaign just fought, is desirable, if the United States is to continue marching along the path of peace and democracy."



IRISH FUN WITH UNCLE SAM

The Latin-American countries "resent any attempt to dictate a line of policy to them." —*The Irish Weekly Independent* (Dublin).

Passing to El Salvador, we read in *La Prensa* a word of welcome and ironic hopefulness:

"Mr. Hoover's trip will bring about a radical change in the policies of the United States toward Latin America, because up to now that country has ignored us. His visit will convince Mr. Hoover that we are fully able to govern ourselves without any intervention whatsoever.

"The United States has been sadly misinformed on conditions in Latin America through malicious diplomatic reports and corrupt financiers. Central America will benefit from Mr. Hoover's visit, and it may happen that on his way back to the United States, Mr. Hoover will take along as bodyguard the armed forces of his country actually occupying certain defenseless countries of our continent.

"Welcome to Mr. Hoover if he harbors the wish to remedy the evils done by other Administrations before him. They deliberately ignored us, because of our only defect, that of being weak."

In Mexico *Excelsior* of Mexico City remarks:

"Mr. Hoover's decision to visit Latin America shows his statesmanship and evident desire to make us forget the 'big-stick policy' of Roosevelt, but altho the exchange of handshakes and smiles is desirable and welcome, the sincerity of these manifestations of friendship must be proved in a more substantial manner. The Latin-American republics ask only one thing: That they be allowed to live their own lives in their own houses."

A TECHNICAL SCHOOL FOR GERMAN PICKPOCKETS

NO PICKPOCKET CAN SUCCEED in his profession except he be thoroughly educated in its ways and means, remark some German editors ironically, in noting the existence of a high school for German *Artful Dodgers.* As a precautionary method, of course, the founders did not advise the authorities of their intention to establish the school, and so its graduates can not be honored with a State diploma, but, it seems, they are not worried about that. Indeed, the more distant their relations with the authorities, they hold, the less they are interfered with in professional practise. According to the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt,* this school for pickpockets is crowded with persons of all social grades, altho the pupils are for the most part quite familiar with the shady side of life, and we read:

"They are all animated with the thirst for knowledge, the desire to acquire quickly the dexterity so necessary in their work, and what is more, a mode of conduct so that they may enter into successful competition with the 'uneducated' of their craft. The Dean of this unusual institution is a skilled pickpocket, grown gray in his years of activity and in the many prisons in which he has 'done time,' and who is now 'retired' in his native city in Poland. His experience, his knowledge of the country and of people, are the capital he lends out, at a modest rate of interest, to all those eager to contract loans. Admission to the school can only be gained by means of discreet introductions.

"The entire curriculum embraces three semesters. In the first, which lasts only two weeks, 'Social Intercourse' is taught, but not according to the usually accepted methods of social etiquette. The student is taught how to approach his victim."

The instructor in this particular branch is a pickpocket who, we are told, is permanently barred from practise because a broken arm he suffered was improperly set. The student is taught "manual expertness" by the Dean himself in the second semester, and the course is said to last until those taking it are able to execute, perfectly and proficiently, the "Bohemian circle." The latter, it appears, is a slang phrase which means the stalking of a prospective victim. The transition from theory to practise takes place in the third semester, in which the student is required to pick the pockets of his colleagues at school, and—

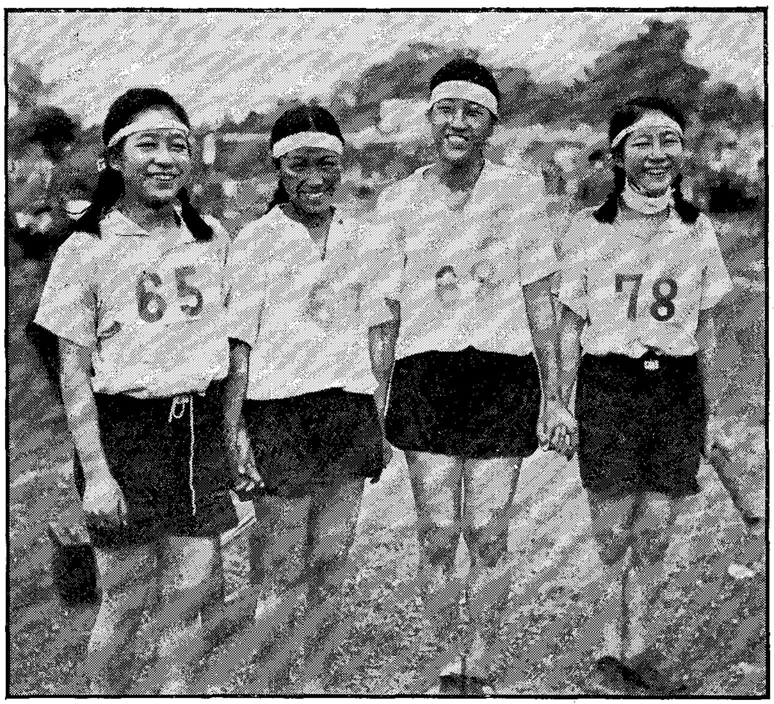
"The final examination is in the nature of a theft which the candidate must perpetrate upon the Dean. Instruction is usually given at night, for in the daytime most of the enterprising youths are engaged in begging or other opportune activities. As soon as the successful student has completed the prescribed course of study, he usually goes abroad with a 'testimonial' from his teacher. The first field of endeavor is Prague, and the next, Vienna. After a short time in both cities, the pickpocket goes either to the west or the south. Some go on to Budapest, where, not far from the *Rombachgasse,* another high school is located. Here the courses are post-graduate, one might say.

"In addition to the above, there also exist institutions of learning where begging is taught. The best of these are in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. There are numerous other ones, but they are not official, that is to say, they are not recognized as such by the begging fraternity. In Paris, begging is taught in the Latin Quarter; in Berlin, in a house in the *Grenadierstrasse,* and in Vienna, on the *Prater.* One has no idea how much the student must learn in order that he may be differentiated from the ordinary beggar, and until he is sufficiently proficient to merit admission to the Beggar's Organization. The course of study usually takes about one month, and instruction is given in the evening hours. The studies themselves consist of a secret language, secret signs, the art of stammering, whimpering, making up the face with grease paint so as to appear ill, assuming the postures of cripples, relation with the police, and much more.

"The instructors are all proficient beggars. The graduate student can then go about as a war cripple. In the Paris profession, so-called war decorations are lent out for this purpose. Or he can pose as an epileptic—a piece of soap concealed in the mouth produces the necessary foam; as a destitute woman—if the woman has no children of her own, there are places that rent children out by the hour; and as any of many other familiar street types."

SPORTS WINNING IN JAPAN

JAPAN'S LACK OF POPULAR SPORT was said as long ago as 1912 to be one of the incurable differences between East and West, and some European writers express the opinion that a state of society in which young men and women were not interested in physical sport must be unhealthy. Indeed, one unsympathetic commentator on "Things Japanese," according to the Tokyo *Japan Advertiser*, listed this want in Japanese life as one of the country's permanent and fundamental inferiorities. But it is flatly asserted by this American-owned Tokyo daily, that if that critic returned to Japan to-day he would see a change sufficient to make him realize the "foolishness" of his forecast. As of immediate interest we are advised of a swimming meet held at the Tamagawa River, which elicited the praise of all the foreigners who attended it, not only for the high standard of performance but for the spirit of sportsmanship that pervaded it, and we read:



Keystone View Company photograph

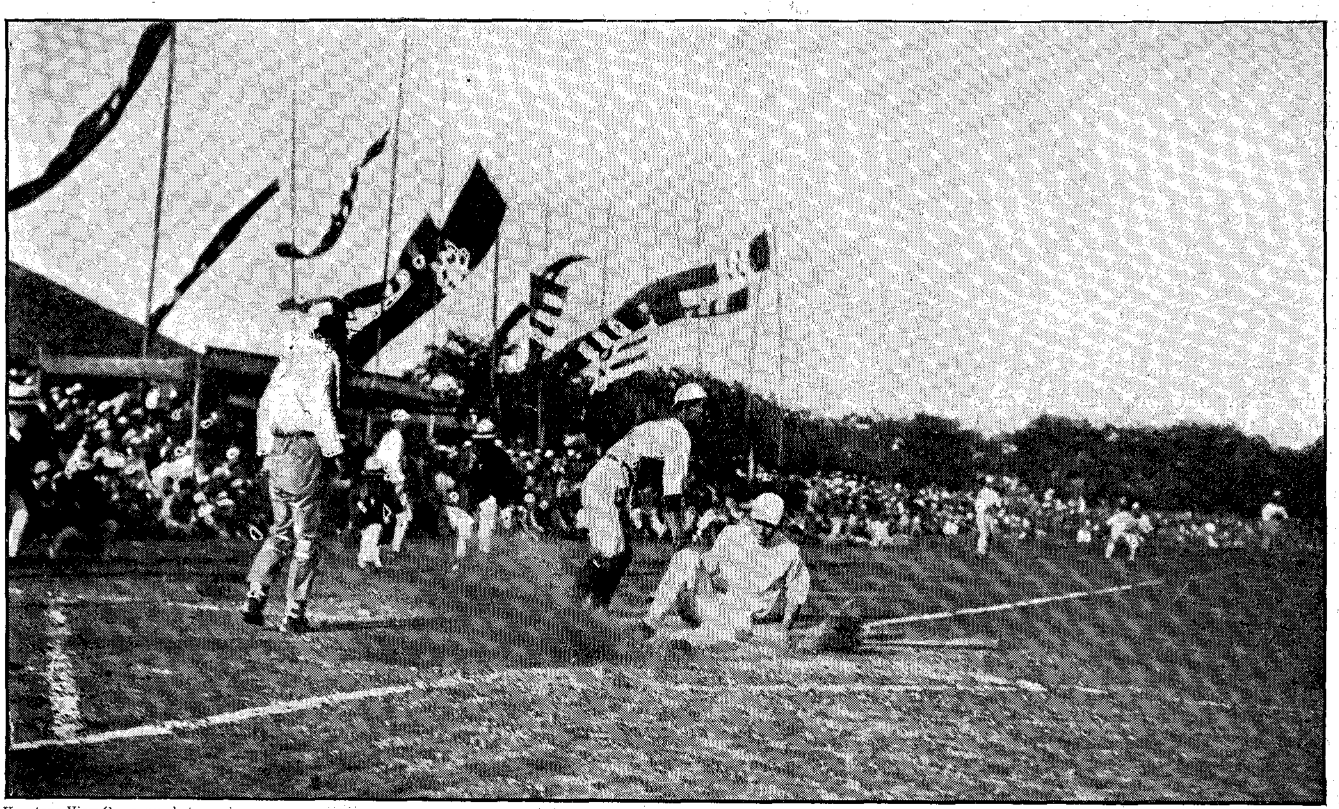
JAPANESE HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL ATHLETES

The lucky number is 65—Miss Fumiko Terao, fifteen years old, of the Tokyo Prefectural Girls' High School—who broke the world 100-meter dash record for women.

"The middle-school boy who broke a world record was, of course, doing a fine thing, but sport involves losing as well as winning, and the Japanese showed themselves good losers. It was not always so. When baseball was first introduced, the schoolboys took the game as if it had been a battle, and hissed and howled with rage at any piece of good play which went against their side. But they quickly assimilated the spirit as well as the rules of Western games, and Japanese teams and spectators now take victory or defeat with good sporting feeling.

"All this is a matter of twenty years. It is foolish to mistake sport for the purpose of life or the only topic of conversation, but it can be a great social educator. It teaches the young idea not only how to shoot but how to be shot at. It teaches teamwork; it inculcates the priceless moral lesson that the game is greater than the player; the philosophical truth that the pursuit is sweeter than the prize; the social lesson that to lose gracefully is as admirable as to win brilliantly.

"Those truths may be apprehended by the intellect; but not by all, and not easily by the young; and the defense of sport as part of education is not merely that it exercises the muscles and occupies the mind, but that it cultivates the moral qualities needed for a social being. The most significant incident of the British general strike was the football match which the strikers



Keystone View Company photograph

"SAFE!" KEIO UNIVERSITY VS. WASEDA UNIVERSITY AT THE WASEDA BASEBALL FIELD

When baseball was first introduced in Japan, the players "took the game as if it were a battle," but now Japanese teams and spectators "take victory or defeat with good sporting feeling."

> and police played at Southampton. It showed that they could solve their differences good-humoredly. Nothing but the sporting spirit of her people, acquired through centuries of friendly contest on the village greens, carried England through that test without a desperate quarrel. What might easily have been—and in some countries would have been—a quasi-revolution, leaving corpses and bitter memories, was but a trial of strength conducted according to sporting rules, and brought to an end, as a sporting contest is ended, before self-control is surrendered."

In many Eastern countries, *The Japan Advertiser* goes on to say, the student-body is a restless, disturbing element, and it adds that Egypt's efforts to evolve something a little better than personal government have been handicapped by the ease with which violent elements have made use of the students. Moreover, it is remarked that China has often suffered from the impulsive and too easily manipulated passions of student politicians, and this newspaper asks:

> "What a city would Tokyo be if her scores of thousands of students were absorbed in politics and liable to be swept off their feet by the imbecility of officialdom or the intrigues of wire-pullers. A little of the human psychology that sport teaches would save the higher educational authorities from some mistakes. Instead of installing masters whose duty it is to smell out dangerous thoughts and inculcate safe ones, they would find money for extra baseball and rowing coaches; and instead of giving Karl Marx the irresistible attraction of forbidden fruit, they would challenge his admirers to produce an amusing account of the theory of ultimate value.
>
> "In the rapid modern spread of sport in Japan, the social historian will find another evidence of the immense social liberation which the Meiji restoration effected. Such sport as existed in old Japan was almost wholly aristocratic. Polo was played by those who could afford it; that is to say, by the same social class that today plays polo at Meadowbrook and Hurlingham. Fencing was confined to the samurai. Shooting arrows from a galloping horse, the samurai odori, or mounted warriors' dance, and dog hunting were all aristocratic amusements, limited to small sections of the warrior class. Wrestling, like prize-fighting, was a sport to be seen but not shared."

Old Japan had outdoor amusements, it is admitted, but with the few exceptions mentioned above, few sports. Theater-going, flower-viewing, flower-card games, chess, checkers, and similar diversions, were all that were noted by Mr. Chamberlain in the first edition of his "Things Japanese." Also, we are told, he made the mistake of predicting that "the interest in field sports is languid and not likely to endure," but the ardor for sport in Japan now would make him stare in amazement, for—

> "If he returned from his quiet home at Geneva to the universities of Tokyo he would see each of them equipped with playing fields; he would find the students as engrossed in all kinds of sports as the students of Harvard or Oxford. He would see visiting teams regularly come to Japan from foreign universities to challenge Japanese players, and he would see the Japanese give a first-class account of themselves."

A GERMAN GENERAL ON DISARMAMENT

GERMANY'S GREATEST MILITARY authority, General von Seeckt, as he is described by a famous French journalist, who spoke with him about disarmament, will be remembered as the commander-in-chief of the Reichswehr who retired from that post in 1926 because he had permitted the eldest son of the German Crown Prince to take part in the Reichswehr maneuvers. Now he gives all his time to the profound study of present military problems, but, we are told, it would be a mistake to think that public opinion relegates him to the ranks of pure theorists. Everybody in Berlin, says Jules Sauerwein, foreign editor of the Paris *Matin*, believes that should foreign or domestic complications arise, General von Seeckt would immediately take his place at the head of the German Army, and that no matter what it might be, the Government in power would call upon the man who had achieved triumphs so marked during all revolutionary movements, whether from the Right or the Left. It was at Baden-Baden that Mr. Sauerwein was received by the General, and he asked the German whether, in his opinion, the efforts toward disarmament at Geneva gave reason to hope for some tangible result. To this General von Seeckt answered:

Underwood & Underwood photograph

"GERMANY'S GREATEST MILITARY AUTHORITY"

General von Seeckt, says that at present the problem of disarmament "seems as unsatisfactory for Germany as for the other countries."

> "I must admit that at the present stage this problem seems as unsatisfactory for Germany as for the other countries. Except for the fact that disarmament was imposed by treaty on certain nations, and that there was a natural reduction of armaments after the war, we are obliged to admit that the world is just as powerfully armed now as in 1914. Everywhere that it is permissible I note that the nations are actively occupied in making their armaments reach the highest level of modern technique, and in organizing the Army in a manner conforming to the needs and the policy of each country. So I consider the problem much more political than military. And there will be no chance of its solution until the political situation is made clear. What is necessary is to have the governments among themselves take counsel in a practical and not a theoretic frame of mind on the question as to what limit they are willing to go in disarming, and on what base can be realized disarmament that respects their national interests. Only after such a discussion has taken place and produced happy results, can one expect some kind of success from technical organizations such as the Preparatory Commission of Geneva. The Locarno pacts, or the Kellogg pact, or the investigations of the Security Committee, all have no immediate influence on disarmament. It can be made feasible only through the political policy of the various States."

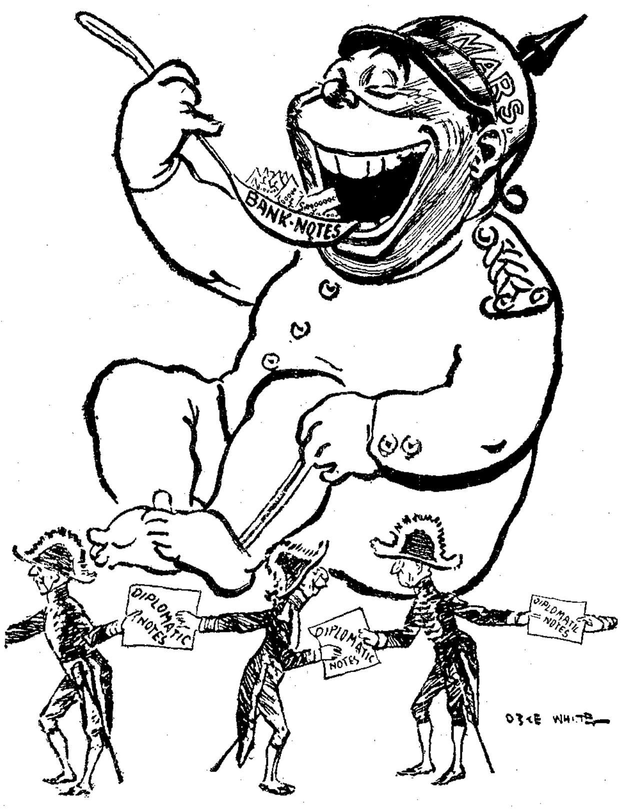
General von Seeckt is quoted further as saying that there are two motives for disarmament: The wish to save money, and the wish for peace. But in considering these two motives, sight must not be lost of the natural need for security. Thence follows, he maintains, opposition between these two plans: One proposes security first and, after that, disarmament. The other proposes disarmament first, and after that security.

Now just what is security? asks General von Seeckt, who continues:

"I believe that after the Kellogg pact no one can expect to see an offensive war, or a war of conquest—but in spite of that and in spite of the banning of war as a means of national policy, I can also see that the worry about security remains very active. Security is made up of various elements: natural resources, boundaries naturally or artificially fortified, lines of communication, alliances, guaranties, etc. The worry about security, the fear of being exposed to the violent attack of an adversary, is an element of the first importance. As long as the political situation permits it to be believed that such an attack is possible, every State that has not been disarmed by force will prepare its defense through armaments. As to those that have been arbitrarily weakened, it is quite natural that they should carry an impression of profound insecurity when they are obliged to live amid neighbors who are powerfully armed.

"In my judgment it is not the reduction of armaments that will make Europe definitely peaceful, but a compromise among the various governments, which, despite great obstacles, is possible, and which must keep in mind the particular interests of each country.

"Let us not go too fast. The need for security must be satisfied. Purely defensive means must not be impaired, but, on the other hand, it would be possible to reduce greatly armaments of an offensive character and to have an understanding on the proportion of permanent effectives and their equipment. Germany is in a peculiar situation. There were two objects in her disarmament. The first was to make her powerless, not only to attack, but also to defend herself, with the aim of imposing the execution of the treaties. The second was to make general disarmament possible through her disarmament. It was not the intention of the treaties to deprive her once and for all of a means of defense. Thus the treaties prepare the way for 'a compromise of relative equalization' of armaments on all sides."



AN EXCHANGE OF NOTES

"A very large part of taxation goes to pay for wars of the past and for precautions against those of the future."

—*The Daily Record* (Glasgow).

What the Germans must realize, General von Seeckt declares further, is that they can not exact from the victorious Powers a reduction in their armaments equal to Germany's reduction of hers. So complete a disarmament is impossible in view of the political situation and of worry about security. This German General then inquires:

"Who can think that France will give up her aviation, her modern artillery, her tanks, and her compulsory service—all of which are things forbidden to Germany? No—that isn't the way that disarmament will be reached. The only way is to realize that there must be an understanding and agreement on the proportion of armaments, and that the conditions forced upon Germany will become enfeebled from the moment that she has executed the treaty. In the long run she can not be denied the right of legitimate defense. A Germany disarmed and surrounded by powerful, armed neighbors, a Germany obliged to trust to their good-will, a Germany anxious about her future, is much more dangerous for the peace of the world than a Germany which, sufficiently strong to be sure of her own safety, would give herself up to peaceful development. The road that leads to the peace of Europe must of necessity pass along an equitable agreement."

The underlying thought of General von Seeckt that Germany is firm for peace with security, and his remark that the Kellogg pact and the Locarno pact make aggressive war and a war of conquest most unlikely, calls to mind the famous German war-time "Hymn of Hate," which has been abjured by its author, according to a Hamburg United Press dispatch, in which we read:

"That man, Ernst Lissauer, who made 'Gott Strafe England' a by-word throughout the world, voiced to-day in an exclusive Armistice anniversary statement to the United Press a fervent pacifist plea for world peace.

"Lissauer now inveighs against international preparations for the 'next war'; and brotherly love has become the key-note of his literary productions in place of his war-time song:

"'By shell from sea, by bomb
from the air,
Our greeting shall be spread,
Making each English homestead
A mansion of the dead.'

"Lissauer, a poet of high repute, now contributing to the best-known German liberal publications, repudiates chauvinism and his own belligerent views of former days.

"'I composed my 'Hymn of Hate,' not as a fundamental confession of warlike ideals, but in my country's direst hour of need and out of years of distress. My poem at that time exprest the sentiment of virtually the entire German people. But soon I turned to other tasks and wrote less martial poems, like 'Psalms.'

"'Every feeling and thinking man must oppose war and do his utmost to prevent new wars. Naturally, the experiences of the World War made a deep impression upon me. Now I am convinced that a closer union of European States is a prime necessity.

"'The next war will be a war of gases and machines, and it will destroy not only armies, arsenals and factories, but also civilians, women, and children behind the lines. Nevertheless, the world in 1928 is armed as never before with weapons of every sort. Menacing alliances have been concluded, and violent dictatorships created."

The suggestion made above by General von Seeckt that Germany can not feel very safe when surrounded by heavily armed neighbors was paralleled by a retired German Rear-Admiral in connection with the Reichstag's approval of the continuance of the building of a $20,000,000 German armed cruiser. The project was opposed by the Social-Democrats and Communists, and a Berlin press dispatch further relates:

"The majority of forty-two for rejection of the motion automatically disposed of a Fascist motion to use the liberated funds for protective measures against gas and air raids, and it also killed a Communist motion to use the money to feed children.

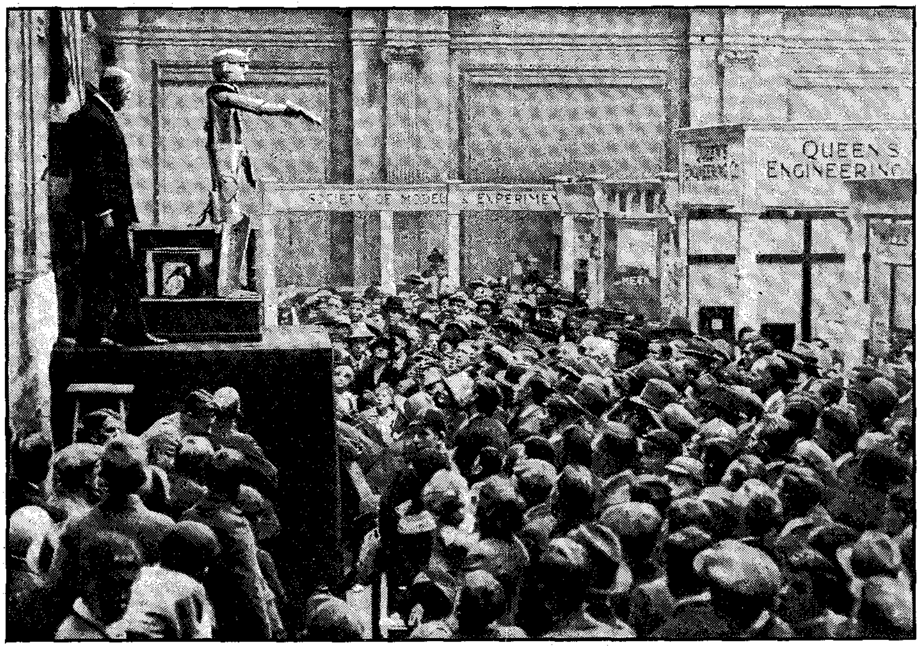
"Altho the result was foreseen, there was much public interest in the debate. Rear Admiral Franz Brueninghwuse, retired, of the People's party, said that he was a pacifist, but that he refused to countenance any measure tending to make Germany the plaything of her heavily armed neighbors.

"'We still live in a world of stark realities,' he said, 'where might is still above right, and Germany needs to look to her defenses to save herself from destruction.'"

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

MECHANICAL MEN

ROUTINE WORK IS DONE more and more by machines. This is a familiar idea. But some of these machines are assuming an appearance that caricatures the human form, are speaking with the human voice, and performing tasks that have hitherto required the services of creatures that think. Mr. Robert E. Martin has assembled in *Popular Science* (New York) descriptions of some of these wonders, from various parts of the world—"robots," we are getting to call them, after the mechanical men of Capek's play. We are first introduced to the one who made his earliest public appearance at a London Convention. Says Mr. Martin:



Keystone View photograph

"UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO PUBLIC SPEAKING . . ."

Bowing elaborately, Eric, a weird mechanical man, opens an Engineering Exhibition in London.

> "Upon the rostrum sat a large and awesome figure, not unlike the giant warrior of brass atop the mountain in Scheherezade's tale. But this huge monster had the cold white sheen of tin, and the experienced eye could tell that aluminum was his substance. The Thing's enormous size and the stark immobility of his face gave him a really terrifying quality. His lipless, toothless mouth agape, his hollow eyes aslant, he stared into an audience that packed the Royal Horticultural Hall, in London.
>
> "Their wonder mounted to amazement when, with a grinding, creaking noise, the figure rose and moved his stiff arms in a superfluous gesture asking for silence. Suddenly, the black, dead eyes became alive with a ghastly yellow light. And then—he spoke!
>
> "'Ladies and gentlemen,' came a rumbling voice. 'Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, it gives me great pleasure. . . .'
>
> "The spell was broken. True, the voice had an unearthly sound. But the pronunciation was that of the typical educated Englishman, and the words were the time-honored commonplaces uttered by presiding officers the world over.
>
> "In such novel fashion, the recent model Engineering Exhibition was opened in the British capital. A scientist of note had promised to preside; but a few days before the opening date, word was received that he would not be able to appear. It was then that Capt. W. H. Richards conceived the idea of constructing a man of metal to do the job. This creature not only would take the place of the defaulting chairman, but serve as a most appropriate feature for the engineering show. He set to work quickly and christened his aluminum creation 'Eric.'
>
> "Eric moved and had his being through the means of an electric motor, electro-magnets, pulleys, and levers concealed in his body. For raising him from his seat, causing him to bow to the audience, and resume his chair, another motor was concealed in the platform under his feet. Ingenious electrical instruments (a jealously guarded secret of his inventor) enabled Eric to hear questions and answer in a human voice.
>
> "Only a few days before Eric's weird antics, another sensation was caused in the West End of London by the appearance in the streets of a walking robot, taken for a stroll by his inventor, Capt. J. A. Roberts."

The control of mechanism from afar by means of electrical circuits is a familiar operation, the writer here reminds us. A very faint electrical impulse will affect an electro-magnet which, by moving its armature over a small distance, can be made to release energies waiting for the signal to get into action. Such an impulse may be conveyed either by direct wires, as in the case of the Edison "robot" plant, or by wireless. Thus boats have been steered without a pilot, automobiles driven safely through traffic without a human driver, and even airplanes flown without an aviator at the control lever. He proceeds:

> "These feats, however, have been mere demonstrations of possibilities. For general industrial application they are, as yet, too expensive and too uncertain. Wireless can not be relied upon to work perfectly at all times, and the cost of setting up and maintaining a wire circuit over any considerable distance, where it is used only occasionally, is prohibitive.
>
> "But telephone wires go almost everywhere! And in the Televox, Wensley solved the engineering problem of utilizing the vibrations of the human voice transmitted electrically over a telephone wire, and exploiting their power at the receiving end to produce oscillations in an electrical circuit.
>
> "And now three of these robots, stationed at three reservoirs which hold the water supply of the city of Washington, report to their chiefs in the War Department, whenever called upon to do so, the depth of the water in their respective reservoirs.
>
> "In the same city is the 'Great Brass Brain' of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and it is surely one of the most useful robots in existence. To it, every day, men put questions about the future, which it answers with such precision that tens of thousands risk their lives, and untold millions of wealth are staked upon the accuracy of its forecasts. It predicts the tides for every port in the world for years ahead.
>
> "The Great Brass Brain is a form of harmonic analyzer, operating mechanically instead of electrically. It occupies a space eleven feet long, six feet high, and two feet wide, and does without error labor which otherwise would require fifty to one hundred human computers, working continuously and subject to the inevitable percentage of human errors.
>
> "Have your thinking done while you wait! The Product Integraph of Dr. Bush of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a robot performing this startling function. Where workers in the business world ordinarily are satisfied with addition,

subtraction, multiplication, and division of numbers, the engineer deals with curves and graphs which represent for him the past, present, and future of the things in which he deals. In other words, whereas the ordinary adding and calculating machines are limited to handling definite numbers, or constants, the new invention deals with those indefinite and inconstant quantities known as variables. These are quantities whose changing values depend on other variable quantities.

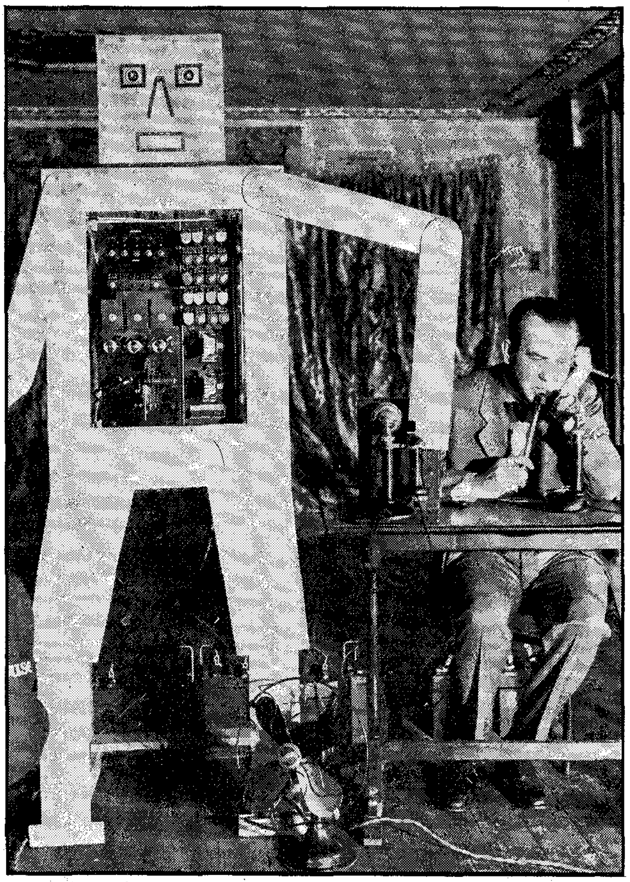
"Strange to say, the mechanical brain of the Integraph, which solves in a few minutes problems so complex that it would take an engineer from a month to a year to work them out, resembles nothing so much as the electric meter in your home. It performs its thinking processes and reaches its solutions by running as a motor, translating the problem into terms of electric power, and expressing the answer in the same manner.

"And so the age of the robot is now really upon us.

"What does this interesting development really mean? Does it mean that, before long, most of the work of the world will be done by robots? Will the man of affairs soon go to his office in an automobile driven by a mechanical chauffeur, who will be directed at busy intersections (and perchance 'bawled out,' too!) by a mechanical traffic cop? Will that same business man, at lunch time, be waited on by a robot waiter and, in the evening, be guided to his theater seat by a robot usher? Will his wife have a mechanical ladies' maid to 'hook her up in back' and his children a robot nurse to wash their morning faces and take them to school?

"Perhaps. But in any event the robot and his development on a large and scientific scale will result in at least one great benefit to mankind. In the words of a high official of the New York Edison Company, 'the mechanical man and his ultimate universal practical application will rid humanity of much drudgery and thousands of uncongenial tasks.'

"Men thus freed from unpleasant chores, he declared, never need fear unemployment in a well-organized society but, on the contrary, may look forward to a better opportunity for the development of their inherent talents and intellectual powers. They will receive the gift of leisure, which will enable them to apply their released energies to the achievement of a finer, fuller life than they can enjoy at present."



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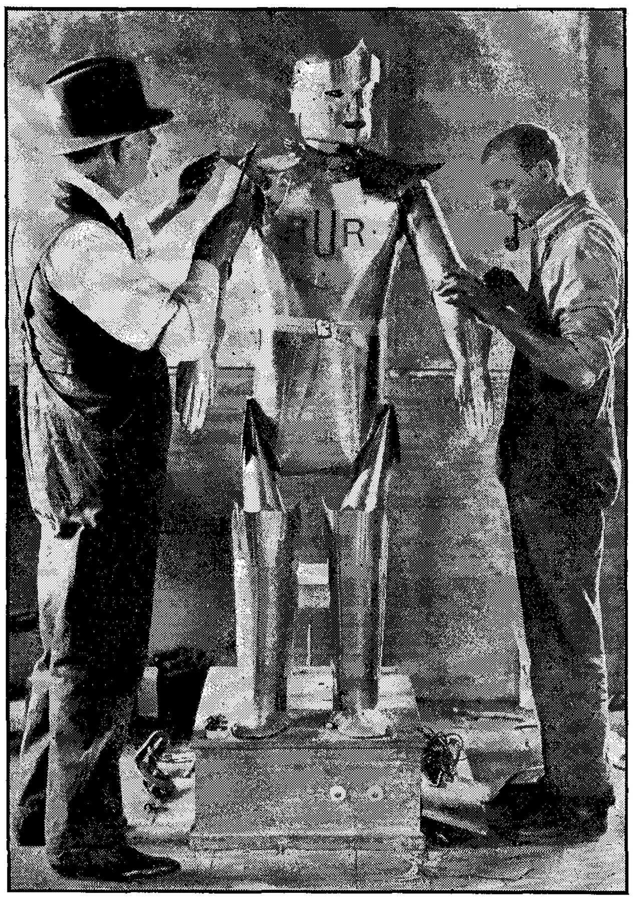
"TELEVOX," ERIC'S AMERICAN COUSIN

The mechanical man which obeys orders by telephone.



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"ERIC" HAD "A REALLY TERRIFYING QUALITY"

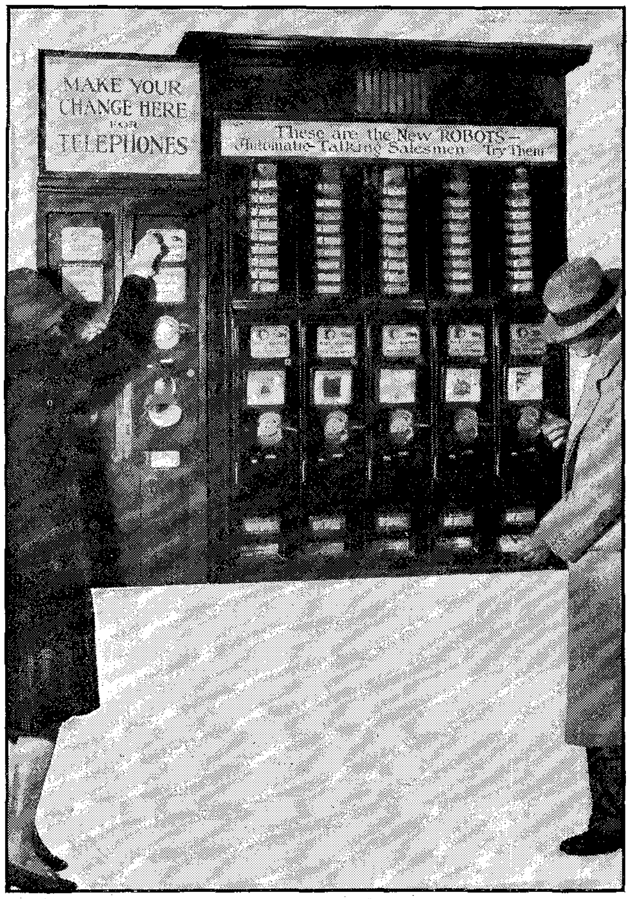
And his voice "had an unearthly sound."

WHERE THE BRIDEGROOM IS THE WEDDING DINNER—The courtship of scorpions has often been observed, says William Atherton Dupuy, in his Science Service feature "Isn't It Odd?" (Washington). The male, he says, takes the initiative. Finding a prospective mate he approaches her and indulges in the scorpion equivalent of holding hands. Says Mr. Dupuy:

"Scorpion hands take the form of those imposing pincers that protrude from the front of the body. Scorpion eyes are not very clear-seeing, and the sense of hearing is not greatly relied upon. These animals depend a great deal on feeling their way through life. In doing this these pincers, most delicate in their sensibilities, serve an important purpose. They carry many a vital message to the inner consciousness of this lowly creature. The male scorpion touches pincers with the maid of his choice. If she is indeed the proper maid, the vital spark is struck just as it might be when the right man and the right woman meet by chance in the corridors of the post-office building. They know at once that they were made for each other. But this corrugated female, who is later to play a quite different rôle, hangs back. The male must seize her claw with vigor and urge her, almost drag her away. In fact he progresses backward, having a goodly speed in his reverse, and drags his woman after him. He knows a place where they may hide from a curious world beneath a decaying board while their romance runs its course. A few days later some curious naturalist might turn this board over and try to reconstruct, from what he finds beneath it, the drama that has taken place. Strangely he discovers but one scorpion beneath, where there were two. That scorpion is the female. The male is nowhere to be seen. There has been a mysterious disappearance. Yielding to man's natural instinct to be a detective, the naturalist begins to look for clues. Here he finds a fragment of the hard shell that must have covered a scorpion pincer. Yonder is the remains of another leg. It looks as tho this bridegroom had been done to death. He turns suspiciously to the woman. She does appear to have grown strangely lusty these last few days. And is that expression on her face an exact replica of the smug look worn by the cat that ate the canary? This Xantippe actually has devoured her husband. In fact, it has been found that many of her kind habitually do this."

SELLING BY MACHINERY

NOT ALL THE OPERATIONS of commerce and industry can be carried on by machinery. The human brain is still a prime necessity. Yet pure routine can be managed better by a machine. Among the operations that should be thus performed, asserts Peter F. O'Shea, in *The Magazine of Business* (New York), is the delivery of goods to customers in a store, when no "salesmanship" is necessary or required. In more and more cases, Mr. O'Shea tells us, the automatic vending machine is doing better, cheaper, and quicker work than the man behind the counter, and far from doing him out of a job, it is expanding business and opening better places for him higher up. He explains:


MAKE YOUR CHANGE HERE FOR TELEPHONES
These are the New ROBOTS—Automatic Talking Salesmen Try Them

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"BETTER, CHEAPER, AND QUICKER WORK"

Can be done by the vending machine than by the man behind the counter, we are told, and the man finds a better job higher up.

"Just as airplanes could not fly until we had gasoline engines, so the retailer's dream of a machine to sell in place of salespeople had to await two prerequisites. These are small standardized packages and volume demand. Both of these are now present in American business, at least in some lines.

"A large number of standard package goods are now on the market. And a billion dollars of advertising every year builds a ready-made demand for them.

"Hence the recent rapid development of automatic sales machines. A machine can not persuade a reluctant customer, nor select the proper necktie to go with his suit. But on many sales, persuasion and selection are unnecessary.

"When the customer goes into a store for widely advertised goods, he knows exactly what he wants. Theoretically, the quickest way to serve him is by machine. Request, payment, and delivery are combined in one movement. Only a machine designed by a merchandising expert can sell with neither insufficient nor superfluous motions. At least so say the sponsors of automatic vending.

"Our retail sales methods are inherited from the pedler, the bazaar, and the village general store. Salesmen's traditional procedure still includes motions which have changed from essentials into obstacles. A customer for cigarets goes into a store to obtain, not to buy. The salesman does not have to sell, he has only to deliver. Any additional motions or words waste time.

"Retail selling has not been sufficiently subjected to division of labor. Where this is done, the knotty problems will be given to a sales executive, the persuasive sales to a persuader, and the mechanical, repetitive motions of selling will be given over to a machine.

"'Of our retail salesmen's motions and speech, 60 per cent. are purely repetitive and automatic,' Vice-President Granat of the United Cigar Stores reported after an analysis. 'Of the salesman's work, 60 per cent. is the work of an automaton. Why not give most of his sort of work to an automaton? That is why we are giving more and more cigaret sales over to machines. Machines release human energy for creative, original, variable work that requires brains or real selling.

"'Machines promote the salesman to an executive. They do not degrade or replace him. He has a battery of mechanical aids working for him all the time.'

"No human being likes to be an automaton. In fact, salesmen resent being made to deliver the same motions over and over again. 'We have put bright young fellows into stores to develop them,' one merchant says, 'only to see them become dull-eyed and impatient under the rule of routine.'

"A machine can be made to do exactly the same motions every time, and even to speak the same words. The sales manager can now select the most essential message which should be conveyed at every opportunity, and design the machine's phonographic voice to repeat it to the customer after every sale.

"'Last year we retailed, mostly by machines, $350,000 worth of matches at 1 cent a box—35,000,000 sales transactions,' states Mr. Granat. 'It would cost the entire cent to make the motions. Only a machine could sell economically enough to leave profit for the merchant.'

"Machines are now designed so as to combine several types, with one standardized type able to handle any one of many products. For instance, one standard type encloses a vertical conveyor exactly like a factory conveyor, except that it is in miniature and of polished metal. Obviously each pocket of the vertical conveyor will sell whatever is put into it.

"Retail prices range from 5 cents to $1. If it is desired to sell an article for a reduced or odd price, say for 18 cents, it is only necessary to put 2 cents change with the merchandise in each compartment.

"Over 30,000 machines are now selling postage stamps in this country, and doing a business of 5,000,000 transactions monthly. Such machines are excellent for handling small 'courtesy' or 'nuisance' sales. Customers pay a machine 5 cents for the convenience of buying two 2-cent stamps, whereas the same customers would deeply resent being charged the extra cent by a personal sales clerk.

"There is contemplated a new department store in New York where all the salesmen will be machines. 'The store will at first be about as big as an average 5-and-10-cent store,' says A. J. Sock, chairman of the board of directors. 'Mechanical salesmen will sell a great variety of staple goods. This store will be established partly to serve as a model for developing methods which can be imitated by other stores, but it must also be a business model in the sense that it must make good profit. Eventually this store may expand into a chain with representatives in all the large cities.'"

THIEF-POWDER TO CATCH ROBBERS—A simple invention, probably destined to be useful in thief-catching, has been used by Detective-Sergeant Wells of the London police. It is a thief-powder, by aid of which repeated robberies of a locked cupboard used to hold the pocket-money of scholars in an English girls' school were traced to a porter employed in the building. Says Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York):

"Money had been missed repeatedly from this cupboard. Finally the police were called in. Sergeant Wells sprinkled over the paper money left in the cupboard some of his potent powder; almost invisible under ordinary conditions, but capable of turning blue and virtually indelible whenever touched by anything moist. The porter, who had possest himself improperly of keys to the money cupboard, proceeded to help himself to some of the powder-sprinkled money, as he had taken other money before. Upon the new theft being discovered, Sergeant Wells demanded that the porter show his hands, when the tell-tale marks were found printed indelibly on the skin of his hands and fingers, having been brought out by the perspiration. A confession was obtained, and the thief was sent to prison. A chemical composition of the thief-powder is said to be known to chemists and police officers elsewhere, so that such thievery may be traced generally by this modern improvement on the old-fashioned plan of examining the children's fingers to see which one of the family has been at the jam."

WHY WE CAN'T STAND STILL

STANDING UP STRAIGHT is one of the most difficult of tasks, says a writer in *The American Weekly* (New York). Any person whose muscles and nerves are in good condition, he asserts, can learn to walk a tight rope far more easily than babies learn to stand up and to walk. If we want to see how difficult it is to stand still, he advises us to watch a half-dozen corner loafers for an hour. Not one of them ever stands still for more than a moment. Even persons who have nothing to do are continually moving their bodies from one position to another, or taking a few steps backward and forward. He proceeds:

"The reason is that walking is really easier on the body's muscles than it is to stand like a soldier at attention. A bicyclist knows by experience that it is easier to keep his machine and himself from falling over so long as he keeps moving than it is if he halts. Only the best trick riders can keep in balance without moving. The trick of stationary balance has been learned by all except a very few human beings, because it had to be learned. And one who does not learn it is a cripple. But the fact that standing up straight is a human necessity does not make it easy to do and does not prevent its being, perhaps, the most tiring exercise that the average person ever undertakes.

"The best proofs of the difficulty of standing up, together with explanations of why this is so, and of why the exercise is so tiring, have been obtained by a small group of scientific men who have spent the last few years studying what are called the 'postural reflexes' of the human body and of the bodies of other animals. Foremost in this group is Prof. R. Magnus, of the University of Utrecht, in Holland, ably seconded by his associate in that university, Dr. A. de Kleijn; by the distinguished British physiologist, Sir Charles Sherrington, and many others.

"From the careful and laborious investigations of these men has emerged knowledge of a truly marvelous system of nerves, muscles, nerve centers and surveying instruments which each human body possesses and uses to keep itself upright when necessary."

The fundamental difficulty about standing up straight, the writer believes, is that the human body was never designed by nature for anything of the sort. It was originally constructed to be used on all fours, like cats and dogs. The internal organs were designed to hang freely from a horizontal backbone, like clothes from a line. The legs and arms were designed to serve as supports at the corners of a four-legged body, like a table. The spine was intended to be a girder, not a column. He goes on:

"Any one who doubts that the human body is a difficult thing to balance needs only to take a lightweight window dummy, and try to balance it on his hands. The trick is not impossible, but neither is it easy. The slightest quiver of the hand underneath, the slightest breeze against the dummy, and it will topple it over.

"Were it possible for any one to look at a human being standing up straight and see all the muscles that are at work, the total of these could be counted as nearly three hundred. In the feet and legs about a hundred are constantly active, pulling against the bones every instant to correct each tiny beginning of a topple. In the back about a hundred and forty other muscles are continually active, pulling against the bony projections of the spine. In the chest, fifteen or twenty more are at work, acting on the ribs and thence on the spine, to which these ribs are attached. Finally, twenty muscles are at work in the neck, keeping the head from dropping over.

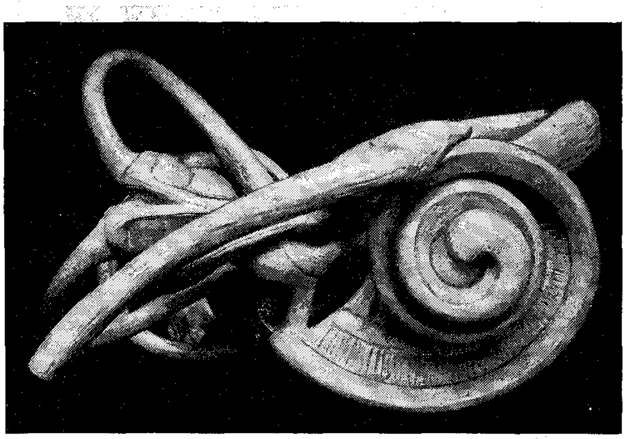
"If any considerable percentage of these muscular guardians of erectness fail, even for an instant, the body collapses like a leaning tower that falls. That is precisely what happens, indeed, when one faints. The two-hundred-odd muscles that hold up the head and spine and legs all relax and the body falls in a heap.

"To keep this bodily structure erect, and still to prevent its being absolutely rigid, like a dead body, requires a vast amount of direction. There must be some kind of superintendent's office that sends out orders moment by moment to the scores of muscles. This duty is discharged, Professor Magnus and the others have found, by a nerve-center in the lower part of the brain, well below the thinking levels, but above the still simpler and more primitive spinal cord.

"To this balancing center, that issues instant by instant the orders to the muscles, there come four kinds of news that control its actions.

"The first set of facts that tell what to do are from the eyes. If a person starts to tip over on one side his eyes usually give warning of that fact. But this is not a very important channel of news. Blind people can still stand up straight without having these sight messages at all.

"Somewhat more important are the messages from the three tiny, semi-circular tubes in the side bones of the skull just behind each ear. These are really a delicate set of carpenter's levels, which record the position of the head and notify the posture center in the lower brain precisely what directions in space head motions take.



Courtesy of *The American Weekly* (New York)

THE SEMI-CIRCULAR CANALS OF THE EAR

Which help us keep our balance.

"Still more important as balancing organs are two other devices also contained in the head bones just behind the ears: two small cavities in which tiny grains of mineral matter rest in a network of fine living fibers. When one's head is laid on its side or on its back, these mineral grains press in different directions on the fibers. That makes possible a message to the brain centers, notifying them that the head is bent over in one direction or another.

"But chief of all these mechanisms is one which originates in the muscles themselves. Careful investigations, notably by Sir Charles Sherrington and his pupils, have proved that the nerves which carry sensations from the body to the brain are by no means confined to the skin nerves of touch and pain.

"From every muscle, possibly even from the joints and the bones, there go nerves which take messages of which the thinking part of the brain is seldom conscious, but which are enormously important to all the actions that are called reflexes, including those that keep the body standing. It is largely these that operate the posture center.

"There is now no doubt that every instant, while a human being is standing erect, thousands of nerve messages are going into the posture center in the lower brain and thousands of others are coming out from it to the two hundred or three hundred muscles which bring the body back when it begins to topple.

"The reason for the fatigue of standing is that these pulls need to be so much more continuous and rapid than they have to be when the body is moving, just as the bicyclist needs to be more alert to balance himself when he is standing still.

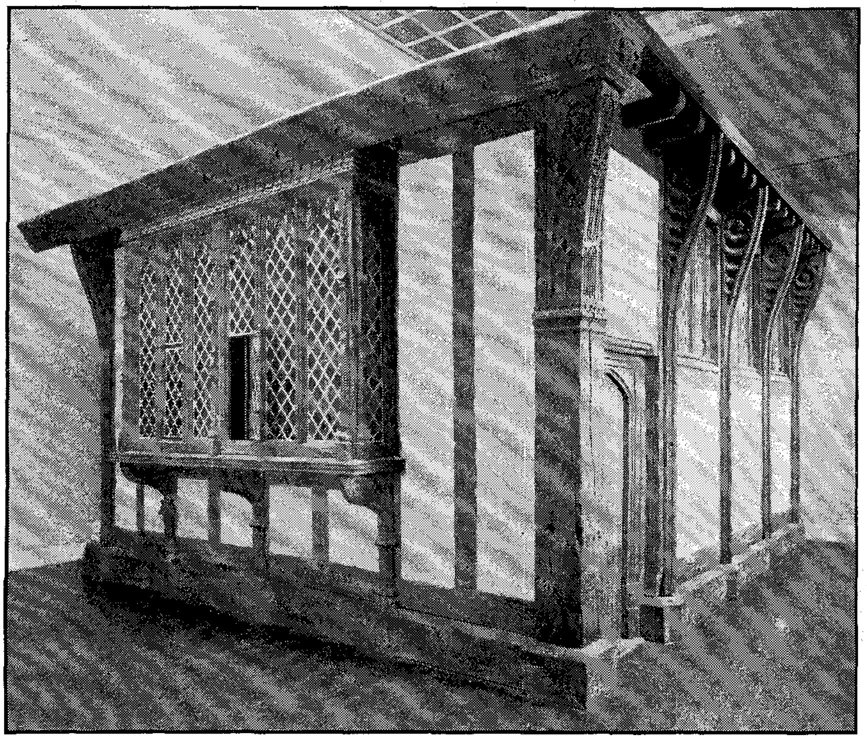
"When a soldier stands at attention, or even when an ordinary citizen stands waiting for some one on a street corner, the tiny nerve center in his lower brain is probably the busiest place in his body; far busier even than a dispatching office of some great railway where a half hundred wrecks were threatening to happen at once."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

BOSTON'S EXHIBIT OF DECORATIVE ARTS

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, AND BOSTON have, through their museums, furnished the student of interior architectural design and decoration "an opportunity to examine at first hand and in correct historical environment, an extraordinary array of the best that has come down to us from recent centuries." Boston completes the triad in the recent opening of a new wing to her museum, where, as is pointed out in *Antiques* (Boston), "an attempt is made to supply, within a relatively restricted area, an epitomized demonstration of the development of the decorative arts, European and American, from the Gothic period to the close of the eighteenth century." The scheme upon which these museums have arranged their exhibits in the decorative arts is the same, tho no sense of rivalry is apparent in the objects shown. "The conception of the museum, as a storehouse for the treasures of the past has almost completely disappeared." Instead, observes *The Art News* (New York), on this theme:



Photographs by courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

EXTERIOR OF A TUDOR ROOM OF 1490 FROM SOMERSETSHIRE

This exhibit in the Boston Museum presents the appearance of a small house. The interior is also shown practically as it stood in Somersetshire in the fifteenth century.

> "In the effort to stimulate appreciation, museums are now striving to recreate the atmosphere of a period as well as to present for study its contributions to art. By the use of related backgrounds, by the display of objects of major and minor importance arranged as they might have been in their contemporaneous settings, several of our museums have made tremendous advances toward awakening an understanding in America of the vitality of art.
>
> "One can not step from Fifth or Huntington Avenues into a gallery of blank walls hung solidly with Italian pictures and imagine oneself in Renaissance Florence. The picture gallery is still a part of a modern city, and the works shown must compete with billboards, the movies, and subway advertising. But if, instead of the formal gallery, we enter a room which either in actuality or appearance reproduces an interior of the quattrocento, our whole attitude changes. We feel the presence of the men who lived in these surroundings, and their creations, whether of picture, sculpture or furniture, speak with clear voices."

Boston, through its *Transcript*, and the word of Albert Franz Cochrane, speaks with pardonable pride of its new achievement:

> "The Museum has constructed and furnished what is undoubtedly the finest decorative arts section in the country, if not in the world. The building, which surrounds the square French garden court—with its playing fountain in the center—is three stories in height, and was constructed at a cost in excess of $600,000, with an additional $100,000 for installation work. It houses a collection so costly that as yet no estimate of its value has been attempted—a collection which represents fifty years of slow growth and the generosity of hundreds of donors.
>
> "Here are contained in their entirety famous rooms of England and France, and in one instance a suite of three American rooms with the finest example of wood carving by Samuel McIntire, lifted bodily out of the Derby-Rogers house at Peabody, Massachusetts. Here also are hung valuable tapestries of various countries and times. In one of the walls facing out upon the court has been placed a great stained-glass window, while ranged along the walls of the galleries are seen Gothic wood carvings, rare pieces of furniture, and cases containing family plate, china, and exhibits of the metal workers' craft.
>
> "Of the more than fifty galleries, twenty are fitted up as period rooms, authentic and genuine to the last detail. Among these are five English, four French and eleven American rooms. In addition to these are many galleries which might almost be considered similar rooms, so well selected and displayed are their contents.
>
> "Indeed it is the remarkable display of its treasures that stamps the new wing of the Boston Museum as unrivaled here or abroad. For the first time the various pieces of furnishings have been assembled and displayed in a manner that is homelike. The moment one enters the first room, he leaves behind him all feeling of being in a museum. He has just stept over the threshold of a private home with the privileges of wandering into whatever room he may choose—a friend of the family! This is as it should be, and is in accordance with the desires of the trustees who, four years ago, entrusted the design of the addition to Mr. Guy Lowell, architect of the original museum building in 1907."

We must omit much of the detailed description given in the *Transcript* article, and concentrate on those interiors we are privileged to reproduce:

> "The great State Room of the Hamilton Palace, with its walls of dull waxed oak, and its richly carved panel above the fireplace, displaying the armorial bearings of the Hamilton family, now occupies our attention. Only the wood of the floor and the plaster of the ceiling are modern. The hangings at the window are of Genoese cut velvet of the seventeenth century, and the brass chandelier is of the same period. On the wall hangs a huge

tapestry depicting the miracle of St. Claudius, woven in Flanders a century before. At one time it was the property of the Crown of England. On the floor is a great Ispahan rug of the early seventeenth century.

"How did this splendid room ever come to find its permanent lodgement in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts?

"The story is an interesting one. Its recital is typical of the history of many another room that has found its way into our museum. Hamilton Palace, near Glasgow, Scotland, was rebuilt in 1690 by the third Duke of Hamilton on the site of the estate held by the royal family of Hamilton since the fourteenth century. At the time of remodeling, the State Morning Room was added by the Scotch architect, James Smith, working in the manner of Sir Christopher Wren. In recent times the famous old estate has suffered from the encroachment of near-by mining activities. The palace was abandoned, and its demolition decided upon. The rooms and their furnishings were advertised for sale, and Mrs. Frederick T. Bradbury, long-time friend and benefactor of the Boston Museum, negotiated the purchase of the Morning Room as a gift in memory of her brother, George R. White. The room was dismantled, each part labeled and crated and shipped to the museum for storage until the completion of the new wing. It was then rebuilt in a room designed and especially constructed to receive it."

Turning to *The Art News* we find a brief mention of the Tudor exhibit, our illustration showing the exterior of the room.

"The last exhibit on the main floor is one of the most interesting in the wing. It is a Tudor room from Somersetshire, dated about 1490, and is almost entirely original. Both interior and exterior are shown, and the room presents the appearance of a small house. The interior paneling is very fine, most of it original with the room, altho the carved panels over the fireplace are from another room of the same period. A few pieces of furniture and of arms and armor furnish the room. This is a gift to the museum from Mrs. Edward Foote Dwight."

The "American wing" of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, has long been one of the most popular in the institution, and is credited with causing a great revival in the collecting of American furniture. Boston has twelve complete rooms from fine American houses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"The representation of the American decorative arts is unsurpassed in this country for, altho there are larger collections, there is none more thoroughly representative or of finer quality throughout. Space does not permit detailed description of the individual rooms, nor even special mention of the many superb pieces of furniture which they contain.

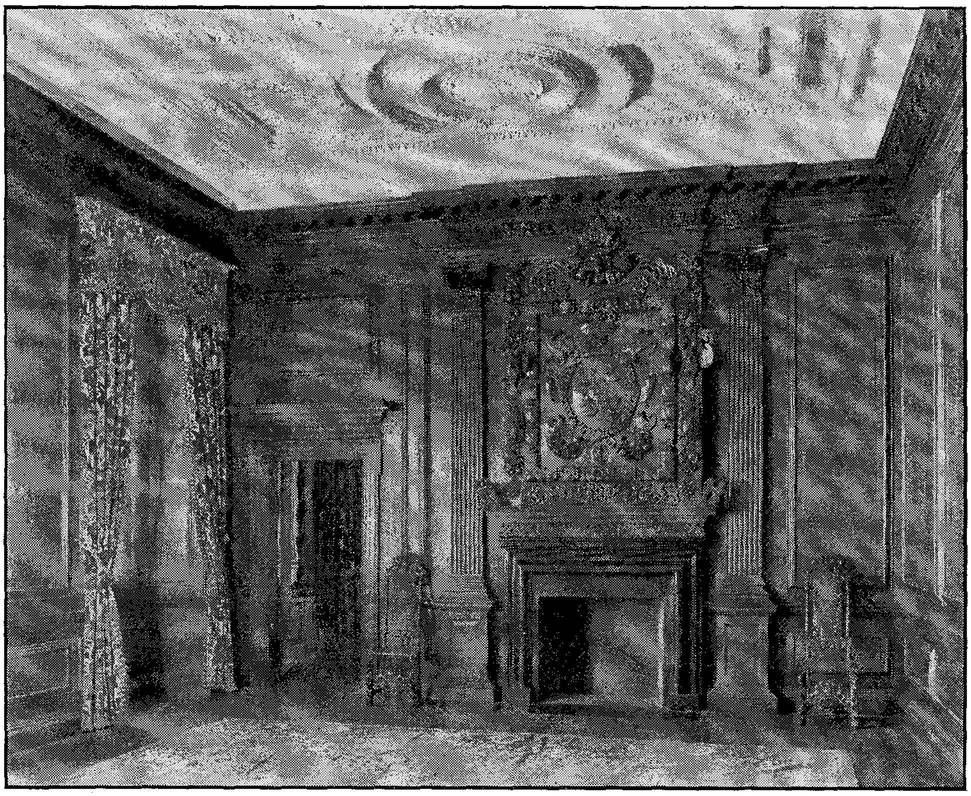
"The museum has performed a great service in preserving these rooms as a record of our earlier achievements. Many of them were rescued from houses doomed to destruction, others have been saved from certain decay.

"In this section of the wing is shown the museum's remarkable collections of American silver, glass, and textiles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries."

It is a fact worth emphasizing that the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is a private institution, supported by private subscription, without assistance from the State or the city, according to Kenneth L. Roberts in the Boston *Herald*—"A condition of affairs as rare in museum circles as are the eggs of the Eskimo plover, the last specimen of which bird was discovered in Faneuil Hall Market, in 1898, in an extremely defunct condition."

MISS ENTERS REENTERS

SUNDAY EVENINGS IN NEW YORK often bring exhibitions of the dance before one or more of its many special publics. This is due to the fact that stages are unavailable on other evenings. A recent occupant is Miss Angna Enters, who has drawn a devoted audience for the last few years, and recently has become known to a wider American public and an even more devoted one in London. There during weeks of last spring her occasional evenings were insufficient to satisfy the interest of Londoners, and a week's course was given in a theater.



STATE MORNING ROOM FROM HAMILTON PALACE, NEAR GLASGOW

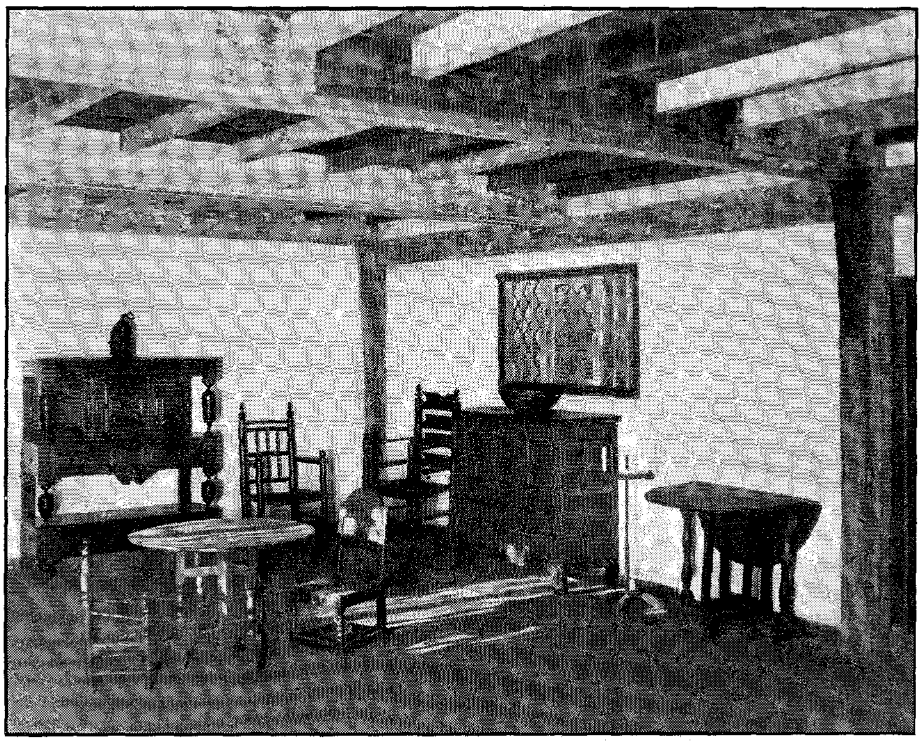
From a house, once the property of the Crown of England, now in the Boston Museum. It exhibits the style of Sir Christopher Wren. The story of its acquisition is an interesting one.

She is regarded as perhaps the most individual artist America has developed in recent years. Her entertainment, treated in THE LITERARY DIGEST in June, 1926, is called "Compositions in Dance Form." London sought vainly for a definition of her art. Some called her a "diseuse," tho she speaks not a word. They tried to relate her to Ruth Draper, or Yvette Guilbert, tho here the analogy faltered. Ivan Narodny, writing of her in the last *Musical America* (New York), speaks of her "interesting display of impressionistic kinetic art, individually original and exotic at the same time." Beginning her studies in graphic arts, she went on to the dance, but carried over into it the sense of line and composition acquired there. Mr. Narody speaks of her in terms of Japanese art:

"Of all the young American dancers Angna Enters is the most exotic I have seen. She is more a pantomimic actress to music than she is a dancer in the actual meaning of the word. Her message to the public lies in dainty silhouettes of mood in outspoken Japanese style. She employs Japanese choreographic thought in all her impressionistic pantomimes. Her gestures, poses, steps, and allegorical conceptions evolve in Mongolian tempo. Like a priestess of some imaginary Shinto temple, she displays her kinetic images on a Mongolian background and in Mongolian manner—by employing fantoms and spirits to be her invisible partners, associates and onlookers, in which she reminds me of the ritualistic displays of lamas in the monasteries of Urga, Mongolia.

"Miss Enters opened her program with 'Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald,' a romantic waltz by Johann Strauss, which she danced with an imaginary partner—her absent lover. This was followed by a distinctly pantomimic number, entitled 'Promenade,' to music by Waldteufel, in which she personified a Bohemian girl of the last century waiting in some public garden for her unknown love. A very ironical number was 'The Yellow Peril,' in the conventionalized style of Japanese pantomimes and costume.

"The best numbers of her program were 'Moyen Age,' to music by Frescobald; 'Queen of Heaven,' depicting French Gothic art and given to music by Gautier de Goinci, and 'Odalisque,' with Moorish airs. My criticism of Miss Enters's pantomimes is: that she remains too much of a Japanese in her distinctly Occidental musical themes. She acts as if she were a disciple of some Shinto magician, whose magic she is unable to shake off, even in such a romantic Viennese dance as that by Johann Strauss, which she performed more like a geisha girl than like a flirt in *der Schoenewald*. I do not agree with Miss Enters's conception in employing the familiar Occidental musical themes for her typically exotic (Japanese) style of plastic visualization. Music has an inherent esoteric image which can not be transfigured by imposing on it what does not belong to its inner nature. One can not dance Strauss or Waldteufel in the spirit of a Shinto disciple. However, Miss Enters is still at the beginning of her artistic career and has sufficient time to correct her choreographic misconceptions, if she wishes to keep to the path of terpsichorean art and not follow unknown theatrarchical pilgrims."



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN INTERIOR

The framework of this room, shown in the Boston Museum, comes from a second floor in a Spanish Massachusetts house built in 1675.

Mr. Narodny gives some brief paragraphs of prophecy of what we are coming to with the dance, using as his subjects Argentina, which we presented to our readers last week, and Miss Enters. As he sees us:

"We live in a revolutionary era. Great upheavals are shaking the traditional world. The turn has come to America. New York is bound to be captured this season by the surging legions of Terpsichore. The prophecy I made a few weeks ago in *Musical America*—that the Spaniards and Orientals will rule our minds—is coming true. The reasons are obvious: the drama on Broadway displays the same rehashed sex plots and familiar platitudes; music—concerts, song recitals, etc.,—are being driven from their natural course homes—concert halls, clubs, and the stage—to industrial institutions, canning establishments, and the bazaar. Opera exists only for the financial élite. Dancers are the only godsend in an age of industrialization.

"L' Argentina, a delightful initiate of Rhythmiarch—the God of Rhythm—made her first appearance at the Town Hall (and the Gallo Theater) and cast irresistible spell on her onlookers. She is a perfect enchantress and knows the esoteric magic of rhythm.

"Dancing is one of the oldest magic arts known. Since immemorial ages the dance has been employed by witches, sorcerers, seers, and priests of all countries as a medium to bewitch the eyes of the onlookers. The Oriental necromancers, yogis, and lamas employ certain gestures and steps, pose and mimicry to the rhythmic beats of drums, sounding sticks and rattlers to hypnotize the public and perform miracles. Dancing is an art of the supernatural. It holds the same metaphysical power to-day."

FOR THOSE WHO MUDDLE THEIR WRITING

AN ENLIVENING BIT OF LITERARY HUMOR occurs in one of Frank Sullivan's daily causeries in the New York *World*. The secular occasion is the recent action of the United States Supreme Court in sending the briefs submitted in the New York subway fare-increase case back to the lawyers, because they were so complicated. The act gives the writer a way of escape from many of his own muddlements, for he declares:

"To-morrow our copy of 'Ulysses' goes back to James Joyce.

"We may send 'An American Tragedy' back to Dreiser, too.

"Well, it was high time something was done about lawyers' English. And it's high time something was done about a lot of other things, too. Farm-relief, for instance, and the Rothstein mystery.

"Now that the Supreme Court has broken the ice, the thing might as well be carried through. The writing of briefs ought to be taken entirely out of the hands of lawyers. If a lawyer sets out to be a good lawyer and learn all there is to be learned about the law, he won't have any time to learn how to write.

"If a writer gets into a legal difficulty, does he try to plead his own case? But if a lawyer wants some writing done, does he go to somebody who can write and get him to do it? The answer in both cases is, as a lawyer writing a brief would put it, in the negative.

"It would be a lot more fun for the judges, for the court attendants, for the reporters, and for the general public if the lawyers hired writers to do their important briefs.

"This department wishes there had been some way whereby the United States Supreme Court, instead of sending the tangled mass of verbiage in the subway-fare case back to the lawyers who had caused the tangle, could have assigned the revision of the briefs to Ring Lardner. A brief on the subway-rate increase by Ring Lardner would be more fun than a brief on the same subject by Charlie Craig or Sam Untermyer.

"Mark Twain should have written the Dred Scott decision, and what Elinor Glyn could have done with the briefs in the famous Danbury hat case is nobody's business.

"The only lawyers we can think of at the moment who might be allowed to write their own briefs are Newman Levy, the local poet-essayist-humorist-jurisconsult, and Clarence Knapp (Ambrose Glutz), dean of the Saratoga County bar, who in his spare moments dashes off bits of searching comment in prose and verse.

"Something ought to be done about the writing doctors, too. Logan Clendenning and Joseph Collins are making it pretty hard for us boys, of what we may call the writing craft, to get ahead. There are just so many editors, with just so much money to spend, and it's hardly enough to go around. If Logan and Joe don't play fair and stick to their stethoscopes, why shouldn't Joseph Hergesheimer, for instance, or Willa Cather hang out shingles and pronounce themselves ready to prescribe for disaffected tonsils, unruly ventricles, hyperacidic conditions, general run-down feelings, gastro-intestinal disturbances, and tetter?"

A TRIUMPH FOR MISS LE GALLIENNE

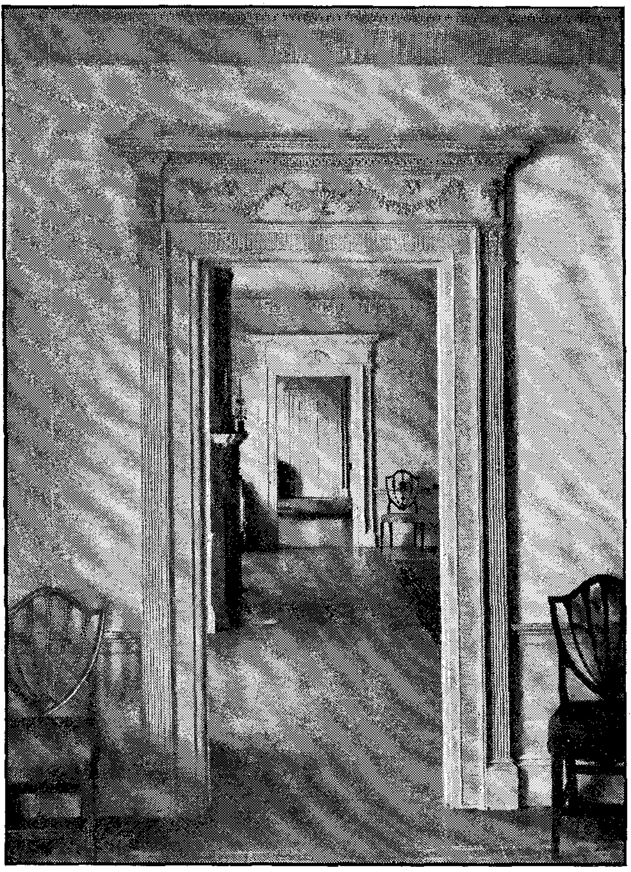
TO FOLLOW IN THE WAKE of the great Russian Art Theater—the Moscow Art Theater, to be exact—is to court triumph or disaster. One of the most poignant achievements of the Stanislavsky organization in their American visit a few years ago was Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard." Even through the veil of a foreign language the tremendous pathos of this play penetrated to its hearers and left an unforgetable impression of how this masterpiece should be treated on the stage. For Miss Eva Le Gallienne to attempt this work at her Civic Repertory Theater was a challenge to fortune, but the result has proven her triumph. Mr. J. Brooks Atkinson in the New York *Times* gives Miss Le Gallienne the accolade:

> "For years many of us have been cherishing this play in our hearts as one of the great modern dramas. Excepting the Moscow Art Theater's production, which suffered the handicap of being in a foreign language, no acted performance here has ever revealed the compassionate beauties of character we thought we saw lovingly tucked away in the text. Now the secret is out. In a limpid, modulated performance Miss Le Gallienne's troupe conjures up the serenity of Chekhov's personality; and the impending doom of the central theme, which is the essential point of the play, is gently evoked through the intangible medium of dynamic character portraits. That is the elusive element in playing Chekhov. Altho the performance has been prest into a coherent whole that stars no individual player, several of the parts are too adroitly acted to go uncelebrated. Nazimova, as the gracious, apathetic *Madame Ranevsky*, plays her part with a flowing rhythm that catches every evanescent mood and intonation in this character; if the part is great, her performance can hardly fall short of greatness itself. Miss Le Gallienne as the unhappy adopted daughter; Paul Leyssac as the lighthearted, ineffectual *Gaev;* Josephine Hutchinson as the captivating little daughter, translate their parts into pure light. With 'The Cherry Orchard' added to 'The Good Hope,' 'Cradle Song,' 'The Master Builder' and 'Three Sisters,' the Civic Repertory has become a dramatic universe with laws all its own. 'You want giants, do you?' *Madame Ranevsky* says to the perpetual student. 'They're only good in stories. In real life they frighten one.' Perhaps the giant dramatists are a little frightening in Fourteenth Street, but Miss Le Gallienne's company has mastered them."

To see "The Cherry Orchard" well played, says Mr. Atkinson, "is to crystallize one's random impressions a good deal." Continuing:

> "Despite the melancholy of its conclusion, it is, indeed, comedy, as Chekhov always maintained. Moreover, it is clearly the apotheosis of Chekhovian drama, finer, deeper than 'Three Sisters'—a myriad of human light and shade. And its unobtrusive symbolism becomes articulate in *Anya's* joyous enthusiasm for the 'new life' and the contented death of the 'old life' in *Firs's* muttering resignation while the woodsmen hack at the cherry-trees, singing at their labors, and the servants firmly close the shutters from the outside. What complete finality there is in that gradually expiring conclusion! With his last curtain Chekhov sealed an epoch.
>
> "In the last ten years many of the faithful have been patiently knitting their eyebrows over the literature of the subconscious—'the stream of consciousness,' as it is sometimes described. Chekhov was working in that subtle medium more than a quarter century ago. He did not label it; perhaps he was not especially aware of it as a scientific approach. But the mingling of relevancies and apparent irrelevancies in the dialog—which annoyed Tolstoy—it is what we have fondly accepted as the 'new method.' Altho Chekhov was a physician he developed it more artfully than scientifically; his heart was in it as well as his mind. Nothing since 'The Cherry Orchard' has woven it into such a luminous pattern of beguiling life. All the world trudges slowly through *Madame Ranevsky's* drawing-room."

"The Cherry Orchard," it will be recalled, epitomizes Russian character. A family, fallen on evil days financially, assemble at the old home in Russia from various points in Europe where they had been sojourning. A cherry orchard is the feature of the estate, but the estate has been mortgaged, and is about to come into the possession of a man risen from serfdom. Tho ruin overhangs the household, they pursue the old paths of *dolce far niente*, unable to summon energy enough to avert material disaster or even to seize the given opportunities to complete their lives. They live in a fool's paradise until the blow falls. The play ends as the sound of axes felling the cherry-trees comes from without. The land will be converted to building sites; the family go their several ways to meet such destiny as their irresolution provides.



A VISTA OF THREE ROOMS

Showing the carving by Samuel McIntire, in a house in Peabody, Massachusetts, in 1800-1801, by which the Boston Museum shows the elegance of an earlier day in America.

THE COVER—This week, in anticipation of the holidays, the cover by our itinerant friend, J. L. G. Ferris, takes us back to 1784. The theme, "Home for Christmas," has been often treated, but rarely more charmingly than here. For the turkey hangs out as a joyful anticipation. Gaiety in colors was not disdained by our ancestors. The artist writes:

> "A log cabin of the French and Indian days, added to by a substantial stone building of the Revolution, houses a typical farmer's family. The daughter and her little ones, with her husband, have arrived on the eve of the Christmas festivities.
>
> "It is hard for us to visualize the simplicity of life at this period. People were their own mechanics, the hominy block and hand-mills were found in most houses for grinding meal for 'journey cakes,' to-day 'johnny cakes.' Cloth was woven and yarn spun in every house; every family tanned their own leather: the tan vat was a trough sunk in the ground, bark was shaved, and wood ashes used in place of lime for taking off the hair.
>
> "Most made their own shoes, those who could not made shoe packs like moccasins of single pieces of leather, except for the tongue piece. They made plows of wood, harrows with wooden teeth, and also their own barrel-staves.
>
> "When chocolate came in the height of fashion was to boil it with links of sausages which were then cut up and the whole mess served in a bowl. Tea was at first boiled in an iron kettle—iron, if you please; the liquor strained off, the leaves buttered and eaten with the tea and with neither sugar nor cream. At breakfast the sour beer was simmered in a brass pot with crusts of brown bread, sweetened with molasses and served under the name of 'whistle-belly-vengeance.' Of course, the above are curiosities of early cuisine, and, it is to be hoped, exceptional."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

PROTESTANT PRESS CALL IT A DRY VICTORY

JOHN BARLEYCORN WAS BURIED in the avalanche for Hoover, say a number of Protestant denominational journals, triumphing over the result of the election; and some of them admonish the Republican party that its victory carries with it a mandate to enforce the Prohibition laws. They have not been enforced, it is said, by the present Administration. Most of these journals agree that the election was a referendum on Prohibition, and a few admit that religious prejudice also played a part in affecting the result. That portion of the South which broke over the Democratic traces and voted dry, we read, put principle above party and voted according to its conscience, and credit is given to the army of women who are said to have swelled the Republican total. Now and then the comment rises to a pæan of praise; the defeat of the wets is a notice to the world that Prohibition has become the permanent law of the land; the voice of the people is the voice of God.

It is "the greatest campaign since the Civil War has gone into history" asserts *The Western Christian Advocate* (Cincinnati), which says that the Democratic candidate made Prohibition the leading issue, and that John J. Raskob, manager of the campaign, "exprest himself in words as offensive as asafetida to the nostrils of the American people when he gave as his reason for leaving the Republican party that he desired to help the American people escape from 'the damnable affliction of Prohibition.'" This, says the Methodist journal, "was to hit the womanhood of America with a stinging lash across the face. The men, their brothers, heard the words, witnessed the stroke, realized the infamy of it, and rushed with indignation to their defense." At the last analysis, we read, the election "was a referendum on the Prohibition question." There were other issues—"the religious question; the Tammany influence; the interests of prosperity," but the Republican party is warned to "quit playing with enforcement."

"We held to the wet and dry issue," declares the *Western Recorder*, a Louisville Baptist weekly. "We would vote against a Baptist wet as surely as against a Catholic wet." The *Western Recorder* reads into the result of the election a commitment by the Republican party to the retention and enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law. "There was no legitimate excuse," says this Baptist weekly, "for a Republican Administration temporizing with it during the last eight years as they have done. They now have a direct mandate from the electorate. There will be even less excuse for any further failure on the part of the Administration to enforce this great moral reform legislation." So *The Christian Evangelist*, a Disciples of Christ journal published in St. Louis, which declares that "Mr. Hoover has an unmistakable mandate from the people. He can make himself the greatest President so far in our history, if he carries out the express will of the people." The South, we are told, "vindicated its conscience and proclaimed to all the world that it would, at any cost, uphold its principles. A majority of voters did the noble thing by putting principle above party."

The three chief causes of Mr. Hoover's election, says the *Presbyterian Banner* (Pittsburgh), are prosperity, Protestantism and Prohibition, the greatest of which is Prohibition. "The plain truth," observes this weekly elsewhere in its columns, "is that the Republican Administration has not enforced the Eighteenth Amendment as it should have done, and a dry Democratic candidate might have brought about a very different result. Mr. Hoover can not play fast and loose with this subject, and he must make good in a strenuous effort to enforce the law or his doom will be upon him." "The tremendous fact was shown everywhere on Election Day that America's church women do not want a return of the liquor power," in the opinion of *The Christian Intelligencer and Mission Field* (New York), a Reformed Church in America weekly. The great group of electors, representing in large measure the Christian element and the Church membership of the land, by their votes have assured Mr. Hoover that they desire him to go forward to maintain the Amendment and its enforcement laws, says this journal. "This is the mandate the American people lay upon him."

First of all, declares *The Methodist Recorder*, published in Pittsburgh by the Methodist Protestant Church, "America has given final notice to nullificationists in our own country, and to their profiteering friends in the Old World, that the Constitution of the United States is a sacred instrument, and that the Prohibition of the liquor traffic has become the fixt and perpetual law of the nation." "America has spoken, and the voice of the polls is decisive," asserts *The Congregationalist* (Boston). It means a great deal more than appears on the surface, we are told; for "not only does it demonstrate that the country as a whole is serious about its action in outlawing the liquor traffic and that the country means to carry this matter on to its conclusion, but it apparently settles forever the question of Prohibition as a factor in a Presidential campaign." *The Congregationalist* believes that no man will ever get to the White House over the Prohibition barrier, and hopes "that the fact will be so thoroughly established that the religious press will never again be compelled by a major political party to take sides on that issue." As the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) analyzes the result, "prosperity, Protestantism and Prohibition were the three things which had most to do with the defeat of Governor Smith," and it holds that in so far as the Protestant opposition was based on intolerance and bigotry it is to be regretted by all right-thinking Americans. But this *Advocate* believes that Prohibition was the main factor in bringing about the election of Mr. Hoover, and that Mr. Raskob's phrase concerning the "damnable affliction of Prohibition," "did more to arouse the opposition of the avowed enemies of the liquor traffic, irrespective of party, than any other one factor in the entire campaign."

The Religious Telescope, a United Brethren in Christ weekly published in Dayton, can not "avoid the conviction that the result is in keeping with the divine will." The editor believes "that the Prohibition question was the major issue, and upon that question the vast majority express their sentiment at the polls." However, the result, in his opinion, "does not signify the breaking of the Solid South politically, nor does it signify that the thousands of loyal Democrats who voted for Hoover will be less loyal to the Democratic party than they have been. As we have indicated," he writes, "the party is more honored in defeat than it would have been in victory." "American citizens," declares *Zion's Herald*, a Boston Methodist weekly, "have said unmistakably that they are through forever with the saloon. Governor Smith put Prohibition into the campaign; the electorate has taken it out of politics for all time. And office-seekers who relied on opposition to Prohibition to win have now run to cover. They will never again emerge to make a drive against this righteous cause." As the case stands now, observes the Nashville *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), "the atmosphere is clear. The nation intends to keep its Prohibition laws and to strengthen them as occasion requires. It desires the enforcement of the temperance laws and has exprest this attitude with positive emphasis." The

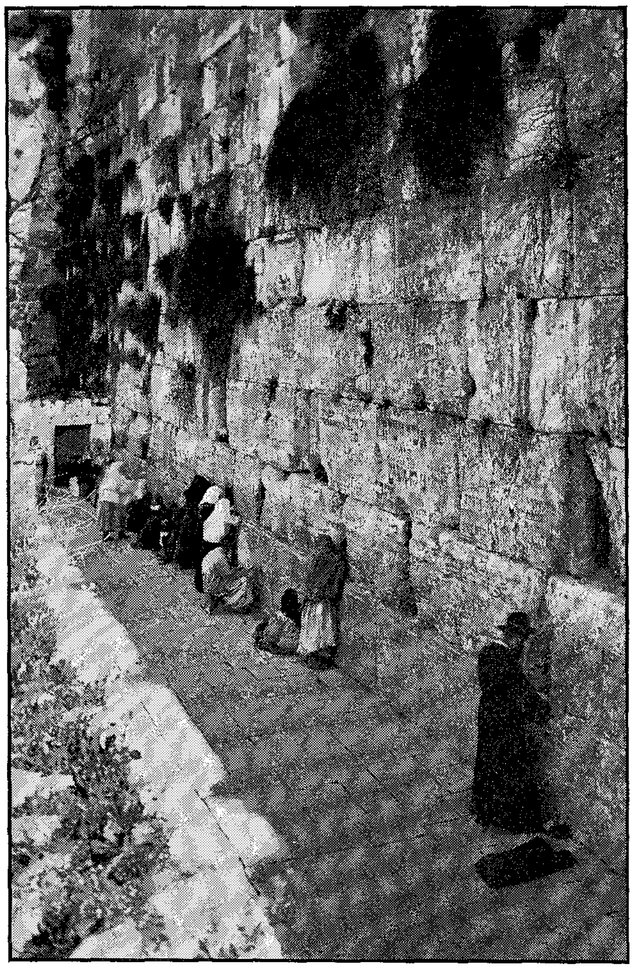
Church element, says this Southern *Advocate*, has had a large part in bringing the country to its decision, and "no apology is offered for its activity. Prohibition has been a cause deep in the heart of the Christian people of the United States for many decades, and they would not abandon it. They shall now hope it may never again be made a political issue." A more jubilant note resounds from the columns of the Michigan *Christian Advocate* (Methodist): "'Sound the loud timbrel,' from lakes to sea, 'Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free' from the menace of Al Smith, a wet recession with Uncle Sam as barkeeper à la the Canadian way, Tammany in the White House, and all the rest. Laus Deo! 'It was a glorious victory.'"

In a sober review of what it believes the election means for religion, *The Baptist* (Chicago) attaches little importance to "the much advertised issue between Catholics and Protestants," and says "it is not even clear that there was such an issue." *The Baptist* believes that much good has come out of all the discussion, notes that thousands of Catholics voted for Hoover and thousands of equally influential Protestants voted for Smith, and asks: "And since the result became known, who on either side has spoken or will speak a word of rancor? For this new and high spirit in politics the churches, the pastors and the religious press, both Catholic and Protestant, deserve large credit." And as *The Baptist* sees it:

> "Henceforth in this country, for better or worse, the churches—Catholic, Jewish and Protestant—have gone into idealistic, Christian and humanitarian, tho not partizan, politics. They mean that so far as their influence can affect national affairs, the Lord's Prayer shall have recognized social validity. There is danger that they will blunder into false political positions and practises, but they have looked that danger in the face and have come to regard it as less menacing than would be their shrinking from their prophetic responsibility to the people. Better make mistakes than neglect duty. They are taking seriously the taunt that a great nation with half of its people in the churches ought to be less pagan in its business and its politics. They are already resolved that poverty, underprivileged and toil-stunted childhood, unemployment, waste, the reign of vice and the strife of competing classes shall be superseded by a cooperative, fraternal and humane community life throughout this nation.
>
> "Those critical observers who have been prophesying the breakdown of the churches and of religion may find occasion to revise their forecasts. One may search far to find in any land or in any age a more manifest domination of the spirit of a people by the religious ideals of a practical community life than in America to-day, a more tenacious religious fellowship in the pursuit of those ideals, or churches more rationally sure of their ground in regard to the fundamentals of both faith and function. Religion in America is a tremendous, undiminished, institutionally established, self-perpetuating and socially effective spiritual force with which the nation must reckon."

THE QUARREL OVER THE WAILING WALL

SYMBOL OF SORROW over departed Jewish glory, and "the Holy of Holies of the Jewish people," the lone remnant of Solomon's temple, known as the Wailing Wall, has become a bone of contention between Moslem and Jew that may lead to serious trouble unless the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations is able to settle the dispute on an amicable basis. On the Day of Atonement, the most sacred day in the Jewish calendar, when every Jew "returns" to his God, and a solemn fast is observed from sunset to sunset, the police, on representations by the Moslem authorities, we read in dispatches from Jerusalem, broke through the crowded worshipers at the Kothel-Maaravi, or Wailing Wall, and removed a portable screen which had been set up to separate men and women worshipers, in accordance with the traditional Jewish religious rite. Several worshipers were injured during the mêlée, for which the Chief of Police exprest regret. The Government of Palestine, we read, officially justifies its action on the grounds that the screen and its attachment to the pavement constituted an infraction of the status quo by interfering with the right of way. This is not the first occasion in which there has been trouble of the kind, and the Zionist Organization at length has appealed to the League of Nations to solve the problem.



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"THE HOLY OF HOLIES OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE"

The Wailing Wall, according to tradition the sole relic of Solomon's Temple, used by the Jews as a place of prayer. The Moslems charge that by putting up a screen to separate the sexes at their prayers the Jews encroach upon the right of way, and that they threaten to build a synagog at the Wall.

The Wailing Wall is looked upon by Jews as their own and their most sacred heritage, and the intrusion of the police during the orisons on their holiest day is regarded as an unwarranted desecration. Ever since the temple was destroyed, writes Elias M. Epstein in *The New Palestine* (New York), of which he is the Jerusalem correspondent, Jews have prayed at its sole remaining relic, the western wall. He informs us:

> "On Sabbaths and Holy Days, on feast and fast, they have trudged through the old city to the shrine, remnant of past glory and promise of its renewal. Other nations have their sacred places marked by grand structures. The Jews have unadorned their Kothel; it stands rugged as themselves. In the days of the Turks divine service was regularly held at the Wall; the worshipers brought their stools and forms; a screen divided the sexes in orthodox manner; and the congregation would overflow into the adjoining garden of an Arab neighbor. No one objected to their prayers. But the Jewish renaissance heralded by the Balfour Declaration gave politicians (not only Arab) an opportunity for mischief, and the Moslem effendis were roused to protest against the Jews taking liberties, on the ostensible grounds that they would encroach upon the right of way of the neighboring Arabs, that they would build a synagog at the Wall (which the Moslem chiefs now claimed was theirs also), and that this was but a beginning to their capture of the Mosque of Omar which stands in the Temple site! And so the Jews were not only

prohibited (in 1922) from placing any permanent structure at the Wall, but even anything tending to suggest that they might have the right to do so, and under this interpretation even benches were disallowed. The Mandates Commission of the League of Nations actually discust whether chairs might be used, and finally agreed that a collapsible stool might be carried there and back! Since then the Jewish worshipers stand throughout their services or in the 9th. Av. sit on the ground."

PRAYER

By Lucile Quarry

I PRAYED—and wondered if God heard.
After long waiting, it has all come true;
And strange as the fulfillment of the word,
Is the half-joy, half-fear,
To find that all the time He was so near.
—*The Catholic World, New York.*

This little fragment of wall about which there is so much argument is, according to tradition, all that is left of King Solomon's magnificent temple, built nearly 3,000 years ago. Solomon, writes P. W. Wilson in an article copyrighted by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency in *The Sentinel*, a Chicago Jewish weekly, intended the wall as a protection for the temple. The Jew was welcome within it, but the Gentile had to stay outside. To-day the rule is just the reverse. There is still the area on which stood the temple, and one can still see the site on Mount Moriah on which Abraham so nearly sacrificed his son Isaac. But, says Mr. Wilson, the site which above all others is hallowed by Hebrew memory has been appropriated by Islam. What was the temple is now a mosque, and all that the Jew can see of the Wall, ceremoniously, is the outside. "It has become a Wall of exclusion. It shuts out the very people who built it. It means that a nation of worshipers is still condemned to spiritual exile. The astonishing thing is that the Wall, which means so much to the Jews, should still belong to the Moslems." The trouble has been increased tenfold by later news, writes Mr. Wilson:

"As every Indian official is aware, it is the practise of Moslems, when they want to safeguard a site of any kind, to build a mosque upon it. Because of these mosques, many a public improvement in roads and open spaces is delayed or prevented.

"Hence the sensation when it was discovered that the Arabs, not content with possession of the Wall, are adding to it, and are even collecting money for a new mosque which would be erected obviously as a kind of ecclesiastical rampart against Jewish sentiment. Such a consecration by one religion would be, in effect, a desecration for the other.

"There arises the question why the Arabs are so sensitive and indeed so discourteous over this essentially Jewish site. It is a question that concerns the entire Islamic world. There is a bird, called the cuckoo, that, with many beauties, has cultivated the somewhat provocative habit of laying its eggs in the nests of other birds. That has been the custom of the Moslem. It is not only in Jerusalem that he has planted a Mosque of Omar where stood a temple. In Constantinople, his mosque is the great Greek church of St. Sofia, which also the Moslem captured. The Moslem is alert over the Wall because, to him, the Wall represents the only right by which he retains a hundred Holy Places, namely, the right of conquest. If he surrenders an inch of the Wall, may he not be asked to surrender the tomb of Abraham at Hebron, which also belongs by tradition to the Jews and is covered by a mosque as sacred as the Mosque of Omar itself?

"The ownership of the Wall and the right of approach to it might involve, therefore, the susceptibilities of Moslems over the entire East. In Palestine itself, those susceptibilities are only too easily irritated. The Arab is jealous of the Jew. He fears Jewish enterprise. He is especially afraid of Jewish finance. Any encroachment on his mosques, whether real or imaginary, is thus bitterly resisted."

After all, observes Mr. Wilson, even the holiest of places have been made unholy by human strife, and he recites:

"If the Temple disappeared from Jerusalem, it was due not a little to the dissensions of Jewry. If the Turk overwhelmed Constantinople, the reason again was the disruption of Christendom. In the Church of the Sepulcher itself, not far from the Wall, rival communions, Roman, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic, assert conflicting claims with a violence which frequently has had to be subdued by Turkish soldiers. If the Mosque of St. Sofia were to be restored to the faith in which it was founded, there might arise a grave question whether Russians, Bulgars, Greeks, Italians, or French were to be the guardians of the altar thus surrendered.

"There is thus no question to-day of the Jews claiming the Temple area. They prefer to build their University on Mount Scopus. But the Wailing Place is dear to the Jewish heart, not only because of Solomon's Temple, but because one generation after another generation of the people has visited this dramatic spot, shed their tears, prayed their prayers, confessed their sins, and cherished their hopes. Estimated by these standards, there is no place of pilgrimage held by a title based on a more assured equity."

A LIFE-ADJUSTMENT CLINIC

A BAD LIVER MAY AFFECT CHARACTER as well as a bad environment or any one of a multitude of other causes, and, working on this idea, the Mount Pleasant Congregationalist Church in Washington, D. C., is to operate this winter a life-adjustment clinic as an experiment aiming to coordinate the forces which influence personality and character. Noting what the Church has already done in promoting honor, charity, and cleanliness, and in battling selfishness and crime, and that the clergyman was the first pioneer in developing sociological methods in dealing with crime, poverty, and bestiality, the Washington *Evening Star* remarks that the world is coming rapidly to the conclusion that the problems of human character are infinitely more complicated than they have been considered in the past. The emotional appeal of religion remains a powerful factor in all social problems, it is observed. The specialist in this is the clergyman. As his field increased, he required other specialists to assist him. The first was the musician; then came the artist and builder. Much later still, within our own times, came the athletic coach and the social worker. "Now," proceeds *The Evening Star*, "it is unquestionably true that a man's personality and character are influenced profoundly by his thyroid glands and his liver, by his adrenal glands and his arteries."

"They are influenced by what he eats for dinner. They are influenced by the enormous weight of the combined environments of his past. How far these are the deciding factors between success and failure, honesty and dishonesty, selfishness and unselfishness, no man knows. The majority of churchmen remain firm in the belief that there is something in the human character which transcends all these, and that the individual is the molder of his own destiny. Yet nobody would deny that the others constitute tremendous handicaps and tremendous advantages.

"The life-adjustment clinic will endeavor to consider the character as a whole—not as purely a religious problem, but as a medical, psychiatric, and social problem. It will bring to the service of broken characters not only the consolation and elevating influence of prayer, preaching and music, but the services of the physician and the psychologist.

"After the physician has regulated the body of the patient to the best of his ability the individual will be passed along to the psychiatrist, who will probe into those subtle, unrecognized experiences which, boiling in the subconscious, admittedly have such a profound effect on the life and habits of the individual. In addition there will be social workers to deal with the present environment.

"Last of all, but perhaps most important, will come the diagnosis of the individual's religious problems and the application of the curative forces of religion.

"There are few problems of our time more obscure or more important than those which deal with the interaction of mind, soul and body. Here is an honest effort, at least, to make progress in this direction. It seems likely to serve a purpose which would not be served by a medical, a psychiatric or a religious clinic, each working alone."

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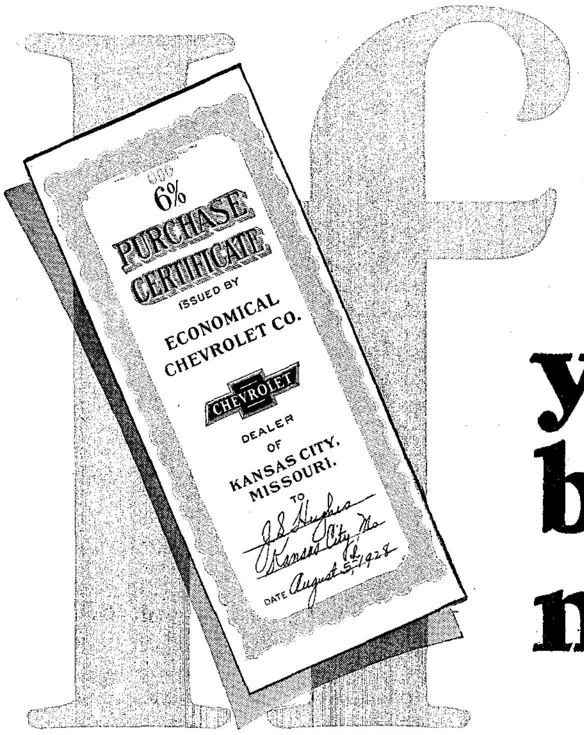

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

THE alien and the artist speak here with irony, lament, and a sensitive humor—qualities of rare poetry. It is in *The New Yorker:*

COMPLEX, WITH VICTIM VICTORIOUS

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

I have no homeland;
I have no Saviour;
I live among people
Of different behavior;
I have no army,
I have no navy
To rattle their victories,
Stand by, and save me.

When I make blunders
Of act or omission,
I have no ægis
Of custom, tradition—
Chiefs or apostles
To ward off the dangers:
When I am strange,
I am strange among strangers.

Oh, to be different
Breeds heartache and trouble!
But he who is strange
Among strangers pays double.
I have no banner
To fly from my passion,
No gentry to set
My caprices in fashion.

For a half-note of music
I stole from the spheres,
I must weep double
The alien's tears;
I must be two times
The stranger, it seems—
Once for my people,
And once for my dreams.

For a petal of beauty
I shook from the tree
Whose leaves are the moonlight,
Whose roots are the sea,
I stand in the thunder-still
Darkness and strip
For death without burial
And love with a whip.

The lover who follows
The feet of the spheres,
Shall wrestle with shadows
And die on their spears;
But woe to him doubly,
And double his loss,
If he have nor an army,
A navy, a Cross!

An army and navy
To fight for the Lord,
And acres and customs
Enriched by the sword—
His music will dwindle,
His petal will die,
And he may not take it
As lightly as I.

THE annual award for 1928 of the prizes offered by Mrs. Charles D. Dickey through *The Poetry Review* (London) are now announced. In the order cited here are the first and second prize poems:

THE GHOSTS OF THE EIGHTH ATTACK

BY LIEUTENANT HITCHINGS

When first the roar of a DH-4
Came sounding over the plain,
The clan who flew were tried and true,
And stout of heart and brain.
Our Squadron then lost gallant men,
And well we have learned their lack;
And we'll drink a toast to each brave Ghost—
The Ghosts of the Eighth Attack.

Kingsland turned to a spin and burned,
Rex and Gallagher died
In battle flame on the field of fame,
With Mitchell by their side.
From Death unveiled they never quailed,
Or broke upon the rack,
But well we ken they fought like men,
The Ghosts of the Eighth Attack!

Dean and Bateman and Hollingsworth
Death garnered, thigh and thew,
And Captain Shea, with his Irish way—
Virgin and Hartman too.
Robinson, Martin, Grodecki,
And Mackey, and Womack;
Brave hearts of gold that now lie cold—
The Ghosts of the Eighth Attack!

And I sometimes think, when the night winds howl,
And never a ship is out,
That I hear the roar of a DH-4,
And the wail of wires in doubt;
And I think I see in a spectre ship
Spirits that *must* come back;
And I hail them then, who have died like *men*—
The Ghosts of the Eighth Attack!

FLIGHT

BY HAROLD VINAL

They are immortal, voyagers like these,
Bound for supreme and royal latitudes;
They soar beyond the eagle, where it broods,
With Venus and the evening Pleiades;
Far, in the blue pale Indies of the sky,
They plough, gold-prowed, the Arteries of Air,
Finding an unexplored dimension there—
They leave us Star Maps we may voyage by.

Not Galileo, with his dreaming power,
Nor great Columbus, master of the gale,
Chartered for Time, such harbors for man's flight.
Lured by another Odyssey, a Grail,
They climbed the heavens, Byrd in his white hour,
Lindbergh, an eagle sweeping through the night.

ONLY a highly imaginative as well as strongly religious people would produce a picture like this in *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin):

UNFROCKED

BY T. C. MURRAY

O'er lonely hills, through glen and glade,
A solitary, hapless shade,
The light upon his face more wan
Than the spent moon in the dawn.

In his eyes what mysteries,
Heart consuming, burn and freeze:
Is it ecstacy of prayer?
Frozen laughter of despair?

What his trespass no man knows
No more than the cock that crows;
Gossips whisper head to head,
"Such an' such a one hath said."

One will tell with lying breath
How his soul gone blind o' faith
Seeth nought but wheaten mist
In the holy Eucharist.

And one swift to build a tale
To turn a red cheek candle-pale;
"*Over sea a story's given*
Of one praying to be shriven.

Who, confessing to a shame
Wrought upon a maiden's name,
Fired his wrath to such a glow
That he smote him with a blow."

These but bubbles of surmise
Blinking like a reptile's eyes
On the pool of calumny
Gathering round a fallen tree.

For his trespass no man knows
No more than the cock that crows.

FROM a group of poems Sandburg sent to *The Husk* (Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa), with permission to "print without recompense or rewards." This group notes the sad descent of the Sicilian immigrant from his beautiful home surroundings:

SUBURBAN SICILIAN SKETCHES

BY CARL SANDBURG

1.

The cockleburrs came on the burr docks,
a little of thistle, a little of flower,
a light red purple tip on raw green burr.

The burr docks came like hoodlums come;
they came with neither permits nor requests;
they took what they wanted. "If anybody
asks you, this is us, and we are here because
we decided to come to the party—we invited
ourselves and we are welcome."

Listen in the summer when the roots dig in,
the hoodlum roots of the burr dock gangs;
what each one sings is much like—
"I'm gonna live anyhow until I die."

In the time of turning leaves
the light red purple tip and the raw green burr
pass and turn to a brown, to a drab and dirty brown.

2.

In Mel-a-rose among the sons of Sicily
I saw a sheep, a dirty undersized sheep,
In the front yard cabbage patch of a son of Sicily,
And the wool of the sheep had never been combed,
The wool of the sheep was snarled and knotted.
And the burr dock gang was there,
Burrs in the wool with a drab and hoodlum mutter,
"This is us, we invited ourselves and we're welcome."

3.

The sober-faced goat crops grass next to the sidewalk,
A clinking chain connects the collar of the goat
with a steel pin driven in the ground.
Next to the sidewalk the goat crops November
grass,
Pauses seldom, halts not at all, incessantly goes
after grass.

4.

The playhouse of the Sicilian children
thatched with maple branches their father
threw over for a roof in summer,
the playhouse roof is dry;
It sags and crackles in the west wind.

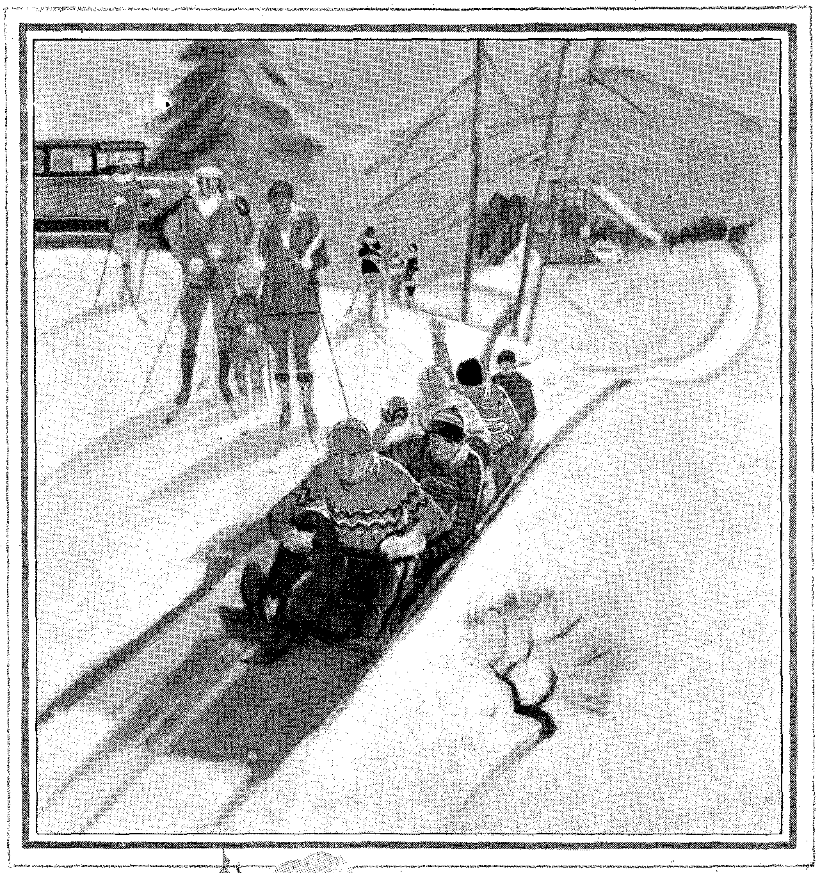
The Sicilian father is tying cornstalks
for a winter vest at the roots of the young apple
tree.
This, and the red peppers drying on the cellar door,
this is one of the signs of November.

As skyscrapers multiply, especially in narrow Manhattan, they begin to indicate a menace such as here, in the New York *World*, a poet tries to express:

SKYSCRAPER

BY A. B. SHIFFRIN

Swift into space, bewildering the birds,
Brick upon brick and massive ton on ton,
Your thousand windows like a thousand words
That rhyme, you climb still closer to the sun.
Rising, you rip the fragile clouds asunder;
Sinking, you fill the earth with sudden fears;
Your head scrapes heaven and your roots lie under
The buried cities of the buried years.
You are too mighty and you aim too high,
Monster of steel and stone, of paint and plaster;
Upright leviathan, your upturned nose
Impales the ghostly moon as it glides by,
And startles all the stars. . . . But there are those
That watch your insolence and see disaster.



LEADERSHIP *is Actual*

Not only in performance – but in quality and price

The outstanding leadership of the Essex Super-Six is a matter of actual and vital fact on the outright issue of what people want. On that basis it has established its long time position as the world's largest selling "Six."

Here, for the first time, real car luxury, with brilliant performance and fine appearance, were presented at less than $1000.

Essex alone combines these qualities. They result from original design, with a chassis as remarkably engineered in every detail as its Super-Six motor.

It is that characteristic which differentiates Essex from any but costly cars. It is that which accounts for its smooth, effortless ease in every phase of performance.

It is exclusive performance because Essex Super-Six design is exclusive. And because every part of motor and chassis is engineered to true balance with every other part.

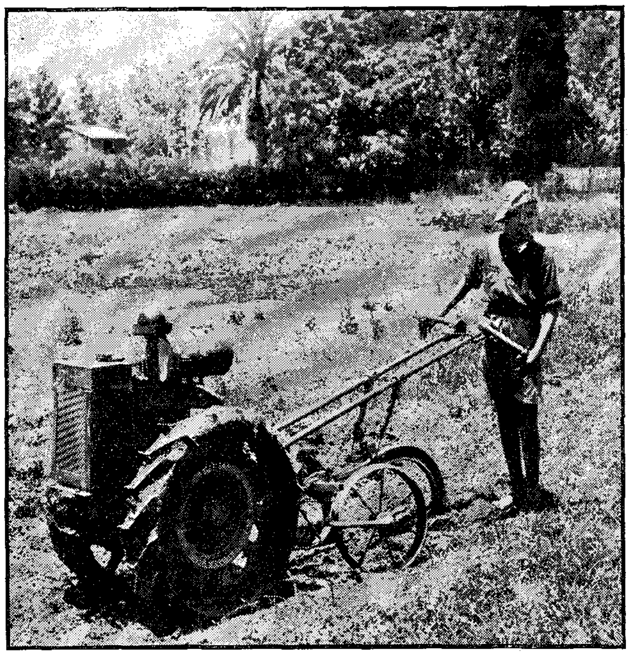
Your Essex gives you 50 miles an hour all day long. Far greater speed if you want it. Brilliant activity in pickup and hill climbing. Long life and enduring character to all its abilities and qualities.

These are the qualities responsible for the overwhelming preference accorded the Essex Super-Six.

ESSEX *Super* 6

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

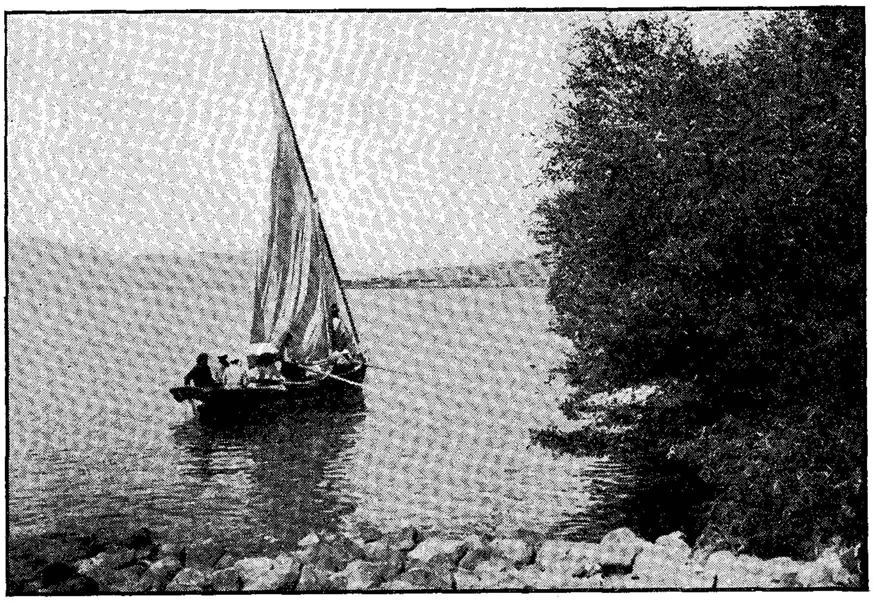
HOW ANGLO-SAXONISM MODERNIZES PALESTINE



REPLACING THE OX AND THE ASS

Up-to-date farm machinery is in vogue in the Holy Land, and the plowman now steps on the gas in a most unbiblical manner.

"BET YOU NEVER WEAR THESE in the streets of New York." The pleasant young Jewish customs official at the entrance to Palestine held up a pair of Egyptian red slippers which he was assessing for the tourist who had come from Egypt across the Suez Canal. He was still smiling in a friendly fashion as he chalked "O. K.," or the Arabic equivalent, on them. The influence of the new Palestine was already making itself felt, writes E. M. Newman in "Seeing Egypt and the Holy Land" (text and pictures copyrighted by Funk & Wagnalls), as he describes new conditions in Palestine. "The law requires a deposit of five cents, or a piaster on your camera, if you take it back to Egypt," the amiable official continued. "I'll put a seal on it so that you will have no difficulty if you are returning this way." Mr. Newman could easily recall the day when an insolent official would have demanded a rakeoff for himself, perhaps as much as thirty-five or fifty cents. Of, if he thought that he could collect it, would have given the change as a dollar. Once the travel writer, from whose "Seeing Russia" we quoted on April 14, had to pay five dollars on his camera tripod in Palestine because a grafting inspector insisted that it was a standard for a rapid-fire gun. And why is this change observable in Palestine? First of all, we read, the English are in control. But in addition, there are "large numbers of young American Jews. They seem to be everywhere. They speak English with a decided American accent. And they have the vigor and speed, the rush, the courage, and the optimism that is either American born or of American origin. These characteristics do not exist in the Orient, save where they are transplanted there by younger races, who adapt themselves to conditions and make their influence felt."

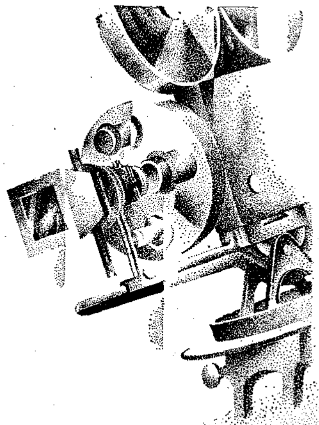


SAILING ON THE SEA OF GALILEE TO-DAY

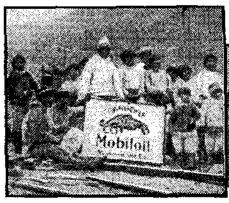
One might almost imagine the disciples and their Master taking ship in this picturesque craft, photographed by Mr. Newman. But the parasol provides a modern and worldly touch.

The turning-point of modern Palestine came on December 11, 1917, when Field Marshal Viscount Allenby entered Jerusalem after his conquest of the Holy Land, one of the outstanding exploits of the World War. Lord Allenby recently landed in America for a visit, primarily as guest of honor at the American Legion's San Antonio Convention. His arrival has recalled vividly to the public his romantic career, and has led some to compare him with Alexander and Napoleon, altho, the Philadelphia *Record* remarks, "that distinguished soldier would be the last to rank himself among the greatest commanders." What capture by Lord Allenby has meant for the progress of Jerusalem, Mr. Newman proceeds to tell us:

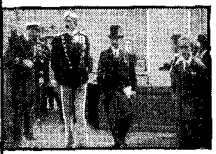
> A great change has taken place in Jerusalem since the end of the World War. With the reading of Allenby's proclamation, the Holy Land passed from the rule of the Turk to the protectorate of the British Empire. The reign of inefficiency was over; with it went the Turk! General Allenby is the outstanding figure in Palestinian modern history. They have named Jerusalem's leading hotel in his honor; streets in many towns bear his name, and babies galore are known as Allenby Solomon, Allenby Isaacs, and numerous other family names.
>
> From the window of our hotel we look out upon the city, and here we obtain our first impression. In the distance is the Mount of Olives; at its base is the Garden of Gethsemane; near by is the dome of the Mosque of Omar, and nearer to us is the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. When darkness falls, an illuminated cross shines brilliantly above the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which marks the spot where millions believe that Jesus was crucified and buried.
>
> Just as our need of sunshine and light in America calls for broad roads and streets, so in Bible lands the great heat and glare for seven months of the year require the protection of narrow ways to keep the roads and the houses cool. At one time these narrow thoroughfares were filled with accumulated rubbish; but the streets of the city have been cleaned, and one no longer needs smelling-salts when venturing into the poorer and more obscure parts of the city.
>
> During my first visits to Jerusalem, it was an ordeal to venture into some of the thoroughfares for the purpose of visiting the

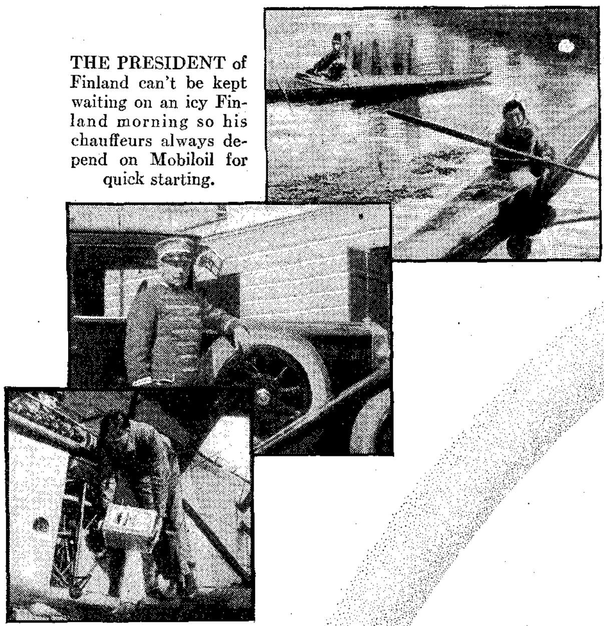


NO DILUTION troubles for the motorists in Greenland.



MOBILOIL is a favorite in Denmark: The King visits a Mobiloil exhibit at Copenhagen.





IT'S FUR coat weather in Alaska much of the year so Alaskan motorists ward off dilution troubles with Mobiloil Arctic.
—*Keystone View Co.*

THE PRESIDENT of Finland can't be kept waiting on an icy Finland morning so his chauffeurs always depend on Mobiloil for quick starting.

ALASKA, Iceland and Greenland were crossed by the U. S. Army fliers who circled the globe with Mobiloil.

Do "winter oils" increase wear?

Yes—in the case of many too-light oils which are made primarily to give easy starting.

No—if your winter oil is the free-flowing but rich-bodied Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. (See special chart on this page.)

Of course you want to start your engine in cold weather without prolonged use of the choke. But not at the risk of losing the lubricating protection which is vitally needed in winter.

Too-thin an oil fails to seal your pistons. Unburned gasoline may wash these watery oils off the cylinder walls. Down goes the gasoline into the crankcase. Sometimes you may have a quart of gasoline mixed with your oil supply after only 500 miles of driving.

Then moving surfaces of your engine may suffer direct metal-to-metal friction and serious wear.

Winter risks are minimized when you use Mobiloil Arctic. Mobiloil Arctic gives easy starting *and* thorough lubricating protection. It retains its richness. It resists the washing-away effect of the raw gasoline.

When you use Mobiloil Arctic you rely on a specialized *winter* oil with the greatest record of cold-weather lubricating success—not only in the United States, but in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Poland and other cold-winter countries the world over.

For easy starting and real protection against serious gasoline dilution in winter, you can always count on Mobiloil Arctic.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Arctic

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

SPECIAL WINTER CHART

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in winter (below 32° F.) in all cars marked *

PASSENGER CARS	1928	1927	1926	1925
Auburn *all except Models 4-44 & 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *Special Six*	*			
" *All Other Models*	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *Models 62, 72, Imperial 80*	*			
" *4 Cyl.*	*	*	*	*
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Durant	*		*	*
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint		*	*	*
Ford *Model A*	*			
Franklin	*			
Gardner *8 Cyl.*	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Lincoln	*			
Marmon *8 Cyl.*	*	*		
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland		*	*	*
Packard	*	*	*	*
Paige		*	*	*
Peerless *all except Models 70, 72 & 90*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*	*	
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

On all other makes and models of passenger cars (except Ford Model T) Mobiloil Arctic should be used in winter below 0° F.

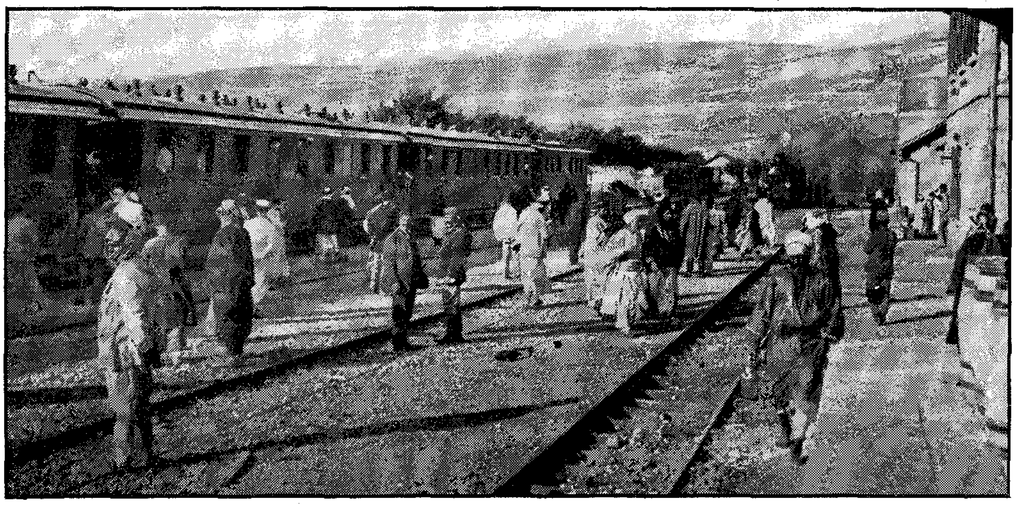
If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

> chief points of interest. The accumulated filth was nauseating, and Jerusalem the Golden reminded one of a Chinese city, where, it has been said, the inhabitants were able to survive only because they had lost the sense of smell. But all this is changed; allowing for the disadvantage of crowded, narrow streets, probably Jerusalem is now as clean as the average American city.
>
> It is touching as one wanders through a maze of these streets in the midst of confusion, bustle, and the secretive reserve to be found only in an Oriental city, to see the groups of pausing pilgrims, many of them moved to the very depths of their nature, listening, gazing, weeping, and adoring. They have come across the lands and seas to stand in these narrow alleys, to see, to hear, and to accept. Would it not be cruel to tell them the plain truth, *that the Jerusalem of the time of Jesus is buried far beneath the* mud, the stones, or the dust, to which they press their trembling lips? Is it not enough to know that somewhere within these walls Jesus taught and preached—that somewhere on these hills He was crucified?
>
> What matters it if Titus did destroy the city and even plow up the ground? The site of Jerusalem remains the same, and man can not destroy that.



ALL ABOARD FOR MEKKA

An accommodation train stops at a station in the Arabian desert. Camels still plod across the sands, but they have modern rivals in the noisy iron horses which startle the Bedouin's Arab steeds.

And elsewhere we are shown changing Palestinian conditions witnessed by Mr. Newman as he journeyed up into the Holy Land from Egypt. Quoting further:

> Means of travel in the Holy Land are being improved constantly, and one moves more rapidly than formerly between the points of interest, thus affording more time for observation. As one rode a donkey or made a tiresome journey in a four-wheeled wagon, along the crooked trails in and out among boulders and cactus hedges, only a few years ago, reference to chariots and galloping horses along the same roads seemed incongruous and almost humorous; but the roadways have been rebuilt since then, and are constantly being extended; the pavements in some instances have become as smooth as they are in an American city, and automobiles speed along and accomplish a journey in a few hours that formerly consumed many days and left the traveler exhausted. In fact, the journey into the desert and to the entrance of Petra itself may now be accomplished by means of a Ford car, and doubtless to visit the ancient metropolis in this fashion is better than not to see it at all.
>
> We travel in luxury; but we are likely to have amusing experiences before we find ourselves comfortably installed in a compartment of the *wagons-lits* like those of the European continent. Leaving Cairo at six o'clock in the evening, we are in a day-coach of the Egyptian Railway for three or four hours—until we reach West Kantara on the Suez Canal. This is the border, where passengers and luggage are examined before entering Palestine, which is just across the canal at East Kantara.
>
> I recalled having entered Palestine, many times previously, under the Turkish régime, when grafting, insolent petty officials made arrival an ordeal to be dreaded. But across the canal I encountered for the first time the new Palestine. This voyage across the "ditch" is one of perhaps four minutes on a somewhat primitive ferry, but it is significant. It is as remarkable as any voyage, because it carries one from chaos to order, from Oriental yelling and ignorance to intelligence and decency.

It is not the return of the kingdom for which the pious wail and pray at the base of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem, we learn as we read on:

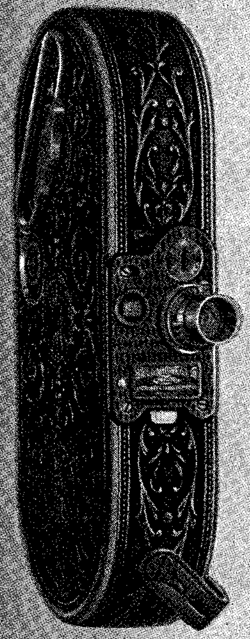
> It is more than likely that the new era has not come about as a result of any of the various forms of weeping and regretting that things are not exactly as they were in the days of Herod the Great, of David, or of Solomon.
>
> Zionism, or the return to Palestine, is tremendously popular with many Jews; others condemn the idea. It is a fact, however, that the old country is again experiencing a great boom. It appears to be one of the most substantial booms in Palestine's long and honorable history. Whatever else it may be accomplishing (and the record is notable in many ways), this "return" has cleaned up unspeakable and intolerable conditions, and made Palestine a fit place for habitation by civilized people.
>
> In the days of the Hebrew Kings, the builders of the capital city built for centuries to come. The same idea seems to prevail to-day. One sees pure white newness everywhere—in the splendid buildings that are going up, or that recently have been completed in Jerusalem itself and elsewhere. They are big, enduring structures of white limestone, as solid as any that were reared by the earlier builders. Towers again raise their heads within and beyond the ancient walls that have mellowed with age. Structures of pinkish, alabasterlike stone from Bethlehem! Clock towers and belfries!
>
> The Palace of the King has fallen, as regretted by the wailers, but more useful buildings are springing up everywhere; and not the shacks and makeshifts of American boom-towns, but the splendid structures of architectural loveliness that in this climate should endure for centuries. Palestine never has built for a day. The lower stones of Solomon's Temple remain as they were when put into place by the workers sent to the King by Hiram of Tyre. Jerusalem has fallen so many times, and so many efforts have been made to destroy it, that we marvel to see one stone remain upon another. But Jerusalem is rising again, certainly more beautiful and extensive than ever before. The Holy City persists, and, phenixlike, arises from its own ashes at irregular intervals. Perhaps the optimism of its builders can not be matched elsewhere on earth.
>
> The connecting link between the immigrants who arrive from the Balkans, from Arabic lands and from Eastern Europe, as well as from Western Europe and America, is the Hebrew language. It is the predominating language among Palestine Jews, altho most of them speak many languages—sometimes five or six. Hebrew was considered a "dead" language for centuries. Now the flapper and her partner, whom one encounters at a tea in Bristol Gardens in Jerusalem, speak Hebrew as fluently as it ever was spoken. This has been brought about by the fact that it is the official language in the schools, from the kindergarten to the recently opened University on Mt. Scopus.

Now let us follow Mr. Newman to Jerusalem's many spots of historic and religious interest. First there is the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, usually filled with pilgrims, "sobbing or weeping, creeping about on their knees and kissing the stones." First of all, we read:

> As we cross the threshold through a small door, we come upon a slab of yellowish-pink marble, eight feet long and about four feet wide, which is known as the "Stone of Unction," said to be where the body of Jesus was placed when it was being prepared for burial. Pilgrims kneel before this stone, recite prayers, and place upon it garments in which they hope to be buried. Local traffic in such garments has now been suppressed. In former times Moslem merchants in the courtyard of the church offered for sale all sorts of shrouds and modern clothing, exacting high prices from purchasers, who had neglected to bring the desired or appropriate articles of clothing from home.
>
> Near the "Stone of Unction" is the spot where the Mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene, and John stood at the time of the

(*Continued on page 41*)

Filmo - the Gift made famous by its quality



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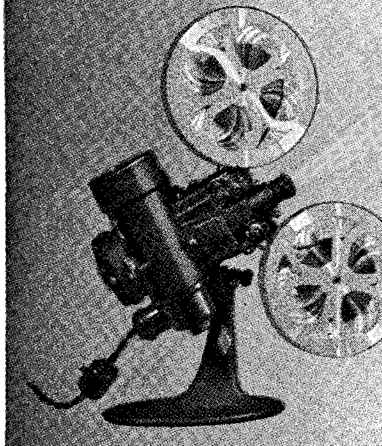
Ideal for field, travel, vacation and sports use. Available in three rich colors, Walnut Brown, Ebony Black and Silver Birch. Price $120, including luxurious plush-lined carrying case of genuine Scotch-grained, embossed leather.



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Operates from your light socket. Produces absolutely flickerless pictures. Runs backward for comic effects. Stops on any desired picture. Price with case $190.

Do you sometimes dream of memories woven 'round some half-forgotten scene, or lose yourself in reveries as you fondle an old letter or a faded photograph? Don't you regret not having a motion picture record of the growing children—a record of every mannerism and fleeting expression as they changed and developed with the years?

Perpetuate your greatest joys of the *present!* There is no finer gift than FILMO movie equipment to make this possible.

Living images of the things—the people—the events one especially loves to remember. Permanent records that may be thrown on the screen at will . . that may be made Today and enjoyed Tomorrow . . . that thrill with memories growing sweeter with age . . .

Nothing could be more fruitful of joy than such pictures. With FILMO they are available to all. For so simple yet so precise is this movie camera, that even the novice can get perfect pictures.

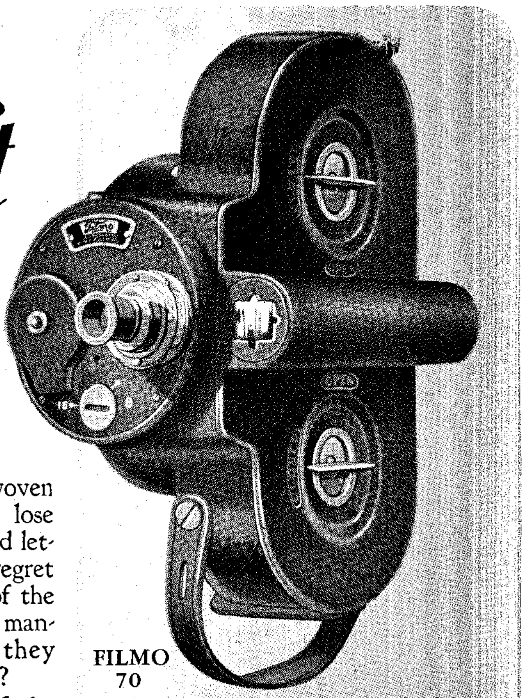
Here is the gift that is *life itself*—the gift made famous by *quality*. It is well known that Bell & Howell, makers of FILMO, have for twenty-one years made most of the mechanically wonderful cameras and equipment used to produce the movies featured in the world's fine theatres. FILMO is the *original* automatic movie equipment for personal use. Basic patents place it far beyond successful imitation.

Choose from the deluxe FILMO Cameras shown here (FILMO 70 and 75). Either is a gift quickly distinguishable for its evident beauty and unequaled craftsmanship. This is also true of the FILMO Projector for showing the pictures in the home

* * *

For black and white pictures, Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.)—in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers handling cameras and supplies. Filmo cameras and Filmo projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor Film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postpaid, within the country where processed, ready to show at home or anywhere.

See a FILMO dealer at once for a demonstration—in time for a pre-Christmas delivery. Send the coupon for instructive and interesting Filmo book.



FILMO 70

Adaptable to all conditions of light, speed and distance. Price $180 complete in rich leather case. Optional mechanism at slightly higher prices for making s-l-o-w movies. Send coupon for full description.

Movies of professional quality in the comfort of your own home

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There is also EYEMO *Camera, using standard (35 mm.) film, for those desiring to commercialize their movies*

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Filmo accessories include many ingenious devices to aid in gaining professional effects in home movies. They include 26 interchangeable lenses, Exposure meters, Title writers, Screens, Splicers and many other items—each a fine gift in itself. Write for Filmo Accessory Catalog, a wealth of gift ideas.

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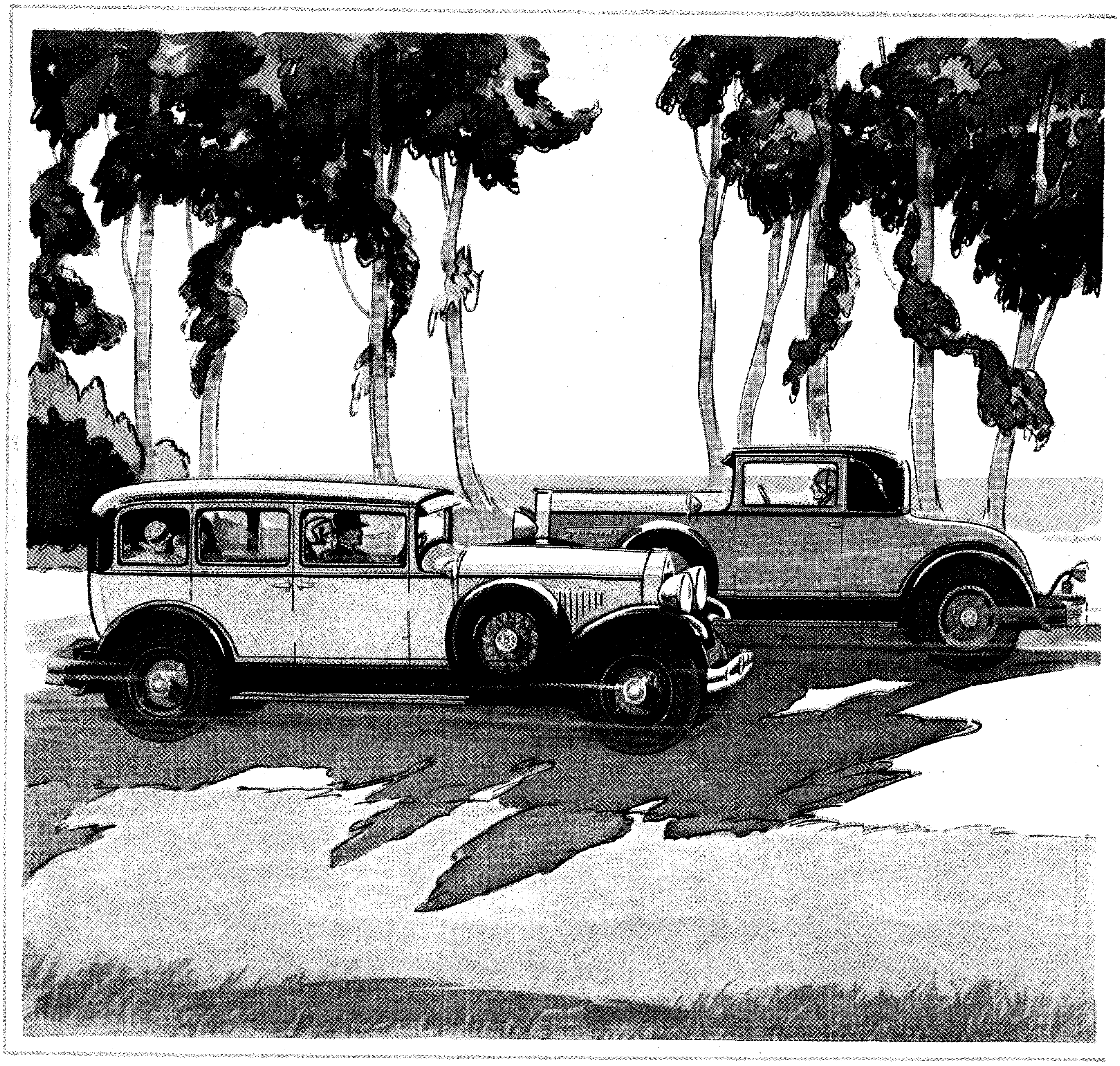

Forty-two body and equipment combinatio

$1345 to $1645. Century Eig

STRONG

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SIX and EIGHT

Today, one short year after the announcement of the first Hupmobile Century models, more than 70,000 enthusiastic owners of Century Hupmobiles pay tribute to this new style and value in motoring luxury. Not once in that period have Hupmobile production facilities been equal to the demand. Month after month, new sales records have been established, culminating early in July with totals that surpassed all of the previous year's production. In this unprecedented success, Hupmobile sees the reward of a quarter century's devotion to high quality in car manufacture, plus a progressive outlook on style and beauty. We invite you to inspect the 1929 Century models, newly refined and years ahead in all that makes for fine motor car satisfaction.

ndard and custom on each line. Six of the Century,

25 to $2125. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

When teeth are white all seems so safe STILL..

Teeth are only as healthy as the gums...

Forhan's
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR THE GUMS
"BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"
FORMULA OF
R.J. Forhan D.D.S.
NEW YORK
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION
UNDER AUTHORITY BY
FORHAN CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
ALWAYS PRESS FROM THE END OF THE TUBE

Don't turn to your mirror for truth. For real danger lurks beyond the sight of the eye. It is stealthy. It is ruthless. It is a grim foe of health, youth and beauty that exacts high toll from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. It is the disease-of-neglect . . . Pyorrhea.

But these odds are unfair.

It is such a simple matter to safeguard health and preserve your teeth against the attack of Pyorrhea. See your dentist at least once every six months. And in addition to brushing teeth, brush gums vigorously, morning and night with the dentifrice that will help to keep them sound, firm and youthfully pink . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which is used by dentists in treating the gums. It is pleasant tasting and refreshing.

Brush teeth and gums faithfully with Forhan's for a few days. Note how much better your gums look and feel. Also you will agree that there is no dentifrice more efficient in cleaning teeth white and protecting them from acids which cause decay.

Start brushing teeth and gums with Forhan's, regularly, morning and night. It's a good habit to teach your children. For it will help to safeguard their precious health in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist—today. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

This 10 Day Test Will Convince You

Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. And the only way to keep them firm, sound and healthy is to massage them daily just as a woman massages her face to keep it glowing with youth and free from the signs of age. Forhan's for the Gums is designed for gum massaging. Make this 10 day test. Morning and night, before brushing your teeth with Forhan's, exercise your gums, closely following the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube . . . See how much better they look and feel!

It Works! . . . Every Time

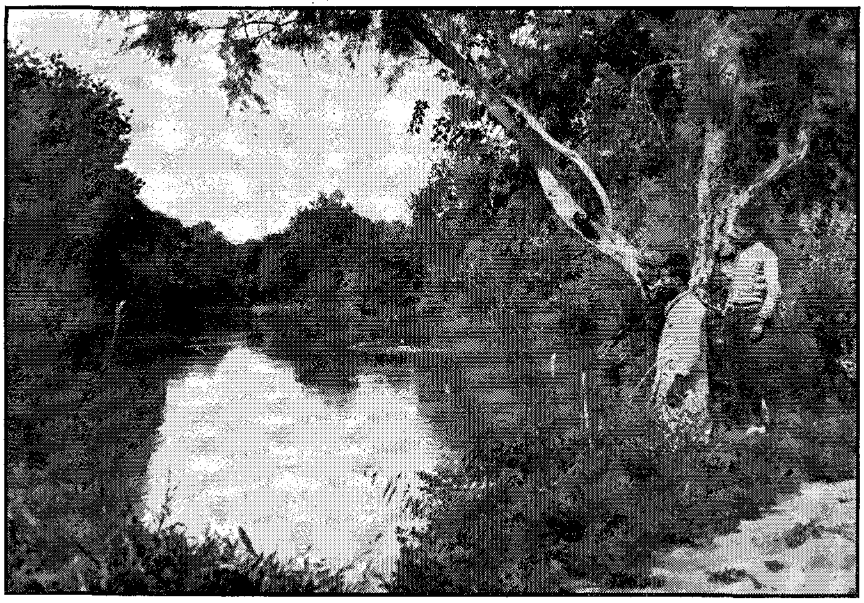
The tremendous success of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant proves that more and more people are realizing the importance of the correct practice of oral hygiene. Every morning and every night they use this Antiseptic Refreshant as a mouthwash. It is powerful, refreshing and safe. It protects mouth, nose and throat from infection and keeps breath sweet. *Try it. 35c and 60c in bottles.*

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

(*Continued from page 36*)

burial. Here is also the Chapel of the Apparition, where Jesus was seen by His mother after the Resurrection. The Armenians claim the chapel of the Parting of the Raiment, and from this we pass along to the Chapel of the Two Thieves, the Crown of Thorns, the prison where Jesus was confined before being nailed to the cross, the impressions in the stone that are said to mark His footprints, the Chapel of St. Longinus, the Chapel of Derision, the Chapel of St. Helena, the Chapel of Invention, where the cross was found; the Chapel of the Raising of the Cross, the Chapel of the Nailing to the Cross, the Chapel of the Agony of the Virgin, and many others. There is even the Chapel of Adam, for it is an ancient tradition that the first man was buried here, and that the blood of Jesus flowed through the rocks to his skull.



WHERE THE RIVER JORDAN FLOWS ON AS OF OLD

Bottles of the water of this historic stream are highly prized by pilgrims from all lands.

In the Greek Chapel there is a stone that is said to mark the center of the world—an honor that likewise is held by a stone in the Temple of Heaven in Peking, China. Here also are the sword, spurs, and cross of Godfrey de Bouillon, the hero of the first Crusade, who declined the title of King, and declared that he could not wear a crown of gold where his Savior had worn a crown of thorns—being satisfied with the title of "Baron of the Holy Sepulcher."

The various altars and chapels are ornamented with magnificent gold lanterns and religious objects, many of them of exquisite workmanship, which have come from all parts of the world.

The Holy of Holies is the yellowish marble chapel that encloses the Sepulcher of Jesus. It is beneath the dome of the church in the center of the rotunda, and is twenty-six feet long and nearly eighteen feet wide. To enter it, one must stoop on account of the low doorway. This is said to have been designed for the purpose of requiring a bowing of the head and body from all who enter. First is the Chapel of the Angels, where is shown the stone which was rolled away from the sepulcher by angels. It is protected by a glass case, which pilgrims are permitted to kiss, so as not to wear away the stone itself. This room is eleven feet long and ten feet wide. There are fifteen lamps always burning here, five belonging to the Greeks, five to the Latins, four to the Armenians and one to the Copts.

Passing through another small door, one enters the Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, which is only six and one-half feet long and six feet wide. It is the fourteenth station of the *Via Dolorosa*, and probably the holiest spot on earth to Christians. The room is encased in beautiful marble, and forty-three lanterns are suspended from the roof, four belonging to the Copts, and the others being equally distributed among the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. On the north wall there is a carving in relief, representing Jesus rising from the tomb. The actual tomb is covered with marble slabs, and is about five feet long, two feet wide, and three feet high. According to Luke, the grave was a rock-tomb, and in the time of Constantine this was discovered and has been considered the actual tomb of Joseph. Mass is said here every day, and a priest is constantly in attendance, the hours being fixt for the different denominations.

NEWEST OLIVE BRANCHES OF THE NEW PALESTINE

Orphans under the care of the American colony in Jerusalem line up in the garden for a picture.

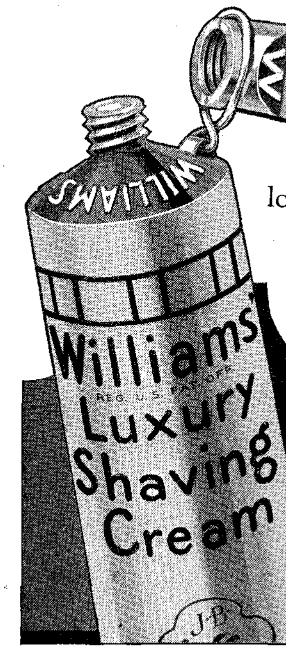
What is known as the Miracle of the Holy Fire occurs here at Easter, and is attended by vast throngs. The crowd often arrives at the church on Good Friday to obtain desirable places. The lights are carefully extinguished on Easter Eve, and the superior clergy march around the Sepulcher while the people pray. A few priests enter the chapel to receive the fire and pass it through windows in the thick walls; outside the chapel, it is received by the crowd, every individual of which strives to have his taper the first to be lighted. Theoretically, the holy fire goes forth from here to all the Christian world.

We make our way to the *Via Dolorosa*, a lane that leads from the military barracks, supposed to mark the site of Pilate's Hall of Judgment, to Calvary. As people decline to accept other sites for the Crucifixion, so they cling to the route known as the Way to the Cross, and pay no heed to the established fact that the configuration of the city has altered in many respects since the time of Jesus, so that in certain places the present pavement, it has been estimated, lies fully sixty feet above the pavement touched by His feet.

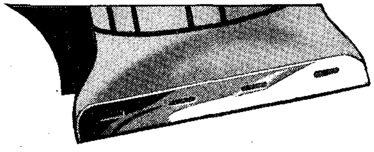
The fourteen stations have been marked by tablets, and are used by all denominations for processions and other ceremonials commemorating the Tragedy. Reading on:

The First Station is where Pilate's Prætorium stood, and where the trial took place. The Second Station is below the steps ascending to the barracks, and marks the spot where the cross was laid upon the condemned man. Here is what is known as the *Ecce Homo* Arch, marking the spot where Pilate uttered the words, "Behold the man!" The Third Station is at a hospice for pilgrims, conducted by Armenian monks, where Jesus is said to have sunk beneath the weight of the cross. A tablet marks the Fourth Station as the place where Jesus met His mother. At the Fifth Station, Simon of Cyrene relieved Him of the cross. There is a depression in a stone here, which is said to have been

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams"



The Cream that leaves FACES FIT!



It's DAY after DAY
week after week
month after month
year after year
that tells the story of a shaving cream.

Quick lather, easy shaving with Williams Shaving Cream. Yes. But much more than that. Its utter purity (a triple distilled purity); its total freedom from coloring matter; its supreme mildness; the rare, soft richness of its blend—these things mean facial pores and tissue properly cared for. They help a lot toward much desired *Face Fitness.*

In your morning shave, why not reap the benefit of the 88 years of specialized experience that have gone into making Williams Shaving Cream?

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY.
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Next time say
"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Afterward find out how perfectly AQUA VELVA completes the shave. Made *just* for that!

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

made by the hand of Jesus. The Sixth Station is a chapel of the Greeks; it marks the residence and tomb of Saint Veronica, who is believed to have wiped the perspiration from His brow, whereupon His features remained imprinted on the handkerchief, now preserved at St. Peter's in Rome. The Seventh Station is called the *Porta Judicaria,* through which Jesus left the town, and where He fell the second time. The Eighth Station is at a Greek monastery, where he addrest the women who accompanied Him. The Ninth Station is in front of a Coptic Monastery, where He again fell beneath the cross. The next four stations are in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the fourteenth being the Sepulcher itself.

Passing through a street, which in reality is nothing more than a tunnel, with shops on both sides, we make our way to the marvel of the Eastern world commonly called "The Mosque of Omar." This splendid building stands upon the site of Solomon's Temple; later, on this same square, we are told, Herod built his palace and restored the temple. To visit this mosque, it was formerly necessary to be accompanied by a *Kavass* from the consul of the visitor's country. This is no longer required, but "infidels" must still draw sandals over their shoes, so that their profane feet will not touch the rugs spread over the floor of this Moslem holy place.

The Mosque of Omar is one of the most perfect structures on earth. Many people declare that it is even more beautiful than the Taj Mahal in India, or St. Marks at Venice; but these are matters of individual opinion, in which men may honestly differ. Of most importance is the fact that the mosque occupies the exact spot where Solomon's Temple stood; it was here that Jesus drove out the money-changers, and here He taught and preached. The mosque encloses the rock on the summit of Mt. Moriah, where Abraham intended to sacrifice Isaac. Here, the Moslems believe, Mohammed ascended from this earth into Paradise; and here, they claim, the great stone or Rock of Sacrifice now hangs suspended in the air, because of its attempt to follow the prophet on his flight. They say it would have followed him had it not been touched by the hand of the Angel Gabriel.

Adjoining the Mosque of Omar is a little mosque of great beauty, and the Moslems tell us that God once stretched a chain across the entrance to this Kiosk, and if this chain was touched by a liar it broke; but the chain is no longer there, and no one need fear the ordeal.

We pass under an ornate portal to the Mosque el Aksa, which is supposed to have been a Christian church at one time, and which quite likely now occupies the site of Solomon's palace. St. John says: "Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch." Within the mosque there are many tombs and various places to which legend and history have attached importance. It is the most distant shrine from Mekka to which God brought the prophet Mohammed in one night. It is said to have been founded only forty years after the Kaaba, the holy shrine in Mekka, but it is probable that it was originally a basilica erected by Justinian in honor of the Virgin Mary.

Passing through another of the beautiful gateways leading to the Mosque of Omar, we are reminded of some of the traditions that cluster about this holy place. The rock on which it stands, we are told, is the foundation stone of the world. It is said to cover an abyss in which are contained all the waters of the flood. Within the mosque, however, we are brought back to modern affairs. The Sheik assumes the position of a prophet and announces that a franc (at par) or a shilling placed in front of him will secure his prayers for the donor. He even goes so far as to guarantee admittance to heaven, and in order not to shut out small contributions he will tell you that half a shilling will take you halfway. The raised platform in the center marks the site of Solomon's Temple, which Christians formerly were forbidden to enter; and even to-day native Jews will not set foot within this area because they fear to tread upon the Ark of the Covenant.

Making our way long the street which leads to the Wailing Place, we pass many beggars who hold out their hands beseechingly. During the week they are not as numerous as on Friday, when hundreds of them are seated along this thoroughfare. Pious and philanthropic Jews give them slips of paper, which are redeemable at the rate of about ten for one cent.

Arriving at the Wailing Place, we are told:

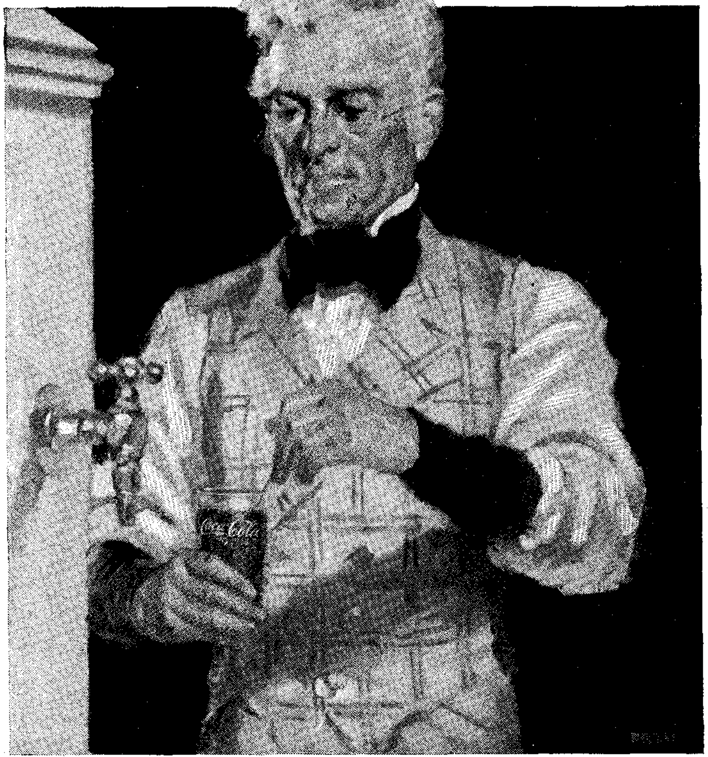
We see huge blocks of stone that may have been put into place by the Romans, altho many archeologists believe they are the actual foundation stones of Solomon's Temple. The stones are smeared with candle-grease, and in places have been worn smooth by millions of kisses; but they have no other signs by which to judge of their age. The Sheik of the Mosque once escorted me into the subterranean depths, down strange winding stone staircases, and as we observed these huge blocks of rock from the interior, he pointed to Phenician and other characters, which he said proved them to have been put into position during Solomon's reign.

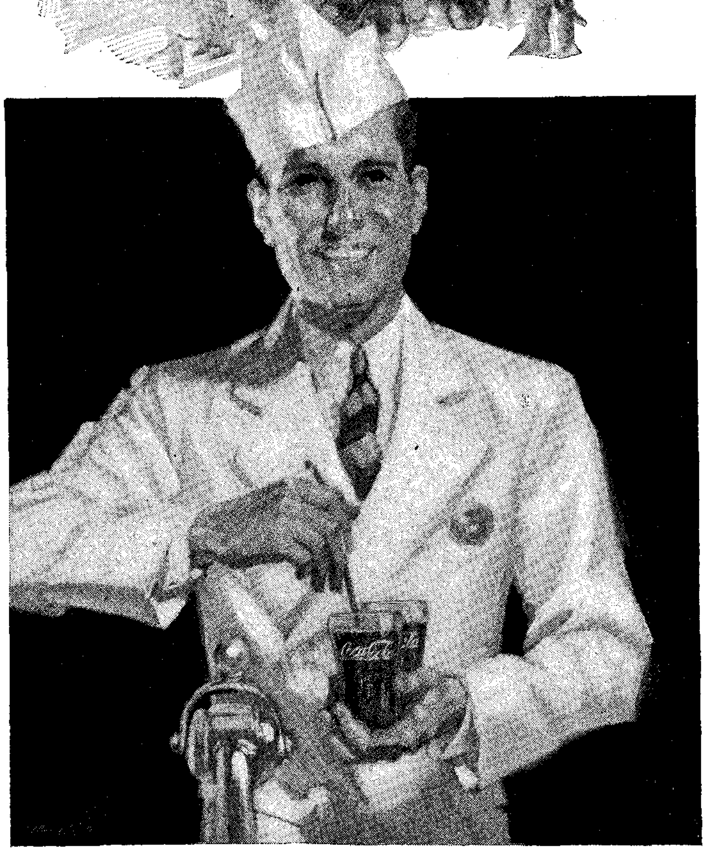
But Jews do not enter the mosque; they see it only from the street, which by a sort of unwritten law is avoided by the Moslems on Friday afternoons. At that time the Jews come here to chant prescribed lines from the Psalms, the Prophets, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Despite Zionism and the return to Palestine, they still wail, and the response to each line is: "We sit in solitude and mourn." Jehovah is petitioned to send another king who will rebuild the temple. It is possible that such religious enthusiasm is not duplicated elsewhere. It seems remarkable that men and women can walk along a city street, suddenly halt before a stone wall, recite Jeremiah's lines for perhaps the ten-thousandth time, and follow them with sobbing and a flow of genuine tears.

Once I stood here for an hour and observed them. The personnel changed, but the emotional fervor did not. There were dignified exceptions. The ceremonial seemed a symbol to them, rather than a reality. They came and hesitated at the wall, solemnly kissed the stone, whispered a prayer, lighted a candle and left it on a ledge of stone as they went away. I was interested in a young Jew, evidently from Bokhara, who wore high leather boots, a cap of Astrakhan fur, and the long coat of the Cossacks—evidently a pilgrim in the city. His features were distinctly Chinese or Mongolian, and there was no facial characteristic to indicate that he was a Jew—and yet here he was at the Wailing Place of his forefathers!

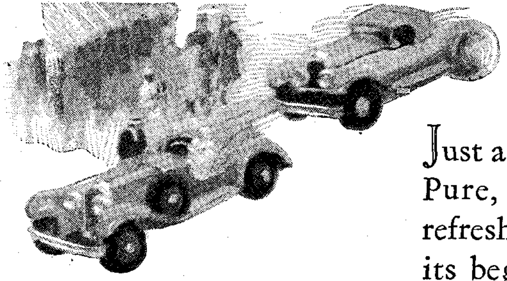
From 8 drinks a day in 1886 to 8 million a day in 1928

Drink
Coca-Cola
Trade Mark Registered
Delicious and Refreshing





The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



8 million a day

Just a drink but—what a drink! Pure, wholesome, delicious and refreshing. Before Coca-Cola had its beginning, the few scattered soda fountains over the country were closed down from October to April. But the drink with that tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment brought realization that "thirst knows no season." More and finer fountains quickly followed—open and inviting you to pause and refresh yourself throughout the year. ✿ ✿ The first year of Coca-Cola an average of eight drinks a day were served. During this year the average is more than eight million a day.

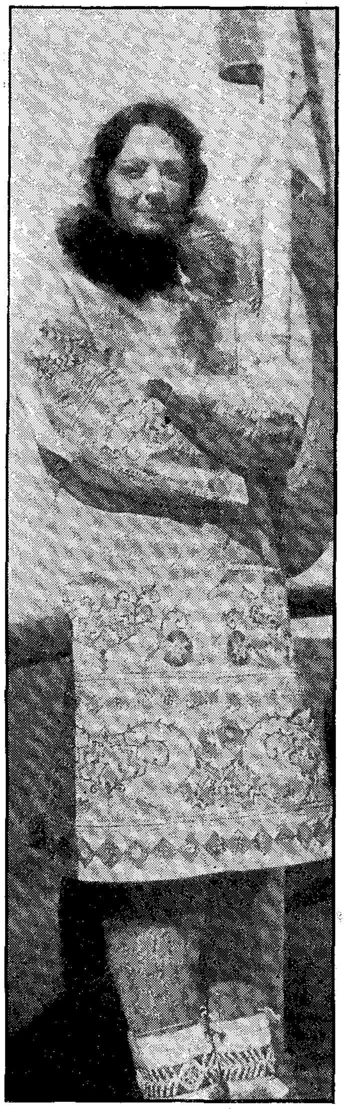
The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

A WOMAN'S ARCTIC TRIP

"WE HAVE FINE TIMES. Last winter we had a dance nearly every night. We got music from KDKA in Pittsburgh and the Drake Hotel orchestra in Chicago." The pretty young matrons had speedily made confidantes of the ladies from far away who were their guests for tea in the comfortable parlor. They talked to their new friends about mah jong, their bridge games, and the sewing circle. "Sometimes," one of them admitted, "the Friday sewing class ends up with some one not speaking to her supposedly best friend." Meanwhile, outside, the awkward, precious seals, destined to become expensive coats, floundered about on the beach of St. Paul Island in the Pribilof group in wintry Bering Sea. For it is to no cozy American home that Mrs. John Borden introduces us thus in "The Cruise of the *Northern Light*" (Macmillan), but to a home in the government colony on this island off Alaska, where a party of explorers had stopt. The tea guests that day, in addition to Mrs. Borden, were Miss Frances Ames and other ladies who sailed on the *Northern Light* as members of Capt. John Borden's Field Museum 1927 expedition to Alaska and the Arctic, as far north as Wrangel Island. Mrs. Borden has told the story of the trip in her book, said to be the first volume in which a woman records her own experiences in the Arctic.



Illustrations from "The Cruise of the *Northern Light*" (The Macmillan Company)

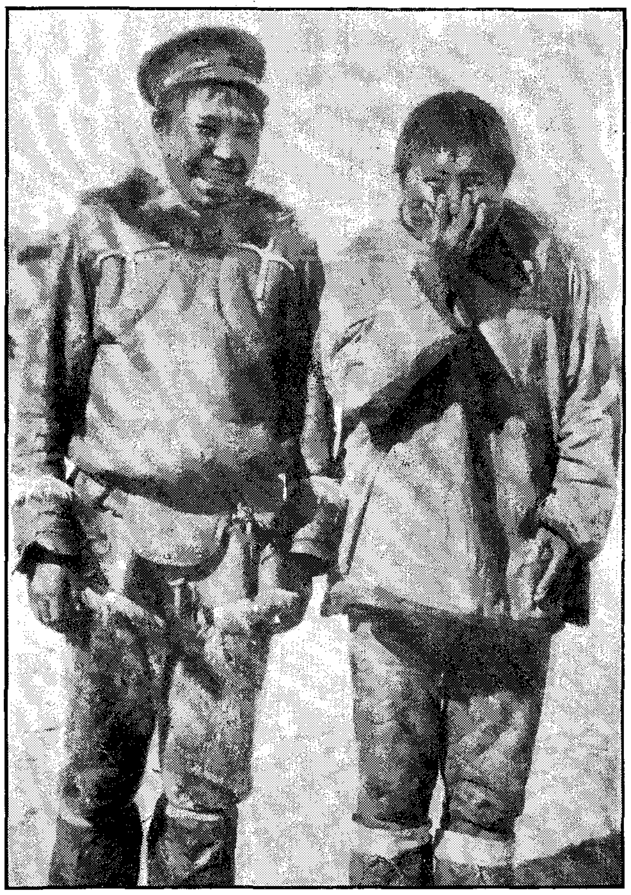
DESPITE THE LAUNDRY

One must wear white in stalking Arctic game, says Mrs. Borden, who is shown here in hunting rig.

This trip is of particular interest for its introduction of Boy Scouts to the frozen North. Our readers will recall our account of the Scout who is on his way to the South Pole with Commander Byrd, and the more recent story of the trio of Scouts who went on safari with the Martin Johnsons in Africa. But on the Borden cruise the sailors on the *Northern Light* were eight Sea Scouts, members of a branch of the Boy Scouts, formed for the older members of the organization who live near bodies of water and are interested in marine affairs. How they came to be selected, Mrs. Borden tells us:

> A ship is no better than her crew. With this in mind we visited New Bedford and Fairhaven, whence hundreds of sailors have sprung. And on board the *Charles W. Morgan* at South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, a whaler which has been preserved as a whaling museum, we met Capt. George Fred Tilton, a veteran sea captain who shows sightseers over the full-rigged ship. Mr. Borden mentioned to him our plans, and through his immediate interest we heard of William F. Joseph, then a retired whaling captain living in San Francisco, who later shipped with us as Executive Officer, second in command. When my husband called on Joseph a month or so later in San Francisco, he accepted the proposition at once, and proved to be an important member of the expedition. Mr. Borden was master and navigator. It was imperative for him to have an experienced person upon whom he could rely, in case he himself should be taken ill, and, indeed, some one who could relieve him, if and when necessary.
>
> In this modern day of steam, mates, engineers, etc., are easier to find for a sailing-vessel than are sailors. Mr. Borden suddenly struck upon the idea of taking Sea Scouts to ship before the mast. As many people do not know what a Sea Scout is, I must explain. This organization is part of the Boy Scouts of America; it provides recreation, romance, and proper leadership for boys of the restless ages of between fifteen and twenty years. These boys are trained on small sailing-boats, learning many of the first requirements of seamanship, some on salt water, others on the Great Lakes.
>
> On this suggestion of Captain Borden lies one of the successes of our expedition: the splendid crew with which we sailed. After talking with Lieutenant Keane, National Sea Scout Director, it was decided to call for volunteers among the Chicago boys in that organization. Every member unhesitatingly volunteered. And out of these some two hundred lads, after vigorous physical examinations, eight boys were chosen. Merit, of course, counted. Now that it is all over, every one of us can honestly say, a finer lot of boys there never were. The experiment proved entirely successful, due to their willingness, cooperation, and their fine individual characters.
>
> The lucky ones were: Johnson Power, Bruno Andrews, Kenneth McClelland, Steven Ram, James Ryan, Jack Holbrook, Ted Purcell, and Otto Carstensen. The youngest was sixteen and the eldest twenty years of age.
>
> Besides Joseph, second in command, the rest of our personnel on sailing from San Francisco included: Harry Olson, first mate; Hans Dahl, second mate; Henry Ericksen, chief engineer; Fred Stephan, second engineer; Ralph W. Hart, radio operator; A. Henderson, chef; Mrs. Henderson, stewardess. At Victoria we lost the Hendersons and engaged William Whatmough, steward, Alfonse Canac, chef, and Pierre Marquette, second cook.

The *Northern Light* sailed from San Francisco on April 21, 1927, to be gone some five months. As the new, white yacht with



WHAT'S THE JOKE?

Two Chukchee boys who found the voyagers so entertaining that good manners had a hard time overcoming amusement.

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DE SOTO SIX

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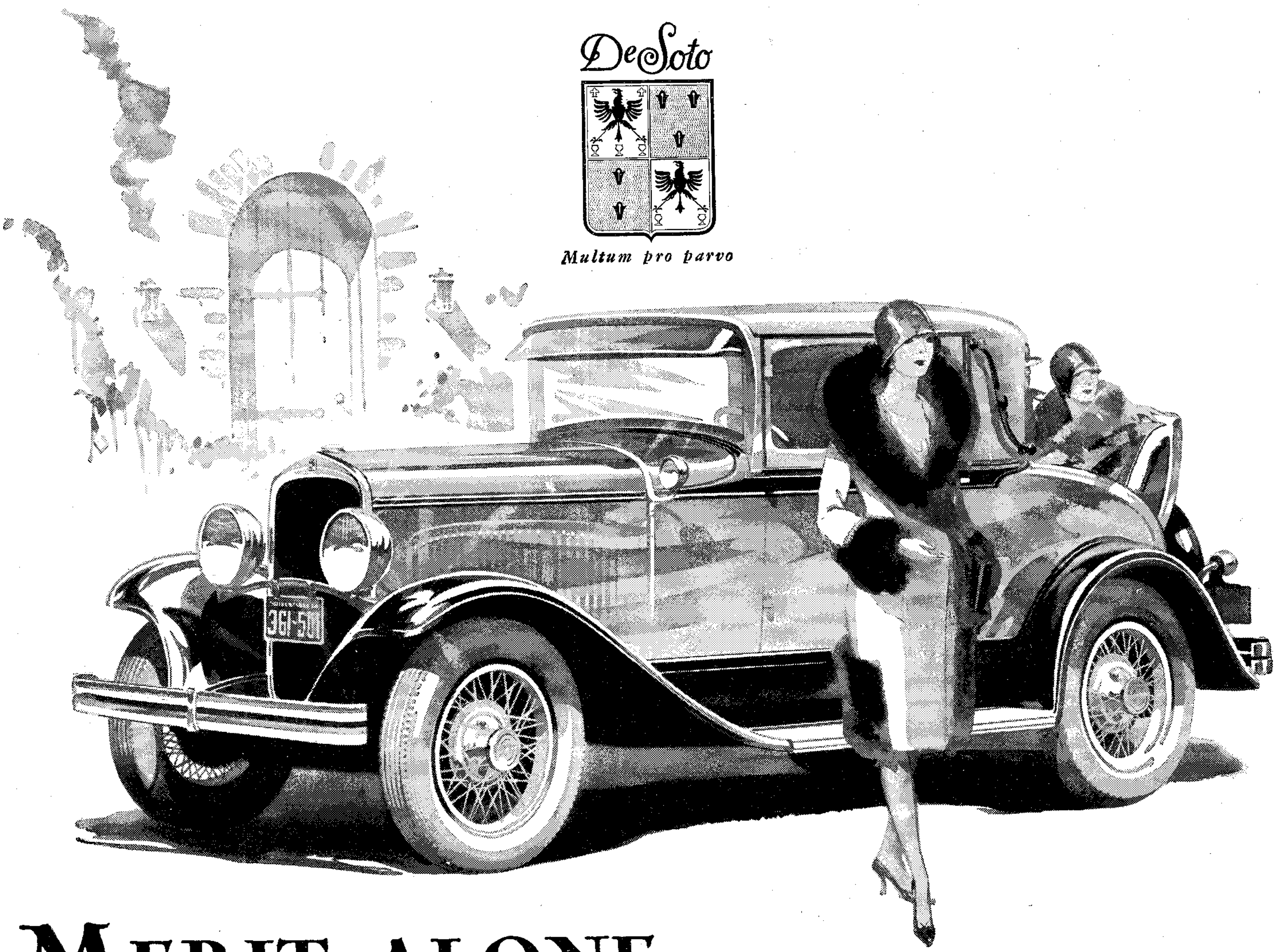


MERIT ALONE WINS SUCH POPULARITY

The instant success of the new De Soto Six is renewed proof that the American public is quick to recognize and generously reward true distinction and quality in a low-priced Six.

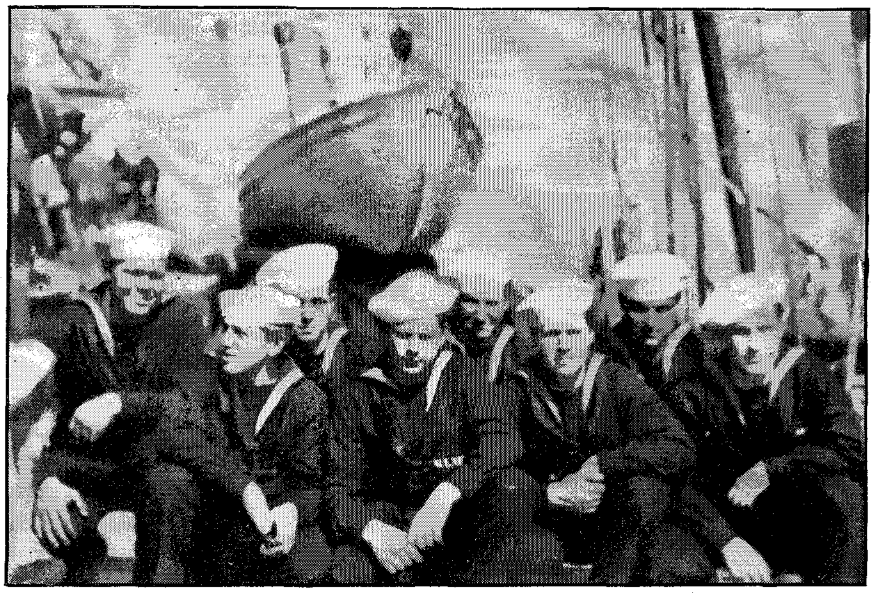
Seven Body Styles, $845 to $955 at the factory

Visit De Soto Six exhibits at New York Automobile Show and Hotel Commodore, January 5-12.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION, *(Division of Chrysler Corporation), Detroit, Michigan* tall slender masts restlessly awaited her departure, Mrs. Borden tells us, above the din and bustle and confusion rose high-pitched, excited voices. Groups of people stood on the dock and stared, while others were tangled in last-minute embraces. Reading on:

"She'll never make a whaler, there isn't 'nuff room to store things on deck, but it don't make no difference, as it's the Captain's hobby. Look at them rails and hatches, and the pilot-house—real teak! Eight tons of brass on her. Too rich for my blood!" mused William F. Joseph to an appreciative audience. He had watched every nail being driven into her hull and decks since the launching just three months before.

The Sea Scouts were looking very important in their seagoing uniforms. *Northern Light* stood out conspicuously in large white letters across their strong young chests. Their blistered hands and the long, hard day before, spent in stowing away twelve tons of coal, were entirely forgotten. Four years' training on small sailing-boats on Lake Michigan they had had, but none of them had ever seen salt water, and they were bubbling over with the hope of adventure and the importance of making good.



NOT SUCH VERY ANCIENT MARINERS

The eight Sea Scouts who made up the crew of the *Northern Light* became model salts..

But let us return to the tea party on the Pribilof Islands. Or rather, let us go beyond it to the arrival of the explorers. When they first came to the islands they were held up by the enveloping fog. But finally, we learn:

The fog raised. We were close in shore where a yellow beach was just emerging from the rising mist. Still no one knew our exact position on the chart; the prominent headland might have been one of three. Accordingly, my husband and Harry went off in the launch to circle the point and get a better idea of our location. Seals were barking from all directions. When the launch turned around the point they were lost for the next hour and a half. The fog once again settled its thick veil on us, and even the beach was blotted out. We stared into it expectantly, hoping to see some sign of the returning boat. We knew they could not see us. Captain Joe blew the whistle—a shriek in the still air. This would give the men some idea where we were. Suddenly the launch appeared from nowhere—it came out of the pea-soup, just off the stern.

SANTA'S BROTHER IN THE LAND OF REINDEER

Or it might be good old Kris Kringle himself. However, it is the Russian priest of St. Paul Island in the Pribilof group packing away a supply of seal meat for the long and hungry winter.

By this time a wind blew up. We must move. But Captain Borden now knew where we were, and where to find English Bay, a safe anchorage in a north wind. How we found it was a miracle to all but those who know navigation. It seemed to most of us that we were heading straight toward the land we had just left—we could see absolutely nothing.

We were still blinded by fog when the anchors were dropt. The loud rumbling sound of the great chains vibrated through the ship. The launch was being lowered. . . .

"The air is 45 and water 34, Captain," reported the Chief. "It has dropt several degrees," he said looking at me, knowing my curiosity on everything that happened.

By this time the launch was ready and alongside the ladder. "If you are going ashore before lunch—better hurry. I will come in later," remarked my husband.

"Sure—I'll take the compass along dis time—we'll find land all right," announced Harry, who emerged from the wheel-house when he saw us look questioningly toward the thick fog.

So we went ashore, pulling up near a wooden dock. A man stood there waiting with a large canvas boat, or *baidar*, in which some natives sat ready to row us over the flats—it being low tide.

"Good-morning," he called. "We have seen your masts and wondered when you would come ashore. You're in Captain Borden's party, are you not? My name's McMillan. I am in charge of supplies for the Bureau of Fisheries. Well—the boys at the Wireless Station have kept in touch with you for quite a while—I believe they have challenged your crew to some games for this afternoon."

The next thing we knew—we were standing on a dock, surrounded by eight or ten women. It was a great surprize seeing so many white women at the same time, and, of all places, on this tiny bit of land so remotely isolated in Bering Sea, constantly surrounded by fog in summer, and in winter, the southern edge of the Polar ice-pack.

We realized, of course, there were necessarily a few people on the island to check up on the valuable fur-seal herd, but had not dreamed we would find more than one or two white women. Here were more than we had seen at Unga and Unalaska put together!

"I wonder what kind of huts the poor things live in," I thought to myself as we started walking up the hill. I looked up and saw a large town, one that might be found on a Middle Western prairie. White wooden houses, red slate roofs, wireless houses enclosed by a white New England fence, smaller houses of white stucco, and above the largest building waved the Stars and Stripes.

HORIZONS BEYOND

LIFTING his head above the water, a swimmer sees the full sweep of horizon, where sky meets sea, only a stone's throw away! . . . High on the bridge deck of a liner a watch-officer looks out across the ocean to an horizon only six miles beyond! . . . *But on a clear night the pilot of the Air Mail, looking down on the dark world from an elevation of 10,000 feet, sees in one sweeping glance the clustering lights of Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Buffalo!*

For there are always new horizons beyond . . . horizons that open up to those who climb the higher altitudes to look upon a broader world spreading below. . . .

Twenty-five years ago prophets saw the end of our great forests; today, because of substitutes for wood that might have been seen even then just beyond the horizon, lumbermen must specialize their products in order to find new customers. . . . At about the same time experts saw the end of our coal supplies; today, because of oil and electricity that were always available just beyond the horizon, there is a glut of coal for fuel, and wider horizons are being found for it in the new world of industrial chemistry. . . . Alarmists saw famine close at hand as the fertility of the soil itself diminished; today, because of the discovery of fertilizers and the utilization of improved machinery in farming and the cultivation of new regions that had long lain unplowed just beyond the horizon, farmers can hardly find markets large enough to absorb their bumper yields!

What, then, may lie beyond your horizon of today?

It is all too common a mistake for a man to fix his gaze upon a near horizon and refuse to believe that anything of value lies beyond. It is a common mistake to continue measuring achievement by obsolete standards, and to think in terms of finality.

All the streets will never be laid. All the wires will never be strung. All the houses will never be built. The great jobs that stretch to the horizon will never be done; for the horizon keeps eternally lifting to new unreached horizons beyond. Those who will not look are simply blinding themselves to the fact that we are only at the beginning of our commercial and industrial possibilities.

This year will probably be the greatest in the production of automobiles the world has ever known. . . . There will be an extraordinary increase in the number of motor-boats. . . . In spite of the competition of trucks, railroads will continue to be taxed to the utmost to carry all the long-haul freight that is offered. . . . *And above our heads the drone of the airship is singing a thrilling song of immeasurable horizons still beyond!*

It is one of the functions of advertising to search for these new horizons, to study constantly the commercial need for new markets, to mark the trends that lead outward to larger fields. . . .

© Dallin

Just as this page was being plated for the press, the Graf Zeppelin . . . first of all transatlantic air liners . . . passed directly over the new Ayer building, now rapidly nearing completion. . . . How better can we illustrate the significance of "HORIZONS BEYOND"?

N. W. AYER & SON

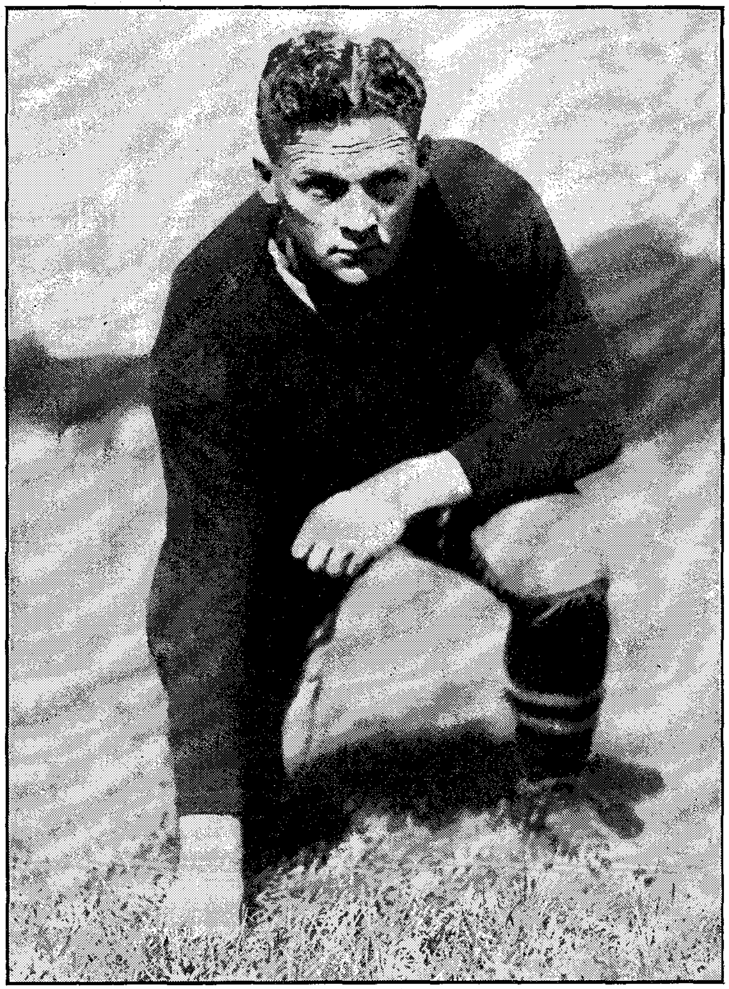
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

"SPORTSMANIA" IN THE COLLEGES: PRO AND CON

THE ARMY ELEVEN thundered down the field like so many wild buffalo running amuck. It was in the last quarter. Notre Dame had just scored another touchdown, and was leading 12 to 6. Just about a minute was left to play and the Army's outlook seemed hopeless. The team appeared weary and spent. If it had been a team of professionals, says W. O. McGeehan in the New York *Herald Tribune*, citing this incident of the recent Army-Notre Dame game, as typical of the college spirit which distinguishes amateur from professional football, "they would have conceded that business was over for the day. All that the Wandering Irishmen had to do was to hold the Army safe for a trifle more than sixty seconds." But in that last minute there was a sudden change, a mighty upsurging of spirit. Notre Dame kicked off and "Red" Cagle, the Army back, picked up the ball. His ten mates, in a wild frenzy, gathered about him. They formed a perfect screen and the herd charged through the scattered Notre Dame defense. For sixty yards they proceeded toward the goal, and it seemed that nothing could stop them. This, with a minute to go and the game seemingly lost beyond any chance of recovery—as, indeed, it was, for that gallant rally did nothing to change the score. But that, says Mr. McGeehan, "is the amateur attitude, the thing that the professional baseball players call 'giving it the old college try.' This sudden fury —or we might call it inspiration—is characteristic of the intercollegiate game of football."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

WAS THIS FOOTBALL HERO FOOLISH?

"Red" Cagle showed spirit and gameness in the Army-Notre Dame football game. Does he take athletics too seriously, as some writers insist is the case with many of our players and fans, or is his the spirit to be encouraged?

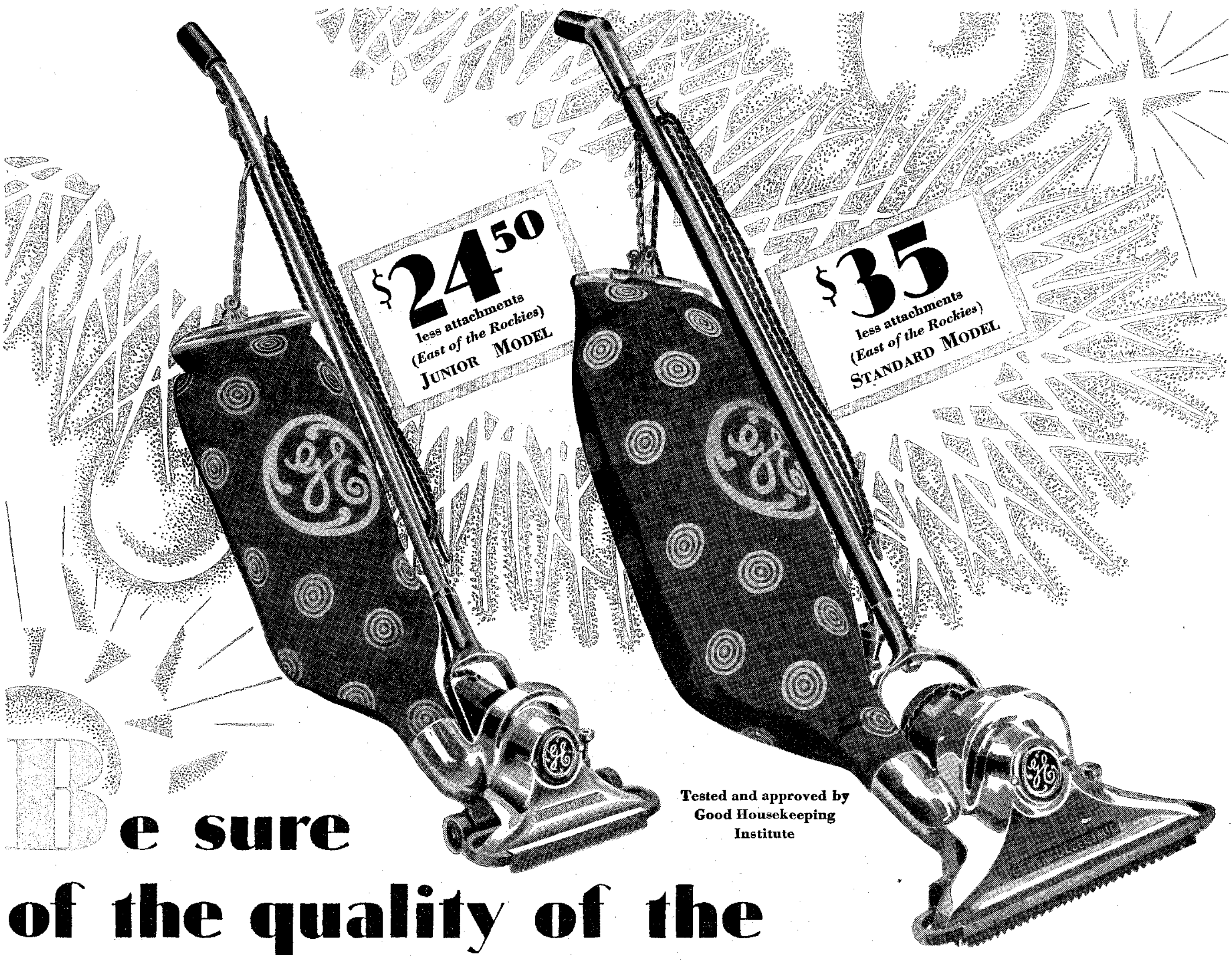
But this spirit, long considered one of the finest expressions of college loyalty suddenly finds itself an object of attack. We are overserious about our sports, according to one school of critics. Opposed to this theory, however, is the sadness and indignation of "Tad" Jones, the famous Yale coach, when he saw that only 500 undergraduates had turned out for a rally on the eve of the Elis' recent annual gridiron meeting with Harvard. "Is it a Yale-Harvard game that is to be played, or are a lot of week-end dances to be given?" he is reported by the New York *Times* to have said at the meeting, prophesying that the dances would be well attended if the rally was not.

Not only football, but the entire range of amateur sports, is being subjected to a highly critical scrutiny, and a spirited controversy is raging among sports writers and athletes, largely as a result of "$port$, Heroics, and Hysterics" (John Day), by John R. Tunis, himself a sports writer and former athlete. In the course of this debate, sports, as we shall see presently, find plenty of defenders. Mr. Tunis, in commenting on alleged overemphasis on sports in colleges, mentions an aftermath of a former Army-Notre Dame game, won by the Army. Of college spirit as manifested at that time he says:

> This fervid attitude toward sport is instilled into the American as a boy in school and college. Cheering is showing "spirit." You must support the team. Said a leading sports writer in an Eastern daily recently:
>
> "The spirit of Notre Dame in football rises superior to defeat. I saw a letter yesterday which was written by a Notre Dame student to a friend here. Here is an illuminating extract from it. 'No doubt the Army victory over N. D. rather surprized you. Well, it did me. The boys must have been way off, or the Army must have been very good. The spirit here was stronger than ever. Monday at 6 A. M. the students got up and went to the station four miles away to meet the players, who arrived at 7:17 A. M. The students cheered the players and sang the "Victory March." A few of the players had tears on their cheeks. They were a deprest outfit. The crowd snake-danced down Michigan Avenue at 7 A. M., rather early, I'll say. When the outfit reached the school the band met them, also more of the boys, and they cheered, yelled, and sang. They also had yells and cheers at noontime meal, when they met together. That is spirit.'"
>
> The sports writer who called this portion of the letter "an illuminating extract" was certainly not guilty of exaggeration.

"Do you happen to remember the Caldwell affair?" inquires Mr. Tunis, continuing with examples of what he considers undue seriousness about college athletics. Then he refreshes our memories, thus:

> In this *cause célèbre* of American intercollegiate sport, the hero was a football player who had played—tho briefly—on the freshman eleven at Brown University. He then transferred to Yale University, where he played, first on the freshman team, and later two years upon the varsity. Thus he had enjoyed four years of competitive football, which at present—and not unjustly —is deemed sufficient for the undergraduate. His season on the Brown freshman eleven received no public mention, and he continued playing for most of his fifth year at New Haven. Three



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

days before the Yale-Princeton game, however, his football services at Brown were brought to light and, quite properly, he was promptly declared ineligible by the Yale athletic authorities. The curious thing about the Caldwell affair was not his ineligibility and removal from the Yale team, but the astonishing wave of indignation with which this eminently fitting act was received by the devotees of the Great Sports Myth, and the amount of hysterical and maudlin comment produced by the whole affair.

Mr. Caldwell was interviewed, the head coach of the Yale eleven was interviewed, the graduate manager of athletics at New Haven was interviewed, the leaders of the colleges about to play Yale were questioned, Mr. Caldwell's father in Rhode Island was cross-examined, pictures were published of his home, of Mr. Caldwell in uniform, in civilian clothes—and so on *ad nauseam.* Instead of being treated as a young man who, whether knowingly or unknowingly, had transgrest a rule, Mr. Caldwell became a hero. He was considered the unfortunate victim of a cruel freak of chance. He became overnight a martyr of American sport. One Yale graduate of twenty years' standing wrote a letter to a New York daily which, in spite of its extraordinary phraseology, expresses perfectly the attitude of the sports-loving public at the moment. I quote his letter, literally, as follows:

"For Caldwell the man I sing, not Caldwell the player of games. Shall this man be doomed that the technical gods be fed? Yale! Princeton! Harvard! Why destroy this man? Thy glory goes on, but what of him? Has he broken the spirit of the law governing tramp athletes? It seems that technically he had. He has done so unconsciously, while the athletic committee at Yale has done so inadvertently or through oversight. One might not expect that he would know the rule about tramp athletes, but one would expect that the athletic authorities at Yale would be zealous to guard the law they helped frame.

"Therefore, Caldwell is not in any way to blame; but the real blame rests upon the Yale athletic authorities. The injury, should he not be allowed to play, falls upon Caldwell, the man. More far reaching than acquiring his 'Y,' it affects his whole career. Yale! You are responsible for the wrecking of his whole career, if you carry out your present design! . . . All sportsmen . . . are deprest, chagrined, and ashamed to see a man like this defamed. Thy glory can not stand on such little points as are claimed. It's a man that is called and is up at the stake. To hell with such rules that down such as him. They never were made to destroy such fame. Now show you're greater than the rules and stand first for a man that's a man clean through. "YALE 1907."

You will perhaps be pleased to observe that, according to this alumnus, there is something "more far reaching than acquiring a 'Y.'" You may be astonished that a letter of this kind could be written by a mature man, twenty years out of college. But this is really not surprizing. He was simply a firm believer in the Great Sports Myth. Nor did he stand alone. A football writer, himself a college man, alas, said of the Caldwell case: "If Caldwell does not play next Saturday the afternoon of seventy-five thousand people will be spoiled, and a boy's life ruined." Quite the correct perspective of sportsmania!

But "Tad" Jones, as has already been indicated, feels that Yale is not serious enough about football. His remarks at the poorly attended rally, according to *The Times,* follow:

"I never came to a Yale mass meeting which had so many empty seats," he roared. "The attendance shows that one-tenth of the college wants to see the Yale team win."

"You have no right to ask any more of a team than the spirit which you give to it when you get behind it at rallies like this.

"The undergraduate body of Yale ought to be ashamed of itself for what I see to-night. This appears to me to be the disintegration of the finest thing in Yale, the Yale spirit. Go out and tell the fellow who isn't here what just a plain old Yale man, not an old football player, not a head coach or a committee chairman, but just a plain old-timer, who knew the old Yale spirit, said when he looked at these empty seats.

"It's these empty seats that I am talking to, not to the fellows who turned out to-night to get behind the team. Go back to the campus and tell the fellows who belong in these empty seats not to stand behind the team if they don't want to, but tell them that I know they will be in the Bowl next Saturday, occupying the best seats in the middle of the field, and all will have girls with them.

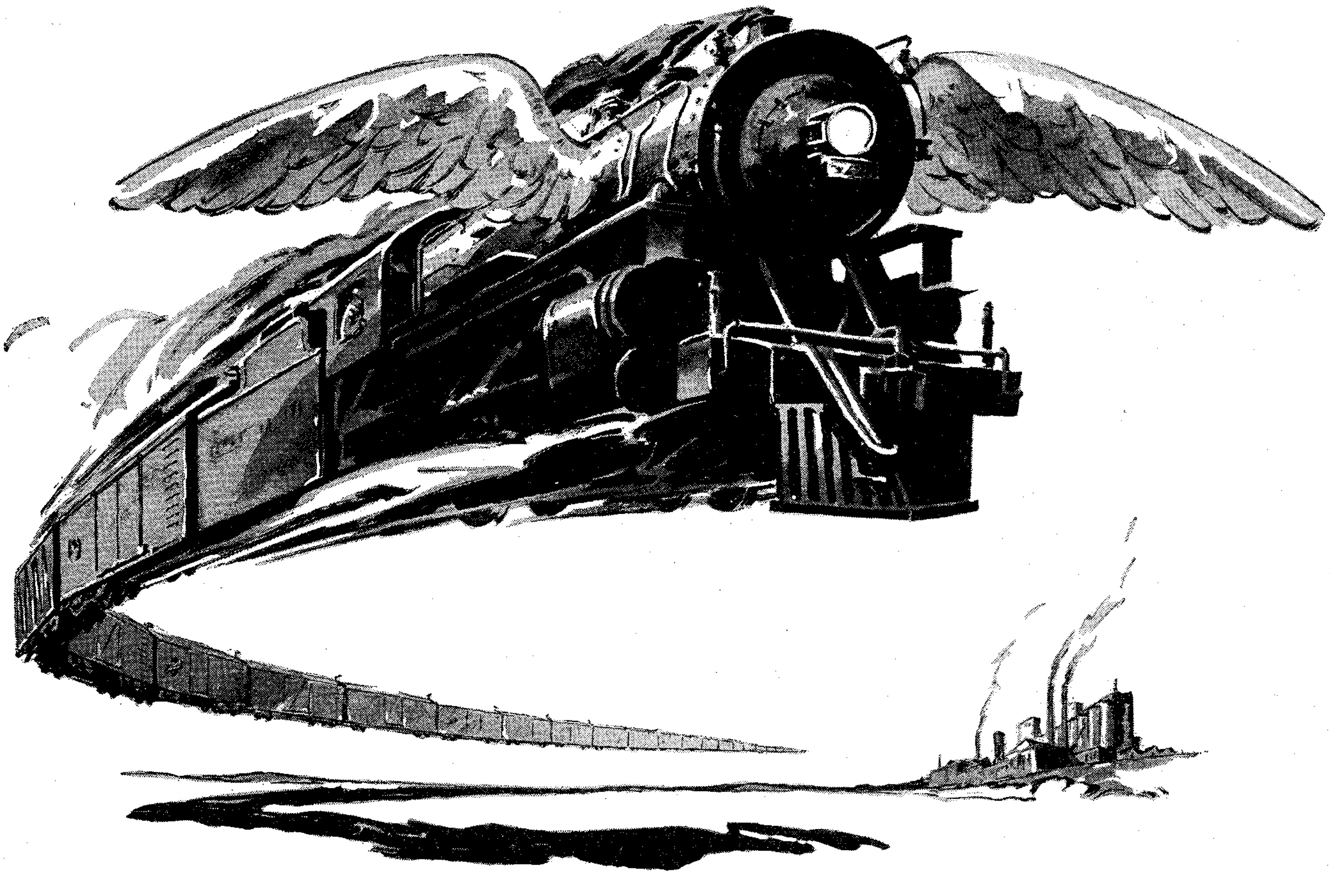
"Men of Yale before me boasted of the old Yale spirit. Until to-night I have defended the new Yale spirit, and called it the equal of the old. The empty seats make me doubt myself. If the men of Yale of to-day can't make the new Yale spirit what the old Yale spirit was, I shall be sad and heavy-hearted."

But Mr. Tunis diagnoses similar symptoms quite differently, and believes that they show that the present-day student is achieving a saner attitude toward sport. "Sportsmania," he believes, is on the wane, and he offers these examples in support of his contention:

Nowadays, in the average large university, nobody knows and nobody cares whether you go or don't go to big athletic contests. Most students and instructors do go, but there is no longer any such compulsion to do so as there was twenty years ago when undergraduates were forced to attend by pressure of undergraduate feeling. President Hopkins of Dartmouth said to me recently:

"When I was in college a man would have been considered white-livered and altogether objectionable as a citizen of the community who was not present at every football game. Now, except for some great dramatic spectacle during the season, undergraduates will be found on golf links, trout streams, outing-club trails, and in canoes upon the river, on the fall afternoons of the most important games."

Not long ago the best end on the Harvard football team, a man who had scored the only touchdown made against Yale for a long period of years, refused in his senior year to go out for football because he preferred to row. There was no compulsion, no talk of what he "owed to the



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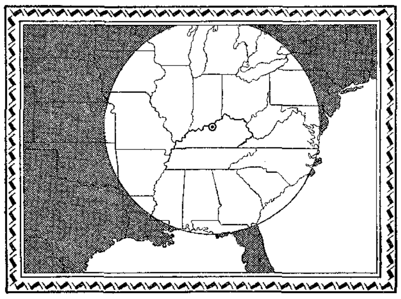

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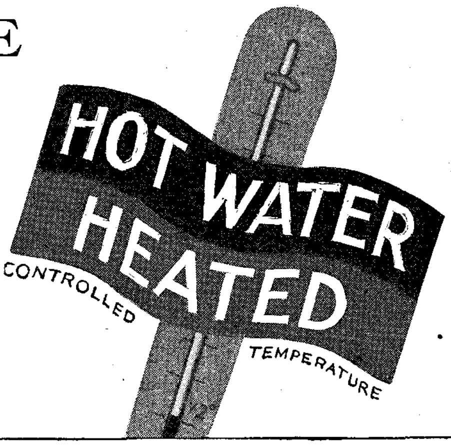

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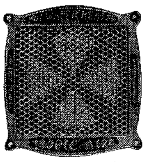

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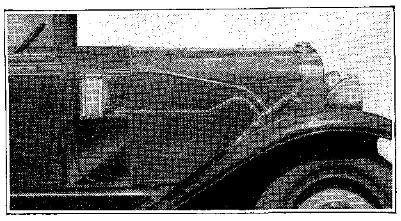

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

college," and no pressure was brought to bear upon him to play a game he did not care for. The same year one of the outstanding candidates for the Dartmouth football team refused to come out for a place on the eleven because he had set his heart on making Phi Beta Kappa by the end of his junior year. His wishes were respected, and he was permitted to do as he pleased. Are these merely random instances? On the contrary, I think they could be multiplied in most of the large colleges in the country, and certainly in the large Eastern ones.

At an institution of this sort a few years ago an amazing incident occurred. This university had had a bad football season, and, late one afternoon following a rather sloppy practise session, several of the players were joking and indulging in horse-play in the locker rooms. That evening at the training table one of the old players, back for a few days' coaching, violently reproached these men and attributed the failure of the team to their attitude. Curiously enough, the whole squad was resentful of this criticism. One of them said that he was sick of the whole athletic proposition because of the seriousness of men like this alumnus. "We've had it painted to us," he said, "about the courage and the carefree attitude of men going into battle in the Great War singing; but this Yale game is so important that we can't even smile for a week beforehand."

Now that the American undergraduate is talking in this manner, I submit that there is a chance, and a good chance, for a saner, healthier, and more sensible outlook upon sport in the United States.

Not long ago the ex-football stars among the alumni of a great Eastern university, returning to the campus for reunion, were horrified by a skit put on by undergraduates during Commencement time. This travesty depicted a rubbing-room between the halves of a great football game, and an old graduate who came in to a defeated eleven and gave them a traditional "pep talk," in which he urged the players to show themselves worthy of their ancestors, their present families, and their posterity. This sketch caused amusement among the undergraduates; but it struck terror to the hearts of the ex-football stars. They complained to the authorities of the university that the incident showed the struggle that "he-man" games had to make against undergraduate upstarts with precocious literary aspirations!

So serious were the alumni in their attitude, and so badly did many of them feel, that no one had the heart to explain that the whole thing was an act that had been staged earlier in the winter at a college show by a man who had been the best halfback the university had ever produced, a man who had unanimously received an All-American ranking. Such an affair would have been impossible twenty years ago. To-day it is no more remarkable than a permanent wave at a Vassar reunion.

Last year the Harvard *Crimson*, the student newspaper at Cambridge, decided not to overemphasize athletics, but to give it the space it deserved and no more. For this attitude the paper was roundly attacked at a football mass meeting by a former All-American end; but it stuck to the policy adopted. At the same time the

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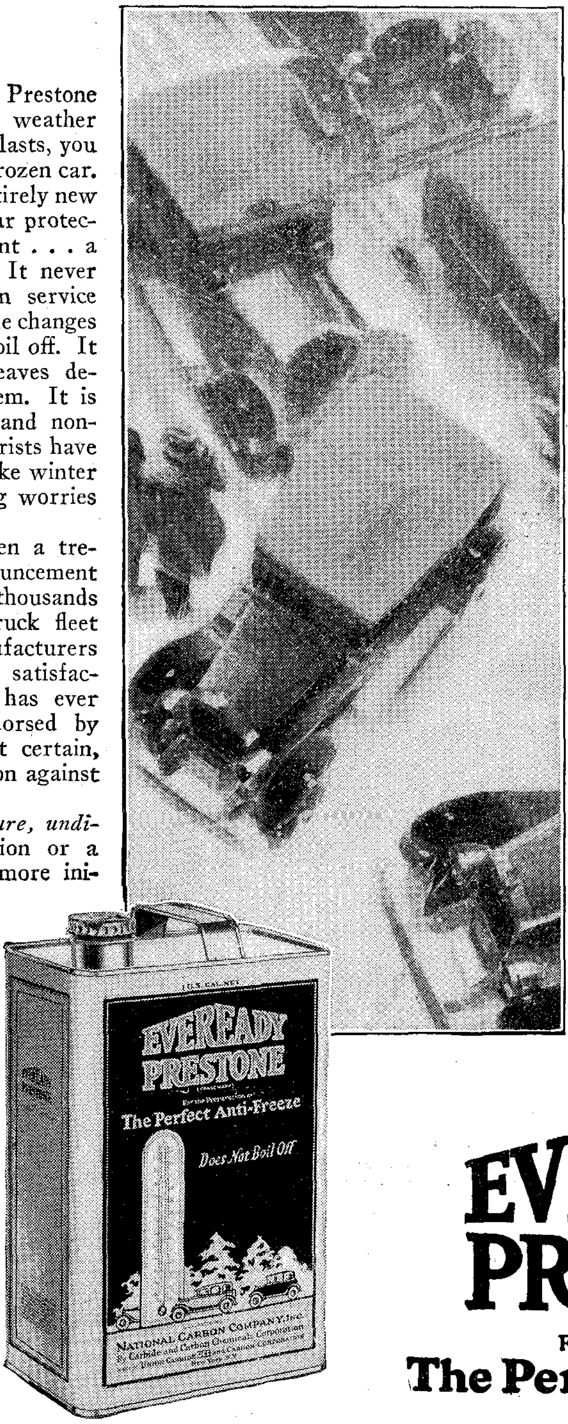

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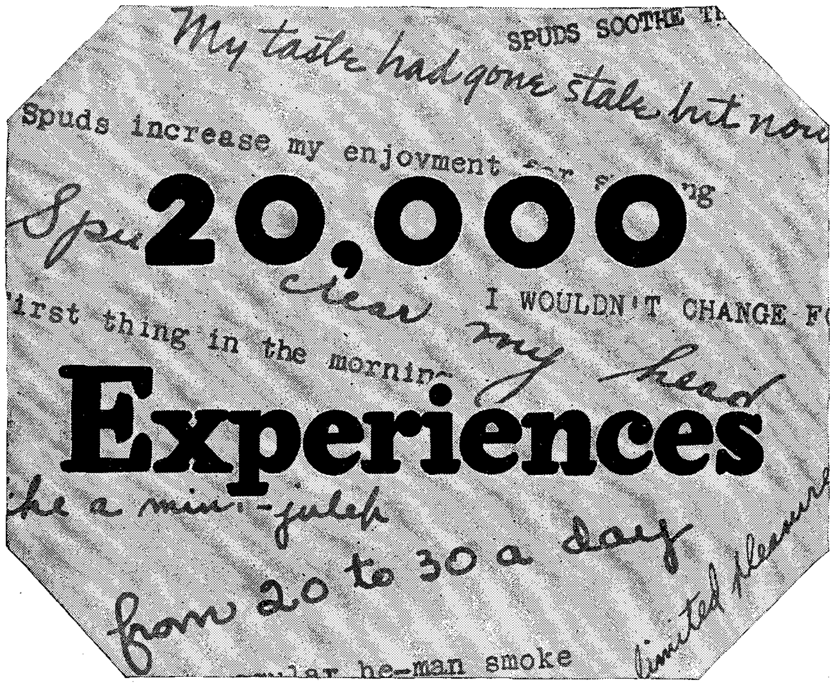

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Yale *Daily News*, the college paper at New Haven, came out with a series of intelligent proposals regarding football, the principal one being that the game should be put on much the same basis as in England, with student coaches.

According to a report made public at New Haven, football at Yale grossed $1,033,211.98 for the season of 1927, remarks the New York *World* in an editorial, which runs on:

> Yet the Athletic Association ended its fiscal year with a deficit of $40,731.78, by reason of the fact that football was the only sport to show a profit, and contributed its gains to support other sports which ran at a loss. And this surely proves that there is something in one of the main arguments that are made in favor of football. It is declared that while the game itself is played by the few, and while it is perhaps a bit "overemphasized" during the brief season that it is played, it does provide the wherewithal for the sports that the many engage in.
>
> And while it may be admitted that this argument is cogent as far as it goes, there is one other thing to be considered, and it can not be dodged. That is the figure $1,033,211.98. Football, no matter how benign are some of its results, is a million-dollar sport. It owns stadiums, and these carry bonds on which interest must be paid. It owns real estate, and on this taxes must be paid. It hires expensive coaches, a great staff of ticket-takers and publicity experts; it lets contracts for printing, and sells advertising by the agate line. In other words, it is Big Business. And when you have tied yourself up with the Big Business of football, you are not free to deal with the educational desirability of football in a detached manner. Football, it is no exaggeration to say, can now dictate to the American university about a great many things. Perhaps its demands, taking one with another, are sound. But that is not the point. The main thing is that the tail is now wagging the dog, and our university authorities had better do some hard thinking as to whether they want this state of affairs to continue.

Following Harvard's victory over Yale, *The World* in another editorial calls attention to a falling off of football spirit at both universities, and remarks:

> Superficially, no doubt, the trouble lies with coaching systems and such things. But deeper than that, we imagine, is a changed attitude toward the game on the part of the students of both places. They have discovered possibly more interesting things to occupy their attention than football. Their schools are located so that they can do many pleasant things on week-ends, and even between week-ends. Football is no longer as romantic to them as it was; in fact, on account of the yelling and "spirit" that it demands from them, it has probably become a bit of a bore. Hence we see such a spectacle as we have seen this season, with Harvard barely pushing out of the minors, and the great Yale spirit slinking into its bulldog kennel in mid-season and never emerging thereafter. There, at any rate, overemphasis seems to be on the way to curing itself.

I DO NOT CARE TO SING ALONE

BY

Maria Jeritza

SOPRANO
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COMPANY

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Dear Sirs:

Of course you know from your sales just how popular your brands of tobacco are, but perhaps what follows will illustrate something of the identity, so to speak, of the users of Edgeworth.

I happen to be blest with a host of very fine friends, mostly "highbrows"—professors, scientists, &c. Generally at Christmas time they show their remembrance and all that with some little gift—a box of cigars, fishing tackle, a book—all that sort of thing.

Well, this Christmas many seemed to centre on *tobacco*. Now, mark you, these fellows have no communication with each other. They live in widely separated parts of the country, so it was no "put-up" joke on me or anything like that. But here came seventeen boxes of tobacco, and sixteen of them the familiar blue "Edgeworth"! The seventeenth was a very flossy walnut, brass-trimmed box; but if I know tobacco, the contents were Edgeworth with a little perique in it.

Just a coincidence, perhaps, but a queer *one Am not an habitual smoker of* Edgeworth, so they weren't catering to any especial taste of mine. Looks like a consensus of opinion among the "highbrows"—or quite a batch of 'em—that Edgeworth is *the* stuff, the proper caper for a gift.

Sincerely yours,
F. W. Fitzpatrick.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes in three favorite gift sizes for Christmas—the pound glass humidor, the pound tin, and the very attractively decorated half-pound tin. Each size is packed in a specially inviting gift carton, printed in gay colors. Prices—$1.65 for the pound humidor. $1.50 for the pound tin. And 75c for the half-pound tin.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
READY RUBBED
EDGEWORTH
TOBACCO
EDGEWORTH
TOBACCO

Please ask your tobacco dealer to show you these Christmas packages. Or, if he cannot supply you, send us $1.65 for each pound humidor, $1.50 and 75c, respectively, for each pound and half-pound tin of Ready-Rubbed to be shipped; also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, with your personal greeting card for each friend.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends.

Personal: If you have never tried Edgeworth, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. We shall be glad to send you free helpings of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, from pocket tins to handsome humidors—to suit the needs of any smoker.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 Kilocycles—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

AMERICA'S OLDEST AND ROUGHEST BALL GAME

Up goes the ball in the center; the game is on. One player socks it with his racket, and it soars far down the field. A knot of excited players gather around it. One scoops it up in his racket and starts to run. Two opponents leap on him in a way that would make a college football coach gasp, and he goes down with a crash, the ball flying from his grasp. This is no well-known American game that we are watching, but it is an American game, we read in an article in *NEA Magazine*, the oldest ball game in the country, we are further assured. It is known as "ball play," and it is greatly favored to this day by the eastern Cherokee Indians in the Great Smoky mountain regions. Baseball is perhaps the great American game, we read on, and football has its thrills; but for real, downright excitement, heated combat and general all-round roughness, no game can beat this "oldest form of athletic competition on the continent." Of its survival we are told:

The eastern Cherokees are, in some ways, the most interesting group of Indians in the country. Their ancient customs and tribal rites still flourish in the magnificent wilderness that lies within a day's train ride of the nation's capital. Every October the Cherokees convene at the little town of Cherokee, North Carolina, and stage a fair; and at these fairs the white man can see Indian life as it was lived generations before Columbus ever left Palos.

The Indian ball game is the chief feature of these fairs, and is earnestly to be recommended to all those who think football and lacrosse are rough games.

It seems to be a general combination of the more exciting elements of football, baseball, lacrosse, mayhem, and plain murder. The young brave who indulges in it always knows, when the game ends, that he has been somewhere and done something.

The game, up until the moment play actually begins, is a highly formal affair. Preparations begin weeks in advance, when the various clans and tribes pick their best teams and drill them for the combat.

On the night before a game, a team will retire to a forest glade and begin the ceremonial dances and purification rites that must precede the actual sport.

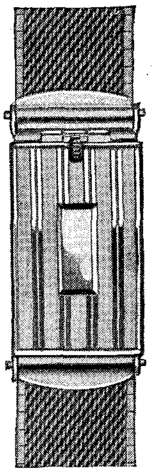
All night long the players—there are ten on a team—dance about a camp-fire, chanting a wailing, lugubrious chant that was old when London was a hamlet. The medicine man leads the chanting, shaking a gourd containing seven pebbles, as a charm.

Now and again the dancing and chanting stop at a signal from the medicine man, and the party goes down to a stream to dip their "ball-play" paddles in the water, while the medicine man invokes the spirits of the stream to help them. Then they return to the camp-fire and resume their incantations.

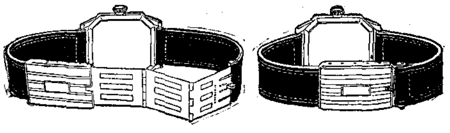
Then a chosen player takes seven steps in the direction of the opposing team's

PICTURE OF ANY MAN and his KREMENTZ GIFT

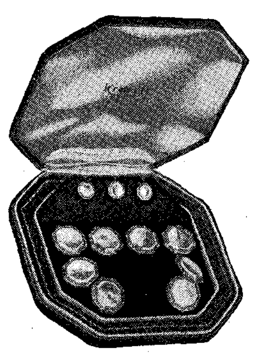
This Christmas, as usual, Krementz Jewelry will be given in thousands of homes.... and just as many thousands of men will show their appreciation of Krementz Quality.



KREMENTZ Wrist Watch Bands—new and different. No buckle! Instead, *three expanding links!* Prevents dropping watch. Permits watch and strap to be slipped up on arm when washing hands. In Krementz Quality Rolled Gold Plate with leather or flexible Milanaise mesh bands—$7.50 to $15. Also in 14kt. and 18kt. gold and solid platinum.



When completely expanded there is ample allowance for free passage over hand or up on forearm.



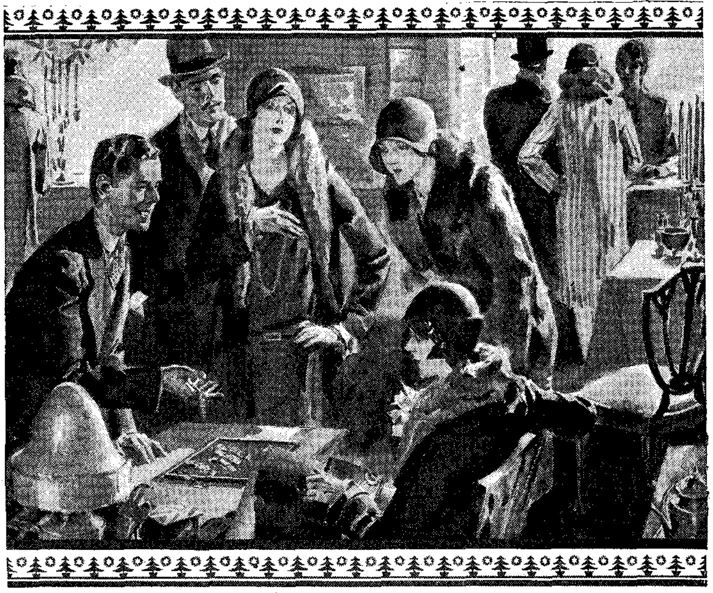
No. 2082—Full dress set. White mother-of-pearl centers; Krementz Quality white metal rims. Complete, $7.50. Other Sets to $50.

KREMENTZ Tuxedo and Full Dress Sets in widest variety of newest designs. As smart and as pleasing as they are socially correct. See Krementz Gift Jewelry at your dealer's, or write for name of nearest one.

Krementz

Newark, N. J.

Your jeweler is a gift specialist



AGAIN — that Christmas list! Bigger, requiring more consideration this year than ever before. New names taking their place with the familiar old ones. And the same limited budget that somehow *must* be stretched to include every one of them.

"What shall I choose for each one?"

This *is* a problem—when you try to solve it unaided. Yet with expert advice, gift-choosing can be a simple, enjoyable task.

Consult your jeweler! Go to him for help in gift-choosing as you'd go to any specialist for expert advice.

Consult him for the helpful advice he alone can give!

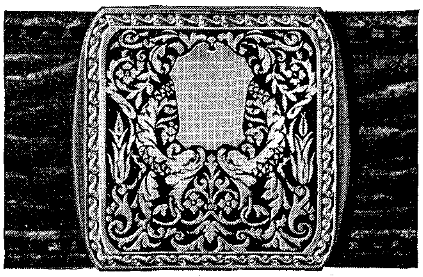
For your jeweler is a *specialist in gifts*—in the fine character and large variety of his offerings, as in his long experience in rendering helpful counsel to gift-givers.

He can quickly show you dozens of attractive, enduring things to fit both your prices and the persons you have in mind.

For months he's been gathering them—gifts in richest variety—gifts whose high character is illustrated by the articles shown on this page.

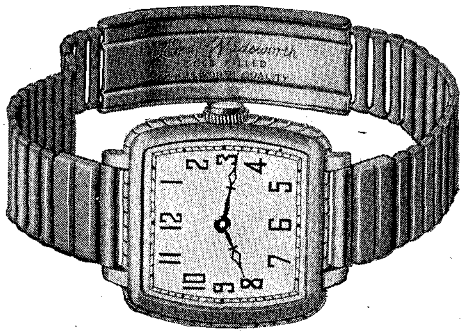
Why not, this year, make use of a helpful gift counsel that costs you no more, yet adds so very much in lasting satisfaction?

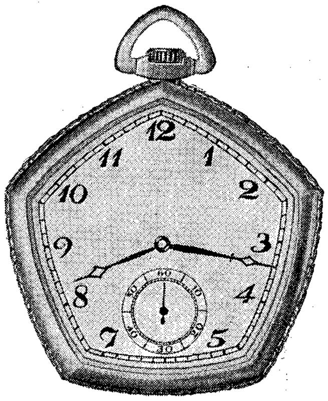
The Wadsworth Watch Case Company
Dayton, Kentucky, Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements



Wadsworth Belt Buckles are obtainable in many designs, in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chain. Buckles alone, in sterling silver: $3.25 to $7.50. Sets: $6.25 to $15.00

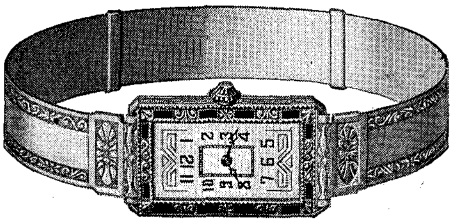
WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Lord Wadsworth Model
A new flexible band for men, affording an unusually trim, comfortable fit to the wrist. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled: $10





Man's Pocket Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH

WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Athena Model
Designed for women. Expands to slip over the hand, and is held securely by a snap lock. Gold filled: $7.50 *and* $8.50. *Made also in solid gold*



Wadsworth
WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

Save Your Eyes

Dr. C. W. Trail says:—"When I am not using the Farrington, my wife is using it; when my wife is not using it, our 8-year-old daughter is using it. Every home should have at least one."

Insures
Correct
Posture

At last—a Long Felt Human Want is Filled by this great necessity—Dr. Farrington's portable

Reading Table for the Lap

Conserves the Life of Your Eyes

Here is the helper you have always needed. It saves your eyes—conserves your energy—insures correct posture—prevents eyestrain—permits concentration with **real relaxation** and absolute comfort. The FARRINGTON supports books, magazines, reading matter, typewriter, writing materials, etc., **at just the right angle to insure correct vision,** regardless of position. It will help everyone who reads, writes, draws, etc.

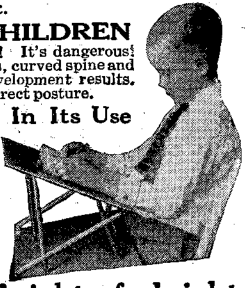
IDEAL FOR CHILDREN

Don't let your child hump! It's dangerous! Eyestrain, distorted organs, curved spine and retardation of normal development results. The Farrington compels correct posture.

Students Delight In Its Use

Prof. E.L. Eaton, University of Wis., says: *"It is a joy to read a book of any size, resting easily in a rocking chair. Thousands will now have a new joy reading while resting."*

With the Farrington every one can increase their capacity for mental effort.

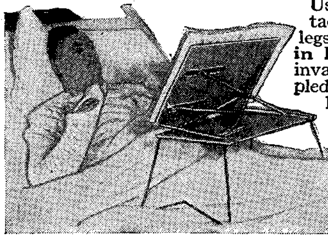


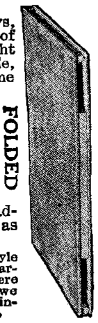
Sit right—read right—feel right

Think what this means! Comfort, enjoyment, greater mental and physical energies. Greater facility for the mechanics of reading and writing. **Genuine relaxation.** The Farrington allows you to assume a comfortable position when reading, writing, etc.

Indispensable to Invalids

Used with detachable metal legs for **Reading in Bed** by sick, invalid or crippled patient in home, hospital or sanitarium. Used on beach or in the camp for eating, cards, etc.





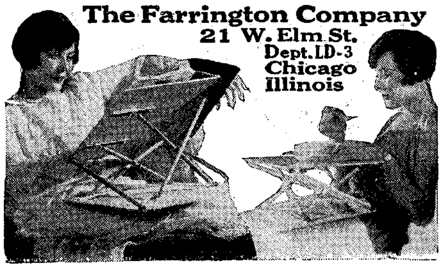
Ideal Gift Usable in so many ways, it will give many years of joyful service. Beautifully finished. Light weight (less than 48 ozs.) sturdily constructed, portable, folds to 1 inch. Size 12x18 inches. A handsome piece of furniture adjustable to any position.

Styles and Prepaid Prices
Students Model $5.00
1. Natural Finish 6.50
2. Walnut Finish 7.50
3. Mahogany Finish 7.50
5. Genuine Walnut 9.50
6. Genuine Mahogany . . . 9.50

Note: Special detachable legs for reading, writing or eating in bed as shown above $1.00 extra.

Order Now on 5 Days' Trial Just tell us the style desired. Your "Farrington" will be shipped promptly, prepaid everywhere in U. S. Use it for 5 days. If you're not delighted, we will refund your money. Just enclose your check or instruct us to ship C. O. D. STATE STYLE DESIRED.

The Farrington Company
21 W. Elm St.
Dept. LD-3
Chicago
Illinois



camp and emits a strident, blood-curdling challenge seven times, seven being the magic number of the Cherokees.

At dawn a runner goes forth with a bowl of rabbit soup, which he sprinkles in seven places across the path the opposing team must take to get to the playing field. The rabbit, for all its fleetness, is known to the Cherokees as a lame animal; does it not leave a three-footed track on the snow? If the players step on the rabbit soup, therefore, their feet will fail them at a crucial moment in the game.

A little later the medicine man goes forth to divine the places in their own pathway where the opponents have sprinkled rabbit soup, so that his men can avoid them.

Then comes the final ceremony. The team is led again to the river, and the medicine man scratches each man's back lightly with a snake's tooth. Then the players wade out into the stream, face the rising sun, and dip under the surface seven times. This being done, everything is ready for the actual game.

The game is played in a natural amphitheater, with the spectators seated on the hills. The field corresponds roughly in shape and size to a football gridiron, except that it lacks the lateral white lines. Each player is equipped with two short paddles, or rackets, some two feet long, webbed at one end with squirrel gut into a net about the size of the palm of a man's hand. Running-pants are the only clothes worn.

The players scatter about the field, with two men remaining facing one another in the center, as in a game of hockey. The ball, which is about the size of a baseball, is tossed up between them, and the game is on.

To get the ball across the opposing goal line is the object of the game, and the game ends only when one side has scored twelve goals. Practically anything goes; the only rule is that the ball can not be picked up with the hands, but must be caught in the racket. Once caught, however, a player can take the ball in his hands and run with it. There is, incidentally, a secondary rule—a player is not allowed to crown an opponent with his racket unless he keeps hold of both ends of the implement.

We have already seen a player downed in the heat of the battle. When this happens, we read:

> Another scoops it up and the procedure is repeated. Back and forth goes the combat, until one player, fleeter or luckier than the rest, gets away and crosses the goal line. Then the ball is promptly brought back to the center of the field and tossed up again. There are no breathing spells and no intermissions.
>
> As was said before, anything goes in this game. The players wrestle, tackle one another, collide violently, slug, butt, kick—and take it all like good sports. Bruises, contusions and cuts dot the glistening brown bodies of all the players before the game has gone far.
>
> One interesting feature is the action of the captain of each team. The captain, instead of carrying a racket, has a ten-foot hickory switch. He acts as a sort of combination field general and slave-driver. It is his function to keep his eye on the ball and direct his players to the proper

Campbell's
Electric Exerciser

Here's
Health

Made in 2 models—floor model and portable model

Are You Troubled with Overweight?

Would you like to keep in good physical condition without heavy exercise? Here is the practical solution to your problem. Without physical exertion—without muscular development, you can still keep legs and arms supple—keep the entire body system toned up in glorious health. The Campbell Electric Exerciser

Massages—Vibrates —Keeps Weight Down

Campbell Exercisers are supplied in two models. Floor model, as shown above—mounted on rubber feet—stands securely without permanently attaching to floor. Portable model, as shown to the left—easily and simply attached to window sill or may be placed on any table top and securely held in place. Mounted upon heavy felt pads—does not scratch the window or table. Both models are quiet, safe, and have all moving parts enclosed.

POPULAR PRICE. Write and let us quote you our
SPECIAL OFFER
which brings you either model at surprisingly low cost.

Wm. Campbell, *President*
The William Campbell Company
401 Union Avenue Alliance, Ohio

ALWAYS Ask For DENISON'S—53 Years of Hits
Comedy-Dramas, Farces, Musical Comedies, Revues, PLAYS Vaudeville Acts, Monologs, Dialogs, Make-up Goods.
Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Comedy Songs. Catalog Free.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 34 CHICAGO

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

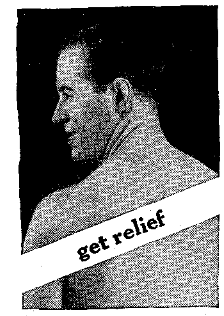
Just Rub It On

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole.

As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism, aches and pains in back and joints, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Jars & Tubes
MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

positions; and it is also his function to see that nobody shirks or lags.

If he finds a player who is not putting forth his best efforts, he swings his hickory whip lustily.

Through all of this the crowd remains silent—unless there are white spectators. The Indian enjoys watching the game immensely. That can be seen by the intent way in which his eyes follow every move. But rarely does he utter a sound. There are no bursts of cheering, no frantic "Attaboys!" The traditional phlegmatic poise of the redskin does not desert him even at the most exciting moments. The Indian fan is a true sportsman, however, and will bet his last dime, or even the shirt on his back, on his team.

On goes the game, with first one side ahead and then the other. At one moment the whole field is dotted with writhing, wrestling couples, as one team endeavors to put all of its adversaries *hors de combat* simultaneously. Then there is a grand pile-up, with the captains dancing about on the edge, swinging their minatory switches. Then some player breaks loose and skims down the field to score a goal.

Even when the game ends there is no cheering. The victorious team struts off with something of an air of triumph, perhaps, but they don't make any noise about it.

Altho the ball game occupies the place of honor at the Cherokee fair, it is not the only sport indulged in. There are archery contests, and be it known that there are Indians still left who can speed an arrow from their locust bows unerringly to the center of the target. Following the archery trials there are contests in the use of the blow-gun.

WHERE ARE THE LEGS OF YESTERYEAR?

LEGS can't stand as much punishment as once they could. Either modern games are rougher or modern players more brittle. An old Yale football captain was talking with Grantland Rice, who writes on the decline of the leg in *Collier's*, and they were wondering why so many present-day athletes are injured. Said the former football player of changes in that sport, according to Mr. Rice:

"As they changed the old game to eliminate roughness and serious injuries, it seems to me that the luxury of the present age has somewhat softened up the modern youth. He is just as game as the old-timer was, and he has just as much skill and spirit. But he hasn't got the legs that used to take most of us through an entire season without calling on a substitute.

"I believe most of the trouble is in the legs," he continued. "At least that is where most of the injuries seem to be. In my day we usually got to where we were going by walking. To-day everybody rides. Walking is a lost art, and this means rust in the way of leg power. In my last year I think we used two substitutes through a hard schedule. A little later another Yale team plowed its way through a full season with eleven men—and the eleven that started the season also finished it.

"Legs could stand a lot in those days. If you don't believe it, ask some of those who played against Frank Hinkey or 'Pudge' Heffelfinger, who had the greatest legs ever seen on any field."

The puzzled complaint of the old Yale

Solve Your Health Problem With Sunlight!

12 TESTS for "Sunlight Starvation"

1. Do you tire easily?
2. Do you "catch cold" often?
3. Do you sleep badly?
4. Is your appetite poor?
5. Are you irritable, pessimistic?
6. Is your complexion sallow?
7. Is your hair dull, lifeless-looking?
8. Do you lack vitality and energy?
9. Do you suffer from indigestion and malnutrition?
10. Are you showing signs of premature old age?
11. Is your resistance to disease low?
12. Is your health below par?

TO ENJOY radiant health and vitality your body needs its *daily* ration of energizing sunlight, say eminent authorities.

Over 30 years of study and painstaking research have at last solved this troublesome health problem. Pure concentrated "man-made" sunlight—even better than natural sunlight—is now available to all. Right in your own home, at any hour, day or night, you can now enjoy the remarkable benefits of sunlight by means of the new Battle Creek SUNARC Bath.

Strength, Vigor, Health from These Balanced Rays

As science has proven, it is the INVISIBLE ultra-violet and infra-red rays of sunlight that have such wonderful curative and stimulating powers. These rays build rich red blood—stimulate body processes—rejuvenate—build resistance to disease—banish fatigue—make you feel "made-over."

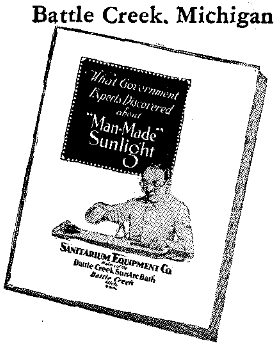
The Battle Creek SUNARC supplies these balanced rays—not only the stimulating ultra-violet, but also the deeply penetrating, healing infra-red—ALL the important rays of the sun. That is why this sun bath has such marvelous health-promoting qualities. That is why it is so generally preferred.

"What Government Experts Have Discovered About 'Man-Made' Sunlight"

Today, get the intensely interesting facts about this tested health-aid. Write at once for our latest bulletin, "What Government Experts Have Discovered About 'Man-Made' Sunlight." With it we'll send you our free book, "Sunshine and Health". Consult your Physician and learn what sunshine can mean to you and your family—write today!

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Dept. 233-T Battle Creek, Michigan

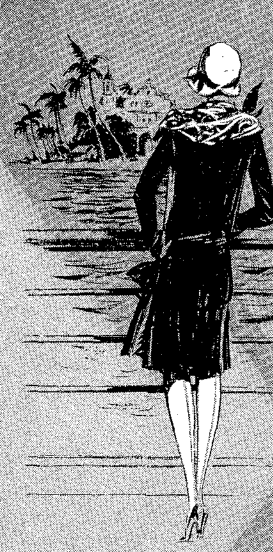
Tests conducted by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards have shown the carbon arc lamp (The SUNARC) to be the most efficient source of artificial sunlight—a miniature sun.


What Government Experts Discovered about "Man-Made" Sunlight
Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Battle Creek Sunarc Bath
Battle Creek

"Sunshine at the Snap of a Switch"

Battle Creek SUNARC Bath

© S. E. CO., 1928



NEW YORK
CALIFORNIA
13 DAYS BY SEA

LEAVE winter's icy rigors far behind—visit carefree Havana, gay metropolis of the Caribbean.

PANAMA CANAL
—eight daylight hours through the backbone of a continent. The thrill of being lifted, ship and all, from the Atlantic into the Pacific.

The Recreation Route
5,000 miles on the magnificent new steamers *Virginia* and *California* and the popular S. S. *Mongolia*. Fortnightly sailings to San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Round Trip
One Way Water—One Way Rail
From your home town back to home town again—steamer either way. Choice of rail routes across the continent.

The Palatial NEW S. S. *VIRGINIA*
Sister Ship of the S. S. California
Largest steamer ever built under the American flag. Every room an outside room—over 100 with private bath. Two open air, built-in deck swimming pools. Special garage deck for uncrated autos.

Apply No. 1 Broadway, New York, 460 Market St., San Francisco, our offices elsewhere or authorized S. S. or R. R. Agents.

IMM

Panama Pacific Line
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

captain recalled a recent talk by Shep Homans, an old-time Princeton full-back.

"I was Snake Ames's substitute at Princeton in 1889," remarked Homans, "and Snake was busy every minute of every game hitting a line, running an end, slipping through a broken field, or doing all the kicking. They worked him like two horses, but I never got in a game. He wasn't a big fellow, but no one could hurt him. His legs carried him through. In 1890 and 1891 I moved in at full-back, and as far as I can remember my substitute never got in a game either season. I had to carry on the full-time job where Snake left off. I think the old game was rougher than the present one, but I think we could stand more, especially in leg power and leg durability."

Almost before the 1928 season was two weeks old the list of minor injuries was extremely long, says Mr. Rice, adding that in the old days of a rougher game about fourteen men could carry any schedule through. Continuing:

Most modern youngsters learn to walk, and then start riding through the remainder of their careers. The automobile has not helped to improve leg power or leg durability.

The fact that ten or twenty substitutes to-day are used in a game means little. But the fact that many of these are needed, with four or more regulars out of action on the side lines, means a lot.

"I think there is something in this decrease of leg stamina," a modern coach said recently, "but I think the main trouble is the big increase in speed that the modern game demands. In the old days it was largely mass play, or at least formations moving together. Now we have collisions in the open where players collide or crash at far greater speed, or where they are off balance in handling a pass. The injuries are not as serious as they used to be, but they are far more frequent. We are also living in a softer age, and a softer age to a certain extent means a softer race. Bob Zuppke of Illinois says that football is the last masculine note left in college life, and football lasts only two months in the year."

This brittle business doesn't apply to football alone. Pittsburgh, winning the 1927 National League baseball pennant, was picked by many of the soothsayers to repeat. But within a few weeks after the season opened, Pittsburgh was limping along with six or eight cripples, too far back to make up lost ground. Then the New York Yankees came tearing along with a lead of 13½ games. Just as they seemed to be wrecking the race, their stars began to detonate like young balloons pushed against a pin point. They staggered over the finish line with three unwounded survivors.

How did old-time teams manage to drive through a pennant race with eleven or twelve men, including pitchers? It has been a long time since any modern pitcher has worked often enough to win thirty games. Only one or two each year win as many as twenty-five.

Yet Ed Walsh one season worked in sixty-six games. He won forty and saved ten or twelve more. And he followed this up by working practically every day for a week through the Chicago city series. Twenty-five years ago Jack Chesbro worked in over sixty games. He won over forty and he saved several others by dashing into the breach with his speed and his "spitter."

There have been a number of modern exceptions. In the way of football there were Brown's "Iron Men" of 1926, who reported with a lot of rust for 1927. But they stuck to the guns through one of Brown's greatest years. Michigan had two durable stars in Benny Friedman and Benny Oosterbaan, two Saturday targets who kept going under the heaviest kind of punishment.

Then there are Deacon Scott and Joe Sewell. Scott played in well over a thousand consecutive ball games, and Sewell hasn't missed an important battle for several years.

Mr. Rice asked a well-known track coach about this modern decline in leg stamina, and elicited a response which resolved itself into an indictment of the modern American habit of motoring from place to place, where our fathers would have ridden "Shanks's mare." As we read on:

"There must be something to it," he said. "We've seemed to have fine track material for the last two Olympic games, and yet in eight years we have won only two races from the 100 meters to the marathon, and we haven't won any races beyond the 400-meter span. The speed is there, but somehow it doesn't manage to survive the preliminary trials and the Olympic qualification tests.

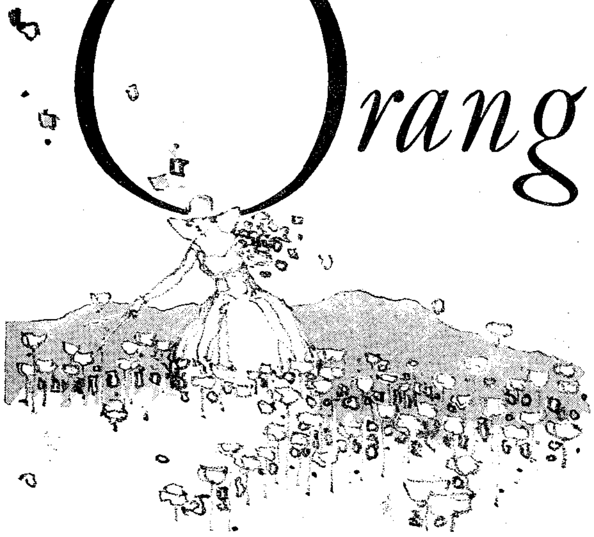
"The Finns win most of the longer races, because they travel practically altogether on their legs. They have been winning most of the distance races for a dozen years, on this account. We have had no long-distance stars to approach Kohlemainen, Nurmi, and Ritola. And yet Finland has only one-thirtieth of our population. As a nation we are riding nearly everywhere we go. This means much greater traveling speed and more comfort, and possibly much more pleasure. But it doesn't mean better legs.

"I have had a lot to do with conditioning football teams. It seems to me I have never seen as many bad ankles and bad knees. The injuries are not serious, but they are numerous, and many of them seem to come from only slight pressure or from a light tackle. It would be practically impossible to-day for a coach to go through a season with the few reserves the old-time football teams used to carry."

The old Yale captain was talking again: "I know what they say about the old-timers raving, but no one could make me believe you could pick any twelve or fourteen men to-day from any college or university and send them through the eight and ten-game schedules we used to play where the legs had to carry on the brunt of the war. And those were days of two thirty-five-minute halves. Yet most of us played through every game on the schedule, year after year. We were no gamer than the players are now. Not a bit. But we had better legs and, I think, tougher bodies to work with, as an average lot.

"How many modern players could do what Heffelfinger did—come back nearly thirty years later around the age of fifty and wreck a big, young line in two afternoons? And finish without a kink or a sore spot in either leg?"

Oranges . . . snow peaks!



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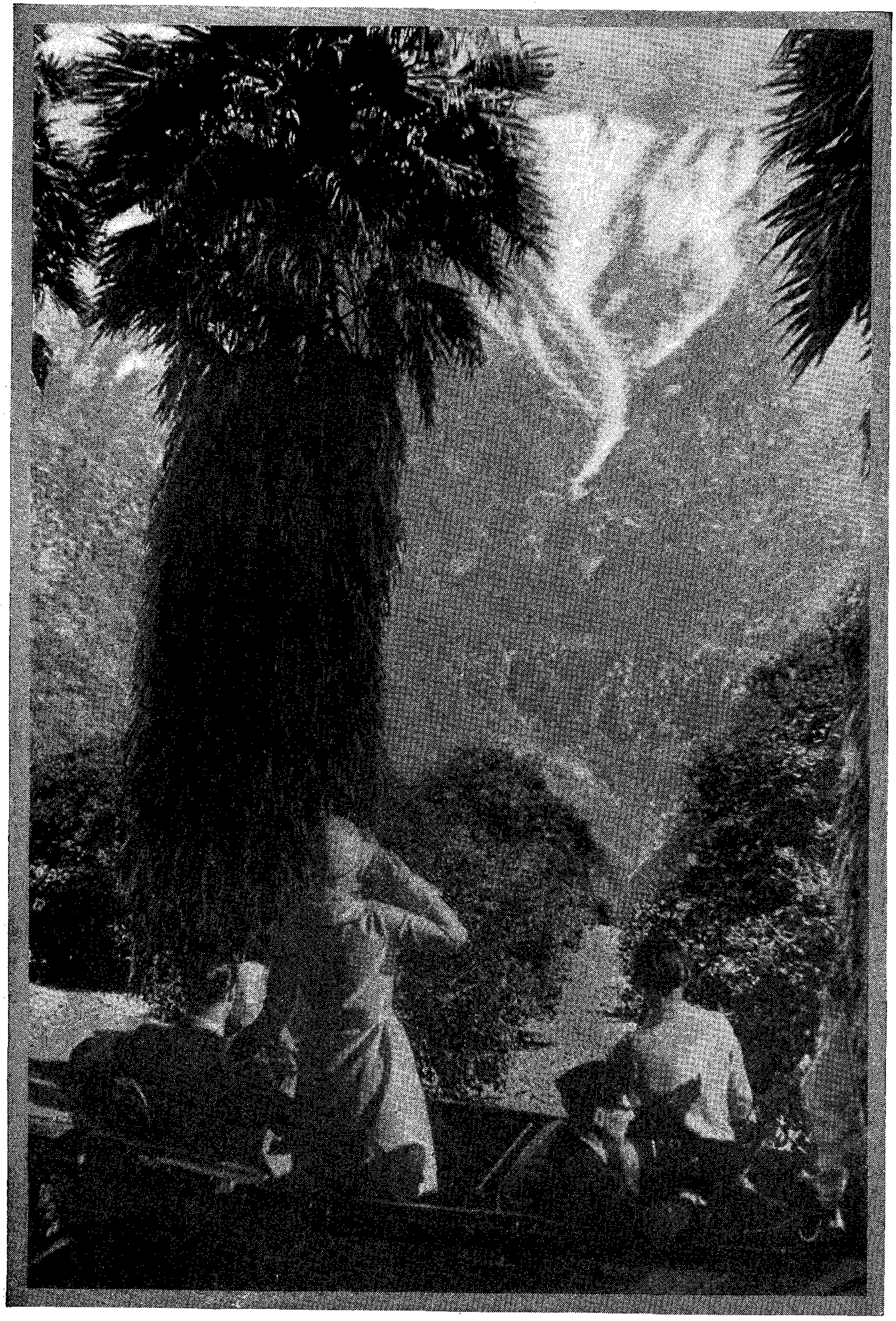

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THE CLAY PIGEON THAT PROVIDES HUMANE SPORT

A WOUNDED pigeon fluttered through the window into the room where a lady was talking with her maid. The two women screamed in terror, for this was a good many years ago, and they held the old belief that if any feathered thing flies into a house through an open window or door, it comes as an omen of ill. And one thing that pigeon did foretell, we learn from Boyden Sparkes in *The Sportsman*, Boston. The bird had been wounded in one of the old-time pigeon-shooting contests. And as a result of the fright it gave, a relative of the lady of that house introduced into the legislature of an Eastern State a bill forbidding the shooting of trapt birds. As a result there has grown up the sport of shooting at clay pigeons, of which Mr. Sparkes tells us:

Previously, trapt-bird shooting had been abolished in some New England States; New York stopt it in 1902, New Jersey in 1904, and thereafter most of the other States. The end of live-bird shooting, however, meant the beginning of—everything considered—a better sport. Clay-pigeon shooting has grown steadily in popularity since the slaughter of trapt pigeons went out of fashion.

Certainly, it has a great many devotees, for last year in the United States more than 70,000,000 of these clay saucers, designed to simulate the behavior of birds on the wing, were catapulted into the air to serve as targets for men and women armed with shotguns. Some idea of the growth of clay-bird shooting may be formed by contrasting those 70,000,000 targets with 4,500,000, which was the number expended in 1913, the year before the outbreak of the war in Europe.

Trap-shooters have had for many years a culminating event, which they call the Grand American Handicap. From year to year the Grand American Handicap was held in different cities, but nowadays it is held each year at Vandalia, Ohio, near Dayton, which has become a permanent headquarters of the American Trap Shooters Association.

Last year there were over 1,000 contestants at this annual event, and for six days, from morning until dusk, a hundred wing-shots were constantly toeing the pegs of a firing-line three-quarters of a mile long, and blazing away at a tireless migration of clay pigeons. At the end of that week 800,000 clay pigeons had been thrown from twenty traps.

It seems reasonable, because of this tremendous expenditure of powder and shot, to inquire, in the words of a bewildered character in a Broadway success of several years ago, "What's all the shooting for?" The answer of a psychiatrist might be an involved statement difficult to comprehend, so I asked a member of the victorious American Olympic trap-sthooting team of 1924.

"Mainly," he said, "it's that old human instinct to bust things; also, it is an outlet for the hunting urge in a race that is not so far removed from a time when men had to hunt or starve. But trap-shooting has more than that to make it fascinating. It has everything that golf has; and I'm a golfer. It calls for poise and lightning responses of all the faculties of brain, nerves, muscles. If you can't concentrate, you can't play bridge, and you can't play golf; nor can you hit clay pigeons."

In 1900 Capt. Jack Fanning, a fur, seal, and hide hunter from the Pacific coast, astounded trap-shooters of the continent, Mr. Sparkes writes, by breaking 231 clay pigeons without a miss in two days of shooting. That was in the New York State sportsmen's annual meeting at Utica, we read, continuing:

"That'll stand forever," commented some of the admiring spectators who crowded around to shake his hand and slap him on the back.

"Not so long as that," predicted the record maker.

A few years ago a young Southerner of Lucy, Tennessee, whose shooting skill is a heritage from mountain-bred marksmen of that State, entered the Alabama State shoot, which was being held at the traps of the Birmingham Gun Club. Other men and some women were in the squads of five posted along the firing-line. Behind them were many spectators and parked automobiles. It was late July, and the sun shines with considerable enthusiasm in Birmingham in that season. Presently word began to run along the firing-line that the young Tennessean, Boyd Duncan, had broken more than 100 clay targets without a miss. This is not unusual in practise events, but it does not occur so often in tournaments. The gallery began to cluster at that part of the line where Duncan was shooting.

Freezing the straight-combed stock of his long-barreled trap gun to his cheek, young Duncan would cry, "Pull." Then from the trap-house sixteen yards in front of him would sound the whirring soft crash of the throwing mechanism, and in the same instant a bluish disk made of river silt and tar, and having the general dimensions of the saucers normally wedded to the coffee cups of lunch carts, would sail up out of the cover and away much faster than any bird could rise. A "bang" would sound from the gun of the Tennessee youth as he pulled the trigger, and in that same instant the spectators would see the clay pigeon disintegrate into a cloud of dust. After that there would sound the drawling voice of the referee, "Dead bird."

Duncan's "pull" and the referee's echoing cry of "dead bird" were as one sentence all that day, and the next, and never a miss. The marksman had failed to break the nineteenth target thrown for him, but none were called lost birds after that one. With the finish of the match he had a straight run of 531 targets for a total of 549 out of 550 thrown.

This was the best shooting that had ever been done in a registered meet anywhere in the world. Nevertheless, he set out to extend his record, and with the end of the match began to shoot some more over the same traps. He broke ninety before he heard the referee say, "Lost bird." That gave him a record of 621 straight hits, a world's record that still stands.

Sometimes the most expert of trap-shooters lose the spot in the same manner that good golfers blow up or go off their game. The same sort of failings are largely responsible. When the golfer gets to thinking, as he is about to drive, of the easy putt he missed on the last green, he is almost certain to flub. Let the trap-shooter get to brooding over a lost bird, and he, too, is pretty sure to make the unpleasant

HELIOTHERAPY—MAN'S FIRST MEDICINE—IS RE-DISCOVERED

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HUMANITY'S first medicine was sunshine. When primitive Man began to ail, he instinctively turned to the sun for remedial aid—impelled by the same inherent law of nature that makes plants turn their leaves and flowers to follow its daylight orbit across the skies.

So beneficial was this instinctive practise, that Man's first religious ceremonies consisted of rites of gratitude, directed toward the sun. In the United States, sun worship in its primitive form still persists among aboriginal tribes, notably the Seminole Indians who continue religiously to hold their annual sun dances.

Hippocrates was the first great physician of history. Recent archaeological discoveries on the Island of Cos, where Hippocrates, practised, show that heliotherapy (sun-cure) was the most important factor of his medical treatment.

The Sun Goes Modern

Medieval medicine devoted itself to the development of materia medica and the use of curative drugs. Sunlight as a therapeutic agency was temporarily neglected. However, with the discovery, through comparatively recent experiments in photography, of the apparent chemical re-action of sunlight, there came a new dawn. Medical scientists have had their attention re-directed to the healing methods of the ancient sun-worshippers and of Hippocrates.

Heliotherapy, or cure by the sun's rays, today constitutes one of the most potent factors in the modern science of healing, and certain localities in which, due to location or climate, it can best be practised, have become shrines of modern health pilgrims, seeking restoration of body and spirit from the sun.

The city of Leysin, Switzerland, under the superintendence of the great heliotherapeutist, Dr. A. Rollier, has become the outstanding European rendezvous for those who seek the sun's benefits; while in the United States, Southeastern Florida, notably, Miami, with its surrounding territory, has become the recognized sun-shrine of this part of the world.

The Ultra-Violet Ray

It is now a scientifically known fact that atmosphere conditions definitely govern the health-giving properties of sunlight. The violet and ultra-violet rays—those which exert chemical action upon living organisms, are capable of their curative effects only under the most ideal climatic conditions. The ultra-violet ray is easily diffused, easily deflected and easily dissipated. It can not penetrate a dusty, smoky or cloudy atmosphere, nor can it pass through ordinary glass or clothing. It is also known that as the sun's rays increase their angle to reach the more northern latitudes, they are less concentrated and there, by virtue of passing through a greater atmospheric distance, are less intense.

For these reasons, Miami—where the sun's rays in winter and in summer, maintain a constant direct focus—where the atmosphere is practically clear at all times—where the sun shines on an average of 360 days of the year and the winter temperature permits out-of-door activity—has become increasingly the shrine to which Americans who seek preservation and restoration of health make their annual pilgrimages—more frequently in winter, when practically every other part of the country is denied proper curative sunlight.

Dr. Rollier asserted in a recent address to the International Council of Nurses at Leysin, that the general sun-bath, by dilating the capillaries, determines the flow of blood from the depths to the surface through the muscular layers; that it stimulates and regularizes the circulation better than the best massages, and restores the muscle system—that the tonic action manifests itself in the thoracic and abdominal organs—reviving the appetite, stimulating digestive functions and giving new life to the vital forces.

Physicians generally agree that sunlight acts to control the speed and direction of the chemical process by which the blood rejects the bacteria of various diseases—that it determines the concentration of the mineral salts (calcium and phosphorus), which are necessary to the formation and maintenance of healthy bone, teeth and tissue.

It is this health-giving result from sun treatment that has made the winter vacation in South Florida a growing national institution—taken it out of the luxury class and placed it upon the economic program of hundreds of American families. Every year the railroads, steamship lines; motor busses and other forms of transportation are reporting an increased pilgrimage from the northern states into Florida. Beginning with the first part of December and continuing until May, on the long stretches of white sanded beaches along the coastline of Southeastern Florida may be seen hundreds of thousands of health-pilgrims, basking in the sun and breathing the iodized salt air of the tropical Atlantic.

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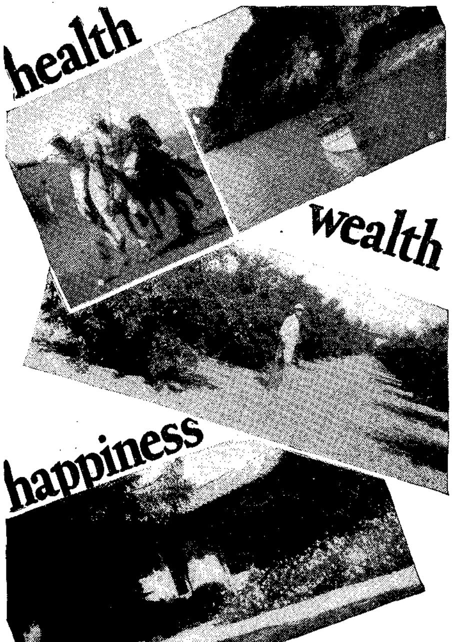

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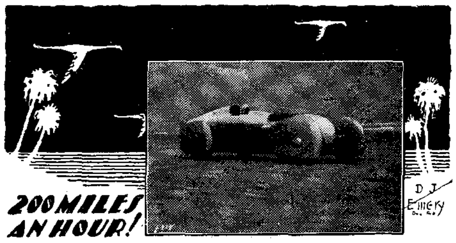

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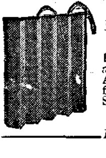

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

discovery that there is more room around the targets than there is on them.

Mark Arie of Champaign, Illinois, who is rated one of the best trap-shooters in the world, interrupted a long run by missing three out of four consecutive targets at the South Shore Country Club in Chicago a few years ago. He was shooting from the eighteen-yard line in the final competition for the all-round championship trophy meet when it happened. After that he proceeded to break 100 straight, including fifty from the twenty-yard line, and then finished by breaking forty-nine out of fifty that were broken two at a time.

"How did you happen to miss those three?" pestered one of the normal human beings who are always about to ask such questions at such a time.

"Well," explained Arie, "I got to thinking: if *I* break one more I'll have a long run."

As we pursue the account we discover that, *as regards financial rewards*, the positions of amateurs and professionals in trap-shooting are just the reverse of what they are in other sports. Quoting further:

In spite of occasional runs of startling duration, there is a vast amount of uncertainty in trap-shooting, as there is in golf and baseball. Those who try to analyze its appeal usually attribute much to this quality that brings surprizing upsets, like that which cost Arie the championship.

There are other elements, of course, and one of these is prize money, in connection with which it should be said that trap-shooting is one sport in which the *professionals do not compete for money* and amateurs do. At a big Southern meet this year one of the amateurs in a week of shooting broke targets with such regularity that his winnings were said to have been in excess of $2,000. This individual used to shoot as a professional, at which time he was paid a salary by one of the large gun companies. In order to purge oneself of professionalism, it is necessary under the rules of the amateur organization, to retire from the sport as a professional and as a contestant for three years. As a professional this trap-shooter made a comparatively modest salary; as an amateur he is doing very much better, thank you.

Handicapping is a difficult thing to accomplish in trap-shooting. If it were done as in golf, the duffers would be allowed a certain number of lost birds without penalty. Instead, the system is to make the scratch man stand farther back from the traps. This individual was alone at the twenty-five-yard firing-line in a handicap event at one of the Southern resorts, and yet broke 97 out of 100 targets—enough to win in a contest where most of his opponents shot from the sixteen-yard line. His prize, made up of entry fees, was about $800, and trap-shooting, please remember, is an all-year-round sport.

Trap-shooting events in which the contestants pay entry fees totaling more than $40,000 have not been uncommon in recent years, and summer and winter resort managers frequently add substantial prizes to the list. Besides, there usually are many trophies—carloads of cups and shotguns. In spite of all this temptation there is considerable evidence that the trend of the trap-shooters is to conduct the sport on

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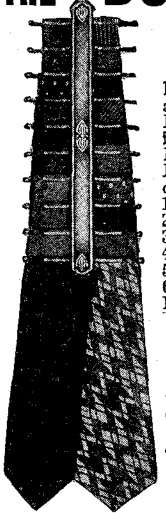

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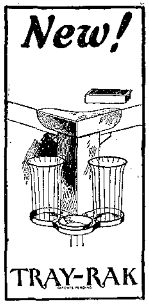

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a purely amateur basis, to permit contestants to bet among themselves, if they care to, but to limit prizes strictly to trophies.

The growth of this influence, which is antagonistic to prize-money shoots, is due to an increasingly strong alliance between golf and trap-shooting, which is explained thus:

> A mounting overhead is a problem in practically every golf club in the country. North of Mason and Dixon's line most golf clubs have a season, varying in length, during which it would be as futile to try to play golf as it would be to try snowshoeing in Texas in July. Some of the country clubs simply close up during the winter, and then have a fiendishly difficult time gathering a new staff of employees together in time to get greens and fairways in shape in the spring. Some others keep the club-house staff occupied by encouraging winter sports—skating, coasting, and skiing.
>
> I visited one club this year that was keeping in the rôle of active members a substantial part of such of its members as had not gone South. On Saturdays and Sundays all through the winter from thirty to forty men and a few women go out to that club and bang away at clay pigeons. The traps are operated by some of the lads who work there in summer as caddies, and the appetites generated by lifting and firing seven- or eight-pound guns for half a day in the open air are quite enough to provide work for a fair-sized kitchen staff. One of the largest Eastern country clubs takes care of its trap-shooters with an appropriation of $4,000, and it takes care of them satisfactorily, too.

HOW THE FORWARD PASS HAS HELPED TO SAVE THE GAME

North Carolina had the ball, "her back pressing her own goal." She was playing the rôle of the Old Guard at Waterloo. "Perhaps she couldn't win, but she could see to it that Georgia didn't," expounds the chronicler. This historic affray took place in the 'nineties, before football had been "opened up," and when limbs and lives too often cracked under the strain. "In a few minutes," we read, "the timekeeper's whistle would blow and the game would be over." We are about to witness the birth of the forward pass, which has since done so much to make the game safe for democracy. The historian is John W. Heisman, whose article in *Collier's*—the first of a series—is introduced with an editorial note describing the author as "one of America's greatest football coaches, who urged Walter Camp to write the forward pass into the rules." Returning to Mr. Heisman's description of that Southern game, we read:

> The thing to do, the North Carolina quarter-back estimated, was to get that ball far down the field—and hold 'em, hold 'em, hold 'em!
>
> The North Carolina full-back retreated until the crossbar of his goal was above his head, and from the Georgia stands came the exhortation to "block it—block it—block it!"
>
> And Georgia's forwards, gathering all their waning strength, and riding over

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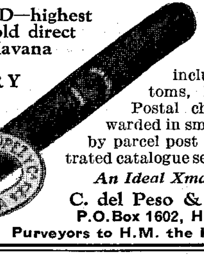

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

North Carolina's tired defense, might have blocked it, and even scored, had the sturdy boy from North Carolina kicked.

But instead of punting straight into the leaping bodies of these onrushing Georgians, he ran a few mincing steps to the right. Raising the ball to his shoulder, he tossed it.

Luck was with the boy. The ball was caught by a North Carolinian. Now, as we to-day know forward passes, it was not much. It traveled a few yards, and laterally as well as forward. It may have appeared to the spectators that it had been knocked from that full-back's hands.

At any rate the lad who caught it ran seventy yards for a touch-down!

Georgia was stunned, not quite realizing what had happened there beneath North Carolina's goal. But Glenn Warner, then coaching Georgia, had not missed a moment of it. And neither had I. I had been standing not more than eight yards from North Carolina's full-back.

I had seen the first forward pass in football. It was illegal, of course. Already Warner was storming at the referee. But the referee had not seen the North Carolina lad, goaded to desperation, toss the ball. And he refused to recall the ball. A touch-down had been made and a touch-down it remained.

The game of football was in danger in those days. Too many boys were being carried to hospitals with broken bones, broken necks and backs, and fractured skulls. And some had died, and others were doomed to lives of paralysis. The mass plays and the crushers—the V's, the wedges, the guards back—were killing the game as well as the players.

Remembering the desperate fling of that tired boy from North Carolina, I wrote to Walter Camp, chairman of the rules committee. Here was a way to open up the game we loved too much to see proscribed. The forward pass would scatter the mob. With the forward pass speed would supplant bull strength. Lighter, faster men would succeed the beefy giants whose crushing weight maimed or killed their opponents.

But I got no reply from Mr. Camp. Perhaps he, like others, did not think the forward pass would do what I believed. So the old mass plays were retained and the casualty lists grew longer. Here and there colleges discontinued the game, and there was a great hue and cry in the newspapers—stop it, stop it, stop it!

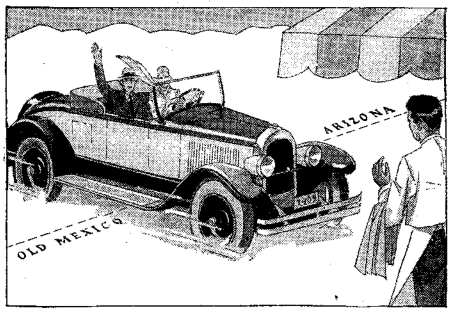
I wrote again to Mr. Camp, and again he was silent. However, he must have been pondering it because, in 1905, at a meeting of the rules committee he spread before the members the forward-pass plan with his own excellent restrictions thereof.

The forward pass had been legalized. American football had come over the line which divides the modern game from the old. Whether it was my contribution to football or Camp's is, perhaps, immaterial. Football had been saved from itself.

By way of illustrating the value of the forward pass to-day, Mr. Heisman transports his readers to the heart of a crowd of 50,000, banked around a playing field on an autumn Saturday afternoon, while a game goes on, thus:

The lads who have the ball have come out of that compact mass we call the

Nogales
ON THE BORDER



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The author first gives us glimpses of life in old Virginia, where Howard was born; in Mississippi and later in Texas, where he grew up and met General Sam Houston; then on the plains, where he nearly perished of thirst, and in the California gold-mines, where he came within an ace of being lynched by an angry mob; next among the Indians, who nursed him back to health, and later as a trader, a deputy sheriff, and explorer of the Yosemite, and a California Ranger, helping to hunt down Joaquin Murieta's band of merciless cut-throats.

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huddle. The linemen have hustled into a skirmish formation parallel with the ball.

Ten or twelve yards behind stands a lone youth rubbing his hands hard against his thighs that they may be dry and sure when the ball is flipped to him. On his right and left, and a little forward, are two others, alert in his defense. A punt formation.

The defensive team has deployed itself in a loose scatter, its linemen arrayed widely. A few yards farther on, three or four lads have taken up well-chosen positions from which they can scurry to head off a runner or plunge hard into the wide-open line to hurl back a charge.

And farther back, defending their own sacred goal, are the rest of the defenders. There is a tense moment, a speedy movement in the center of the attacking line, and the ball is on its way to the guarded man. He receives it cleanly. But instead of racing toward the now churning forwards, he speeds backward—three, four, five, six, ten yards—in short rapid steps.

The ball is clamped between his hands at his chest. He is eagerly, but coolly enough, scanning the field. His teammates are fighting a crazy battle to keep the enemy away from him, but they are not quite equal to it. Two of his opponents have broken free and they are galloping down upon him.

And now the great throng is on its feet, holding its breath. It's too late for him to punt. A punt would be silly anyway. And it's too late for him to run. He'd be thrown for a fifteen-yard loss.

Suddenly he spots one of his own men, running alone forty yards away. This man, while running, is half-turned toward him. And then, side-stepping the leap of the first of the enemy to arrive he throws the ball. It shoots forward with the directness and graceful speed of an arrow—end-on and spinning—and the entire purpose of those twenty-two strong youths is instantly changed.

We are caught hard in the wildest thrill in modern football: The forward pass. There may be a variety of reasons why football, to-day, has become the greatest of outdoor attractions, why it is necessary in these modern times to secure tickets for the great game weeks in advance if you hope at all to be there, why even the high-school game will fetch thousands to the stands.

But perhaps the opening up of football has had most to do with it. And then there is nothing to the open game but the passing. There are no other moments in sport and few in life, however you play it, which grip you so hard as do those during which the ball speeds through the air above the heads of two well-trained teams. Your heart rides on that ball. It rises and falls with that ball.

Speaking of football reputations in recent years, Mr. Heisman declares:

Entirely too often has the magnificent work of centers been overlooked. The more spectacular work of the backs fills the eye. We are too inclined to forget that unless our Thorpes, Granges, and Neverses receive the ball cleanly, swiftly and unerringly their chances to shine would be reduced until their genius might be less celebrated. With the opening-up of football, a greater variety of talents was demanded of that player who aspired to be a star.

In brief he had to be that rare person who truly merits the designation triple-threat man. The whole offensive strength and plan of a team can be built around one good triple-threater.

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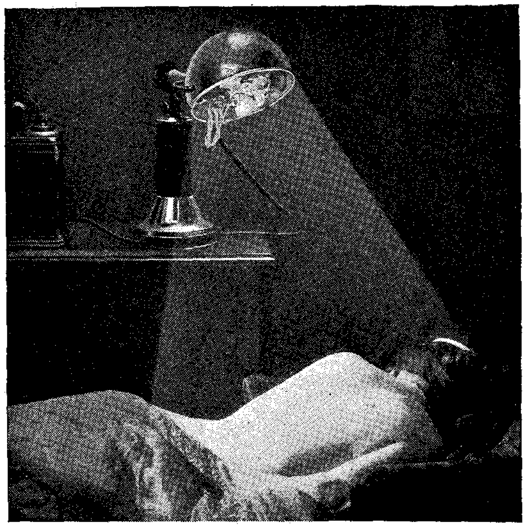

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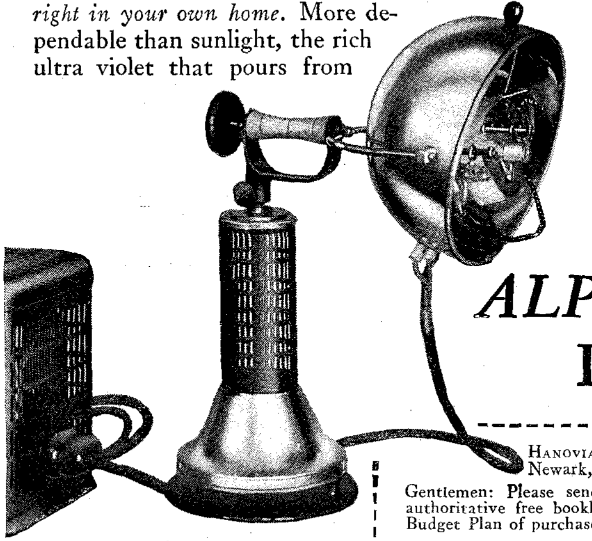

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

RAILROAD ELECTRIFICATION JUMPS AHEAD

IT "marks a new era in American transportation." "A mile post in the progress of economic civilization is set up." Thus the newspapers hail the Pennsylvania Railroad's announcement of its plan for electrifying 325 miles of its Eastern lines, or 1300 miles of track, at a cost of $100,000,000. "This is the age of electrification," exclaims the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, noticing the Pennsylvania plan and the news that the Reading Railroad will spend $20,000,000 electrifying suburban lines around Philadelphia. Such news, papers tell us, will have a stimulating effect upon electrical power and electrical equipment industries. "Considering the expense of a project that involves only 325 miles of line, it seems improbable" to the New York *Journal of Commerce* that the work of electrifying our railways "will be completed for many years to come, especially in the less populous and least congested parts of the country; the trend, however, is unmistakable; and the ultimate outcome, barring unforeseen developments, admits of little doubt."

The Pennsylvania project is characterized by the Schenectady *Union-Star*, published in an electrical and locomotive-building center, as "the most stupendous electrification plan undertaken in the East." President Atterbury of the Pennsylvania says in a statement to the press:

> The project begins at Hell Gate Bridge, New York, where connection is made with New England, extending west and south to Wilmington, west from Philadelphia on the main line in the direction of Harrisburg as far as Atglen, Pennsylvania, and the low-grade freight lines which join at Columbia, Pennsylvania, and connect the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Wilmington with the West.
>
> This electrification will far exceed in magnitude and in importance that of any other railroad in the world, in miles of track to be electrified, in volume and density of passenger and freight business handled, in size and amount of equipment required, in the number of trains affected, and in terminal operations involved. The project will be undertaken progressively in sections, and extend over a period of years.
>
> It is estimated that the cost of this electrification will be approximately $100,000,000, to be spent, however, during the next seven or eight years at the rate of about $15,000,000 per year. This will be a normal percentage of Pennsylvania Railroad improvement expenditures, which have been averaging $70,000,000 a year, a reasonable portion of which has always been provided out of surplus earnings.

Preliminary studies were based on estimated traffic for the year 1935, but, continues General Atterbury, "the probability was not lost sight of that by 1950 the metropolitan area around New York will extend to New Brunswick on the west and well out on Long Island on the east, and contain 30,000,000 people, and that there would be similar development in other cities." Among the immediate factors influencing the Pennsylvania to proceed with electrification at this time were, according to the President of the road:

> The greater economy of electric traction as compared to steam operation in dense traffic territories.
>
> The growth of the Southern passenger business.
>
> Increasing density of both freight and passenger business on Eastern lines.
>
> The probability that the project, if started now, could be completed with a less total expenditure, all matters considered, than if started at a later date.

President Atterbury is further quoted by *The Wall Street Journal* as saying that the Pennsylvania intends to buy power from power companies in the region of the electrification rather to manufacture power itself. The Washington *Star* and other newspapers understand that "save in a few places, the current transmission will be by overhead construction and not by a third rail."

A few days after the Pennsylvania announcement it was given out by President Agnew T. Dice, of the Reading Company, that the Reading directors had decided finally to spend $20,000,000 at once to electrify the major portion of the Reading system in the metropolitan area of Philadelphia. Mr. Dice is of the opinion that ultimately "the electrification will extend from Langhorne to New York, from Jenkintown to Bethlehem, and, after the completion of grade-crossing elimination at Manayunk, through Schuylkill Valley to Reading and Pottsville." On the Reading, as on the Pennsylvania, overhead trolley wires will be used. It is expected that the new suburban service will mean a 25 per cent. increase in daily train service and nearly the same amount of saving in time.

President Crowley of the New York Central, speaking in Chicago, said recently: "We are just entering into a third major installation of electric power upon the New York Central lines—this time in and about Cleveland." The Central, according to Mr. Crowley, is thoroughly satisfied with its existing electric installation at New York and (on the Michigan Central) under the Detroit River into Detroit. The Brooklyn *Eagle* calls attention to "the announced decision of the Lackawanna to electrify a considerable portion of its line." The observation comes from the Chicago *Daily News* that many Chicagoans who know how great is the benefit resulting from the Illinois Central's electrification of its great Chicago terminal are asking why other railroads that enter Chicago continue to deny themselves and the public similar advantages.

The advantages of electrification have recently been set forth as follows by one of the electrified roads, we read in the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette:* "Increase in train loads, elimination of turn-arounds, saving of time, increased capacity to handle business, ability to move more trains each twenty-four hours, elimination of congestion, decreased cost of maintenance of equipment, reduction in accidents and derailments, elimination of pusher, and discontinuance of helper districts." The New York *Herald Tribune* thinks it is not clearly understood "that the decision between steam transportation and electric transportation depends largely upon the density of the traffic":

> If the number of tons to be hauled over a certain mile of track a year is only a few hundred thousands, the best motive power is the portable power plant of a steam engine. As freight increases, larger locomotives are necessary, and longer trains. Presently even these begin to tread too closely on one another's heels. Signal systems help, but ultimately higher speeds are necessary, and quicker starting and stopping, the latter especially where towns are close together in suburban zones. Then comes the opportunity for electricity, especially if that be combined with the development of light-weight cars of aluminum alloys, which start and stop with minimum loss of power—cars with which the Pennsylvania Railroad is known to be experimenting. The load of traffic to be carried now through the suburban zones of New Jersey probably has not reached the point where electricity is necessary, or even where it is better than steam. But that the load will reach this point before electrification can be completed is evidently the opinion of the Pennsylvania statisticians, and there is much to indicate that they are right.
>
> Another factor seems to us important in prevision of the transportation arteries which our growing supercommunity will need. That is the load of freight which one average citizen requires the adjacent railways to haul. The introduction of bathtubs made inadequate at a single stroke all previous calculations of the water needed by the average city. So it is, we believe, with freight. General Atterbury mentioned vegetables and other perishables as now in larger demand than formerly, and as requiring more rapid transportation. Other articles are equally expensive. Automobiles, phonographs, furniture, a thousand other articles are consumed each year in greater tonnages. One modern man needs more freight service than a whole family a generation ago. The thirty million population of 1950 may use as much freight traffic as sixty millions would demand to-day. The Pennsylvania is wise to be prepared.

The growth of bus traffic has had much to do with the decision of the Pennsylvania and the Reading authorities, reflects the Philadelphia *Record:*

> In order to compete, the railroads must offer more attractive service. Where coal is used as fuel, no matter what precautions are taken, cinders and dust are sure to filter into the cars. Steam travel is not

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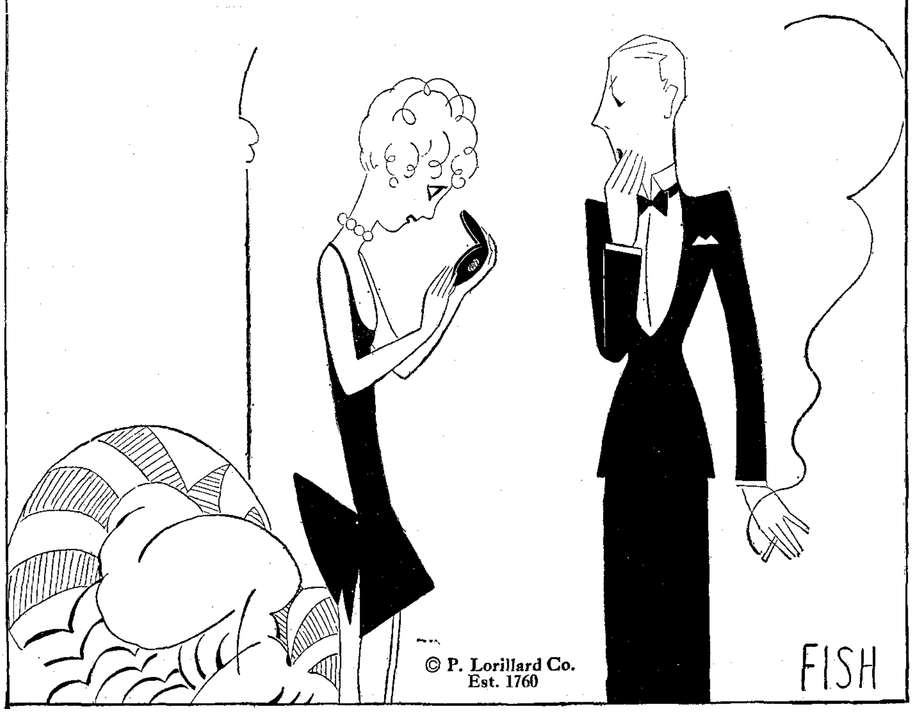

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

only dirtier but noisier than travel on well-maintained electric lines. And the electric trains ride more smoothly, as a rule. They are faster. They have every advantage.

Railroad electrification is a development destined to go further, the Boston *News Bureau* is confident, "particularly for roads operating through populous districts and in a position to finance such projects, and also for roads operating through mountainous districts where loads are heavy and power can be generated locally." The Boston daily continues, discussing existing and prospective electrifications:

> It is known that New York Central has made extensive study of the possibility of electrifying its lines between New York and Buffalo, and announcement of such a major program is looked for.
>
> Outside of the St. Paul Railway electrification, which totals about 650 miles of line, the New Haven for many years had the most extensive electrical operation to be found in this country. It is worth noting that the New Haven has between 130 and 135 miles electrified, entirely exclusive of its street railway properties and the high-speed electric line of the New York, Westchester & Boston.
>
> In New England, it is worth recalling that the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn has but recently changed over from steam to electric operation, covering about twenty-two miles. It is also known that Maine Central has looked into the problem of electrification for a portion of its line, and has had an engineering report rendered upon it.
>
> In the past few years some other important electrification projects have been undertaken and are now in operation. It is perhaps not generally appreciated how much progress has been made in this direction.
>
> As recently as 1922, Illinois Central embarked on an extensive improvement program, including electrification of lines around Chicago. Early this year major improvements had been mostly completed.
>
> One of the interesting electrification developments of recent years has been that of the Virginian Railway. This program was authorized in the spring of 1923, and electrified sections have been extended. On September 18, 1926, electric operation, which until that date had been confined to the section between Mullens and Princeton, was extended to Roanoke. The Virginian, essentially a coal road, has found electric operation advantageous and economical for hauling its heavy loads over the mountains.

The Electrification of Steam Railroads Committee of the National Electric Light Association has recently been studying rail electrification in this country and Europe. Certain important facts from its 1928 report are thus summarized in the editorial columns of the Buffalo *Courier-Express:*

> While the total mileage of electrified railroads in the United States is about 1,800 miles of line, totaling 4,000 miles of track, Switzerland has 1,250 miles of standard gage railroad electrified, and 150 miles more scheduled for the current year; Italy, 750 miles, with 200 miles scheduled for

completion in 1928, and expectation of about 1,400 miles by the end of 1930; Germany, 750 miles, and 185 miles more under construction; and many other similar developments in France, Holland, Sweden, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. In Great Britain, electrification is confined, for the most part, to suburban traffic.

Up to date, there have been installations of electrical operation on nineteen railroads in the United States. Of all the roads concerned, this electrification is about 2.5 per cent. of miles of line and 3 per cent. of the miles of track. For the whole United States it is about 0.7 per cent. of the miles of line. For comparison with the United States, there are in the world about 100 railroads with electrified sections in operation or under construction.

Our readers may be interested in noting what are the nineteen railroads operating with electricity in this country and the present extent of their electrification. We take these figures from the report mentioned above:

	Miles of Route	*Miles of Track*
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific..	677.57	910.05
New York, New Haven and Hartford.....	151.72	690.29
Fort Dodge, Des Moines and Southern....	147.12	193.95
Long Island Railroad..................	138.08	424.40
Virginian Railway.....................	134.00	231.00
Pennsylvania Railroad.................	124.57	385.01
Norfolk and Western..................	63.70	209.54
New York Central.....................	63.10	326.64
Southern Pacific......................	50.03	118.28
Illinois Central.......................	37.80	127.10
Butte, Anaconda and Pacific............	37.38	122.75
Erie Railroad.........................	33.76	36.23
Baltimore and Ohio....................	31.60	57.96
New York, Westchester and Boston.......	26.62	83.10
Great Northern........................	25.50	31.70
Detroit, Toledo and Ironton............	16.58	50.05
Boston and Maine......................	7.92	21.38
Michigan Central......................	4.60	28.55
Lackawanna..........................	0.00	1.08

THE "OVER-THE-COUNTER" MARKET

WE hear so much about the speculation on the New York Stock Exchange, the New York Curb Market, and the various Stock Exchanges outside of New York that we may not realize that there is a large market for securities in New York which is not an exchange at all, and in which there is no official listing of securities. What is more, such important corporations as banks in many cases prefer to have their securities sold in this market than on the Exchange. As George T. Hughes writes of the over-the-counter market in one of his Consolidated Press financial dispatches:

> All the trading in this market is done over the telephone between dealers. Now the marketability of any security which is dealt in over the counter varies over a wide range. If the corporation is a large one, nationally known, it may be just as easy to buy and sell over the counter as if the security were listed on the Stock Exchange.
>
> The drawback is that there is no official record of transactions. Investors buying and selling in this market must depend upon their broker or dealer.
>
> There is one advantage, and that is the lack of any speculative following. To be sure there is a certain amount of speculation in over-the-counter securities but it is limited by the fact that stocks and bonds are bought and sold for cash and not on margin.
>
> It is for this reason that large banks have been withdrawing their stocks from the exchanges and confining dealing in

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FOOD
CLOTHING
EDUCATION

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FUNNY thing about the life insurance dollar. Most men seem to give it some sort of supernatural purchasing power that the ordinary dollar does not possess. And usually it is left for the dependents of a man to discover, after he has gone, the cold, hard truth that one hundred cents in life insurance won't purchase any more of the necessities of life than any other kind of a dollar.

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Her per capita wealth has increased in 10 years 4 times faster than in U. S. as a whole. Her total bank resources have increased 230 percent while those of the U. S. increased only 100 percent. Her annual income from manufactured products alone is over $1,000,000,000.

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MORTGAGE CO.
Durham
North Carolina

◆ ◆ ◆

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

them to the over-the-counter market. The bank executors argue that it is undesirable for a bank stock to be exposed to the danger of the speculative operations which are inevitable in listed securities.

BILLIONS LOST BY TRAFFIC JAMS

OTHER considerations aside, the financial loss involved in traffic congestion in our great cities is bringing business men together to support plans for relief. According to Herbert S. Hollander, writing for the Ullman Feature Service, $200,000,000,000 is a conservative estimate of the country's annual bill for traffic delays. One authoritative survey "has brought out that in the city of Boston alone traffic delays in the down-town section footed up to an annual bill of $24,500,000; this was entirely apart from another $2,000,000 total resulting from accidents." Then in Chicago the estimated cost of traffic congestion is more than $600,000 a day, while in New York the daily cost is put at $1,000,000. Obviously, continues this writer—

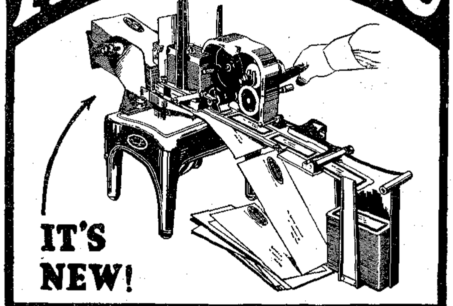
> When anything reaches such proportions as these—particularly something which has a direct and intimate relationship to business—it is high time for action. Such action is under way with the gradual adoption of uniform codes and ordinances regulating traffic in accordance with the most approved methods.
>
> Business authorities are agreed that improvement in traffic flow and diminution of congestion delays will have an extraordinary salutary effect upon commercial activities in many ways, and are lending their cooperation to the corrective efforts being put forth.

It is also pointed out by J. C. Royle of the Consolidated Press that recent traffic congestion "has crystallized the determination of traction lines and bus organizations throughout the United States to compel the reorganization of taxicabs as common carriers." Many traction men connected with the National Electric Railways Association are said to think that the traction companies should take over and operate the taxi units—

> The traction men say taxicabs, particularly those of the "cruising" type are chiefly responsible for traffic congestion in urban centers, and this condition is due to the fact that taxis are permitted to run wild in most cities in as large numbers as desired by owners. The only form of regulation in most cities is by the police, and admittedly this is very elastic.

For their part, taxi men are said to feel that "they are entitled to just as much leeway and discrimination as any other public vehicle, and, indeed, as much as is accorded a private automobile." So Mr. Royle suggests that in the end this whole matter "may be fought out in the courts in those cases where the one mode of transport can not or will not absorb the other."

AUTOMATIC



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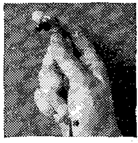

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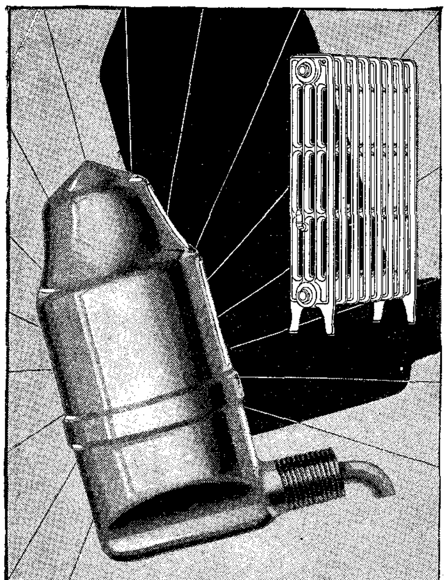

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While we were shaking in our shoes this healing, antiseptic powder for the feet, the remark frequently went 'round: 'It ain't the A. E. F. that's winnin' this war—it's the A. F. E.!'

So now, as during the war, Allen's Foot=Ease makes a Satisfying, Soothing, Holiday Remembrance. At all Druggists —and a 2c stamp mails a package.

(*Signed*) BUDDY ENUF SAYD"

STANDARD DICTIONARY
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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

November 21.—Hermann Sudermann, German author and playwright, dies in Berlin. He was seventy-one.

November 23.—The Bulgarian Government begins rushing large contingents of troops to reinforce the Sofia garrison against the approach of Gen. Ivan Michailoff, leader of the Macedonian revolutionary party, who has been terrorizing the country and threatens to overthrow the Government.

The Hungarian Legitimist party, led by Count Apponyi, proclaims Archduke Otto, son of ex-Empress Zita, as King of Hungary.

November 24.—Great Britain and France demand that Bulgaria take steps to stop its internal strife, because it not only menaces Bulgaria but jeopardizes the peace of the Balkans. Meanwhile, General Michailoff, the Macedonian leader, continues his defiance of the Government, and several political murders are reported.

General-Baron Jacques de Dixmude, famous Belgian general, dies in Brussels. He was seventy.

November 26.—President-elect Hoover visits Honduras and Salvador, on his good-will tour of Latin America, and is officially received and entertained in both countries.

Admiral von Scheer, who commanded the German fleet against the British in the Battle of Jutland, May 31, 1916, dies suddenly at Marktredwitz, Germany. He was sixty-five.

DOMESTIC

November 21.—The Governors' conference in session at New Orleans hears President-elect Hoover's proposal for a $3,000,000,000 fund to supply employment in dull times by regulated construction work. No action is taken, as it is not the policy of the conference to adopt resolutions.

November 22.—Out of 9,294 persons in Federal penitentiaries at the close of the last fiscal year, 2,530 were there for violating Federal Prohibition laws, according to a report of the Department of Commerce.

Deaths resulting from automobile accidents in 1927 amounted to 25,533, according to estimates by the Bureau of Census of the Department of Commerce.

November 23.—Thomas Fortune Ryan, one of America's foremost financiers, and a prominent figure for many years in the Democratic party, dies at his home in New York. He was seventy-seven.

Conductors and trainmen of Western railways accept a 6½ per cent. wage increase, retroactive to May 1, 1928. The increase affects 42,000 employees and adds $6,500,000 to the pay-rolls of the railways concerned.

The Rev. Edgar Young Mullins, noted Southern Baptist leader, dies at his home in Louisville, Kentucky. He was in his sixty-ninth year.

November 24.—President Coolidge entertains a group of Senators at breakfast, and discusses with them the American reservations to adherence to the World Court, voted by the Senate at the last session of Congress.

Avoid colds! Take a WINTER CRUISE—
(Signed) 1340 DOCTORS

COMMON colds are now recognized as a serious form of illness. Investigations by life insurance companies show their close relationship with the seasons of highest mortality.

That is why a winter cruise is now recognized as more than a mere pleasure jaunt. In reply to our inquiry, 1340 leading doctors, or 96%, indicated that winter vacations are especially important for busy men and women over 45.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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Pass the Cement.—WANTED—Mending or care of children.—*Buffalo Times.*

Kyou Zdon't Vsay Kso!—See where Karel Kozeluh of Czechoslovakiak won the zworld's ktennis vtitle?—*Canada paper.*

Happy Thought.—"I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

"What about fortnight?"—*Columbia Jester.*

With a Parachute, We Trust.—

AIR MALE TAKES JUMP
AS RATES ARE REDUCED
—*Boston American.*

Iron Horses?—Everybody at home enjoying their yards and their horses from the chimneys of which come little puffs of smoke. —*Worcester* (*Mass.*) *paper.*

Heavenly Visitant. — Mrs. F. B. Angel of Paradise is visiting with W. R. Correll and family.—*Manhattan* (*Kan.*) *paper.*

Hairy Caterpillar?—"I feel a lethargy creeping over me."

"It may be an ant; the grass is full of them."—*Boston Transcript.*

Independent Citizen. — Doctor (questioning negro applicant for chauffeur)—"George, are you married?"

"No, suh, boss, no, suh. Ah makes my own living."—*Annapolis Log.*

The Dogs Higher Up.—"So you're a young man with both feet on the ground, eh? What do you do for a living?"

"I take orders from a man with both feet on the desk."—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

That Climate.—

BUILDING JUMPS
AT LONG BEACH
—*California paper.*

Secret Code.—"What is Esperanto?"

"Don't you know? It's the universal language."

"Whereabouts is it spoken?"

"Nowhere."—*Gutiérrez* (*Madrid*).

Price of Luck.—"John, here is five shillings. Fetch my mother-in-law from the station."

"But if she is not there?"

"Then you shall have another five shillings."—*Der Gemütliche Sachse* (*Leipzig*).

And Then Things Happened.—

RUTH HITS TWO HOMERS
SLAYS POLICE CHIEF, THREE
OTHERS AND SELF
Runs Wild After He Kills Wife
Officer Shot as He Gives Chase

—*Streamer head-lines in the New Orleans Item.*

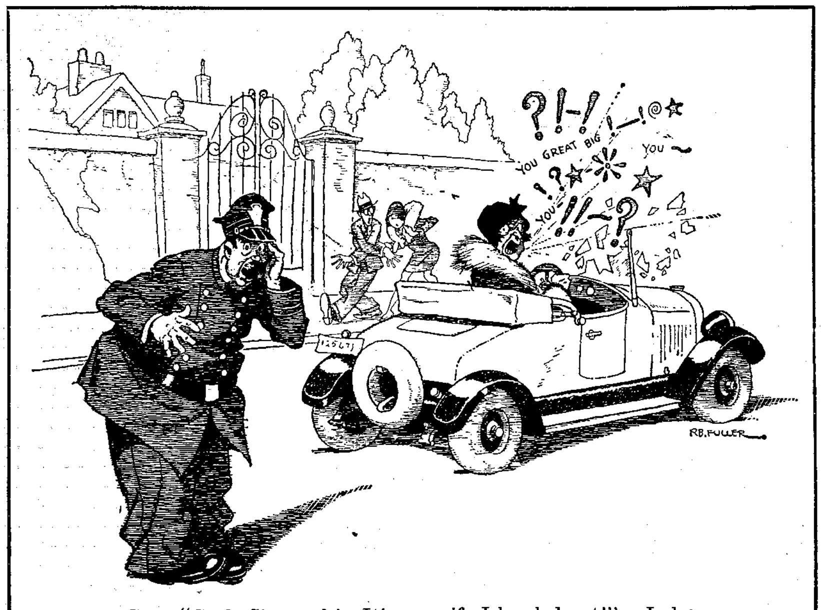
Might Neigh.—Lost—Horse, bay mare, left home Sunday. Please return or write. —*Norwich* (*N. Y.*) *paper.*

Genuine Antiques. — Sighted in rural New England—a wayside sign: "Ye Olde Freshe Eggs."—*Detroit News.*

Wherever They Cackle.—Cook, capable of taking full charge of sorority house, cafeteria or chicken coop.—*Berkeley* (*Cal.*) *paper.*

Unwritten Language.—

Lives of golfers all remind us
We can top and slice and hook,
And departing leave behind us
Words you won't find in a book.
—*Boston Transcript.*



Cop: "Gosh, I'm sunk! It's me wife I bawled out!"—*Judge.*

Hush-a-by Baby!—

ROAR OF NIAGARA
FALLS POSTPONED
—*Erie* (*Pa.*) *paper.*

Be Nonchalant.—

Lives of stars—Jeritzas, Gerrys—
Prove to us in sheets we've scanned
We, too, could have been the berries
Had we smoked another brand.
—*Life.*

Our Old Friend.—Wife—"Do you realize, dear, that it was twenty-five years ago to-day that we became engaged?"

Absent-Minded Professor—"Twenty-five years! Bless my soul! You should have reminded me before. It's certainly time we got married."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Life Is Like That.—

Births.

Earl J. Kennedy, 42, 2 Union Street; broncho pneumonia.

Mary Rudesheim, 33, Carman Road; endocarditis.

Marriage Licenses.

William McChesney, frame one-family, 146 Jackson Avenue, $5,000.

A. Sharp, frame garage, 100 Guilderland Avenue, $200.—*Schenectady Gazette.*

Giddap! — Miss Margaret Landers is driving a new car, also Freeman Nickerson.—*Hyannis* (*Mass.*) *paper.*

Biddy's Rival.—

E. H. KEREKES WINNER
IN EGG-LAYING TEST
—*Miami Herald.*

Napoleon of Finance.—"Listen! Lend me twenty dollars but only give me ten of it. Then as I owe you ten and you owe me ten, we'll call it square."—*George Washington Ghost.*

Labor Saving.—A man named Dawidowicz Asojedoffski has been arrested in Berlin for forgery. We can hardly blame him for not wanting to sign his own name. —*Boston Transcript.*

New-fashioned Bob.—Lost—White bulldog; had tail and ears cut close to head.—*Terrell* (*Tex.*) *paper.*

Playing Safe.—

FAIR,
PROBABLY
SHOWERS
—*Weather forecast in a Regina* (*Can.*) *paper.*

Poor Service.—First Collegian — "How do you like my new shirt now that you've worn it all day?"

Second Collegian—"Oh, it's all right, but the cuffs don't take ink very well."—*Goblin.*

Slight Misunderstanding.—REWARD for return of Boston Bull Terrier. Disappeared from Y. W. C. A. Answers to name Oscar. (Female.) Six months old. Indistinct blaze on face. Phone 2990.

LADY WHO CALLED 2990 regarding Boston Bull terrier named Oscar, please call again because Oscar is a female.—*Casper* (*Wyo.*) *paper.*

Bridge Tragedy.—

She was a damsel fair to see;
A gallant bachelor was he;
He offered her on bended knee
ONE HEART.

A richer rival came in view;
Of maids he'd learned a thing or two;
He flashed before her eyes of blue
TWO DIAMONDS.

They married. Next a change of scene;
His love became a mere "has been,"
He spent his time, he said, between
THREE CLUBS.

And so this once too-pampered bride
Forlorn, neglected, pined and died—
A quartet of grave-diggers plied
FOUR SPADES.

The moral is: Don't wed for gold.
A marriage bought 's a marriage sold,
A loveless match is proved to hold
NO TRUMPS.
—*London Chronicle.*